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# St. Nicholas

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1893

Part One.

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XX.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1892, TO APRIL, 1893.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

## VOLUME XX.

### PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1892, TO APRIL, 1893.

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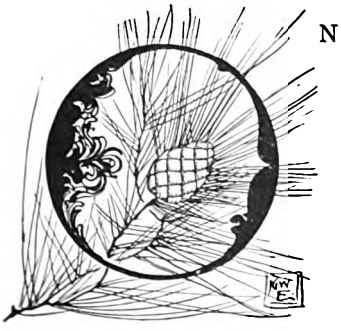
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## AN OUTDOOR RECEPTION.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.
12th Month, 15th, 1891.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: At thy suggestion, I have searched among my papers for some thing not yet printed, and I venture to send these rhymes which were hastily penciled several years ago during a sojourn among the hills. In deciphering them, I have made some changes and additions. Such as they are, the verses are at thy service, though they were intended only for a small audience of young folk, fit and few. J. G. W.



N these green banks, where falls too soon
The shade of Autumn's afternoon,
The south wind blowing soft and sweet,
The water gliding at my feet,
The distant northern range uplit
By the slant sunshine over it,
With changes of the mountain mist
From tender blush to amethyst,
The valley's stretch of shade and gleam
Fair as in Mirza's Bagdad dream,
With glad young faces smiling near
And merry voices in my ear,
I sit, methinks, as Hafiz might
In Iran's Garden of Delight.
For Persian roses blushing red,
Aster and gentian bloom instead;
For Shiraz wine, this mountain air;
For feast, the blueberries which I share
With one who proffers with stained hands
Her gleanings from yon pasture lands,
Wild fruit that art and culture spoil,



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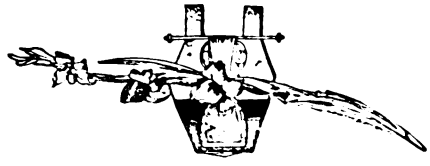
The harvest of an untilled soil;
And with her one whose tender eyes
Reflect the change of April skies,
Midway 'twixt child and maiden yet,
Fresh as Spring's earliest violet;
And one whose look and voice and ways
Make where she goes idyllic days;
And one whose sweet, still countenance
Seems dreamful of a child's romance;
And others, welcome as are these,
Like and unlike, varieties
Of pearls on nature's chaplet strung,—
And all are fair, for all are young.
Gathered from seaside cities old,
From midland prairie, lake and wold,
From the great wheat-fields, which might feed
The hunger of a world at need,
In healthful change of rest and play
Their school-vacations glide away.
No critics these: they only see
An old and kindly friend in me,
In whose amused, indulgent look
Their innocent mirth has no rebuke;
And, finding midst my rugged rhymes
Set to harsh notes of evil times,
And graver themes on minor keys
Of life's and death's solemnities,
Some lighter, happier strains more fit
To move the heart than sadden it,—
Hints of the boyhood of the man,
Youth viewed from life's meridian,—
Half seriously and half in play,
My pleasant interviewers pay
Their visit in the simplest way.
As yonder solitary pine
Is ringed below with flower and vine,
More favored than that lonely tree,
The bloom of girlhood circles me.
In such an atmosphere of youth
I half forget my age's truth;
The shadow of my life's long date
Runs backward on the dial-plate,
Until it seems a step might span
The gulf between the boy and man.

My young friends smile, as if some jay
On bleak December's leafless spray
Essayed to sing the songs of May.
Well, let them smile, and live to know,
When their brown locks are flecked with snow,

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'T is tedious to be always sage
And pose the dignity of age,
While so much of our early lives
On memory's playground still survives,
And owns, as at the present hour,
The spell of youth's magnetic power.
But though I feel, with Solomon,
'T is pleasant to behold the sun,
I would not if I could repeat
A life which still is good and sweet;
I keep in age, as in my prime,
A not uncheerful step with time,
And, grateful for all blessings sent,
I go the common way, content
To make no new experiment.
On easy terms with law and fate,
For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see,—
That God is good sufficeth me.
And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,
And all our loves and longing prove
The foretaste of diviner love!

The day is done. Its afterglow
Along the west is burning slow.
My visitors, like birds, have flown;
I hear their voices, fainter grown,
And dimly through the dusk I see
Their 'kerchiefs wave good night to me,—
Light hearts of girlhood, knowing nought
Of all the cheer their coming brought;
And, in their going, unaware
Of silent-following feet of prayer:
Heaven make their budding promise good
With flowers of gracious womanhood!



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# POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

*Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.*




*Pretty Polly Oliver, my hope and my fear,*
*Pretty Polly Oliver, I 've loved you so dear!*
*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

## Chapter I.

### A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"I have only determined one thing definitely," said Polly Oliver; "and that is, the boarders must go. Oh, how charming that sounds! I 've been thinking it ever since I was old enough to think, but I never cast it in such an attractive, decisive form before. 'The Boarders Must Go!' It 's every bit as inspiring as 'The Chinese Must Go.' If I were n't obliged to set the boarders' table I 'd work this minute the motto on a banner and



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march up and down the plaza with it, followed by a crowd of small boys with toy drums."

"The Chinese never did go," said Mrs. Oliver, suggestively, from the sofa.

"Oh! that 's nothing; they had a treaty or something, and besides, there are so many of them, and they have such an object in staying."

"You can't turn people out of the house on a moment's warning."

"Certainly not. Give them twenty-four hours if necessary. We can choose among several methods of getting rid of them. I can put up a placard with

'BOARDERS, HO!'

printed on it in large letters, and then assemble them in the banquet-hall and make them a speech."

"You would insult them," objected Mrs. Oliver feebly, "and they are perfectly innocent."

"Insult them? Oh! Mama, how unworthy of you! I shall speak to them firmly but very gently. 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' I shall begin, 'you have done your best to make palatable the class of human beings to which you belong, but you have utterly failed and you must go! Board, if you must, ladies and gentlemen, but not here! Sap, if you must, the foundations of somebody else's private paradise, but not ours. In the words of the Poe-et, 'Take thy beaks from off our door.' Then it will be over and they will go out."

"Slink out, I should say," murmured Polly's mother.

"Very well, slink out," replied Polly cheerfully. "I should like to see them slink, after they 've been rearing their crested heads round our table for generations; but I think you credit them with a sensitiveness they do not, and in the nature of things cannot, possess. There is something in the unnatural life which hardens both the boarder and those who board her. However, I don't insist on that method. Let 's try bloodless eviction,—put them quietly out in the street with their trunks; or strategy,—put one of them in bed and hang out the smallpox flag—Oh! I can get them out in a week if I once set my mind on it."

"No doubt of that," said Mrs. Oliver, meekly.

Polly's brain continued to teem with sinister ideas.

"I shall make Mr. Talbot's bed so that the clothes will come off at the foot every night. He will remonstrate. I shall tell him that his conscience troubles him, or he would never be so restless. He will glare. I shall promise to do better, yet the clothes will come off worse and worse, and at last, perfectly disheartened, he will go. I shall tell Mr. Greenwood at the breakfast-table, what I have been longing for months to tell him, that we can hear him snore distinctly through the partition. He will go. I shall put cold milk in Mrs. Caldwell's coffee every morning. I shall mean well, you know, but I shall forget. She will know that I mean well, and that it is only forgetfulness, but she will not endure it very long; she will go. And so, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, they will depart one by one, remarking that Mrs. Oliver's boarding-house is not what it used to be; that Pauline is getting a little 'slack.'"

"Polly!" and Mrs. Oliver half rose from the sofa, "I will not have you call this a boarding-house in that tone of voice."

"A boarding-house, as I take it," argued Polly, "is a house where boarders are 'taken in and done for.'"

"But we have always prided ourselves on having it exactly like a family," said her mother, plaintively. "You know we have not omitted a single refinement of the daintiest home-life, no matter at what cost of labor and thought."

"Certainly, that 's the point,—and there you are a sofa-invalid, and here I am with my disposition ruined for life; such a wreck in temper that I could blow up the boarders with dynamite and sleep peacefully after it."

"Now be reasonable, little daughter. Think how kind and grateful the boarders have been (at least almost always), how appreciative of everything we have done for them."

"Of course, it is n't every day they get an—an—elderly Juno like you to carve meat for them, or a—well, just for the sake of completing the figure of speech—a blooming Hebe like me (I 've always wondered why it was n't *She*be!) to dispense their tea and coffee; to say nothing of broma for Mrs. Talbot, Phillips's

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cocoa for Mr. Greenwood, cambric tea for Mrs. Hastings, and hot water for the Darlings. I have to keep a schedule, and refer to it three times a day. That alone shows that it is n't my vocation."

A bit of conversation gives the clue to character so easily that Mrs. Oliver and her daughter need little more description. You can see the pretty, fragile mother resting among her pillows, and I need only tell you that her dress is always black, her smile patient, her eyes full of peace, and her hands never idle save in this one daily resting-hour prescribed by the determined Miss Polly, who mounts guard during the appointed time like a jailer who expects his prisoner to escape if he removes his eagle eye for an instant.

The aforesaid impetuous Miss Polly has also told you something of herself in this brief interview. She is evidently a person who feels matters rather strongly, and who is wont to state them in the strongest terms she knows. Every word she utters shows you that, young as she looks, she is the real head of the family, and that her vigorous independence of thought and speech must be the result of more care and responsibility than ordinarily fall to the lot of a girl of sixteen.

Certain of her remarks must be taken with a grain of salt. Her assertion of willingness to blow up innocent boarders in their beds would seem, for instance, to indicate a vixenish and vindictive sort of temper quite unwarranted by the circumstances; but a glance at the girl herself contradicts the thought.

*Item:* A firm chin. She will take her own way if she can possibly get it; but *item:* a sweet, lovable mouth framed in dimples; a mouth that breaks into smiles at the slightest provocation, no matter how dreary the outlook; a mouth that quivers at the first tender word, and so the best of all correctives to the determined little chin below.

*Item:* A distinctly saucy nose. An aggressive, impertinent, spirited little nose, with a few freckles on it; a nose that probably leads its possessor into trouble occasionally.

*Item:* Two bright eyes, a trifle over-proud and wilful perhaps, but candid and full of laughter.

*Item:* A head of brilliant, auburn hair; lively, independent, frisky hair, each glittering thread standing out by itself and asserting its own individuality; tempestuous hair that never "stays put"; wilful hair that escapes hairpins and comes down unexpectedly; hoydenish hair that makes the meekest hats look daring.

For the rest, a firm, round figure, no angles, everything, including elbows, in curves; blooming cheeks and smooth-skinned, taper-fingered hands tanned a very honest brown — the hands of a person who loves beauty.

Polly Oliver's love of beautiful things was a passion, and one that had little gratification; but luckily, though beautiful music, pictures, china, furniture, and "purple and fine linen" were all conspicuous by their absence, she could feast without money and without price on the changeful loveliness of the Santa Barbara Mountains, the sapphire tints of the placid Pacific, and the gorgeous splendor of the Californian wild flowers; and so her sense of beauty never starved.

Her hand was visible in the little sitting-room where she now sat with her mother; for it was pretty and homelike, although its simple decorations and furnishings had been brought together little by little during a period of two years; so that the first instalments were all worn out (Polly was wont to remark plaintively) before the last additions made their appearance.

The straw matting had Japanese figures on it, while a number of rugs covered the worn places and gave it an opulent look. The table-covers, full curtains, and portières were of blue jean worked in outline embroidery, and Mrs. Oliver's couch had as many pillows as that of an Oriental princess; for Polly's summers were spent camping in a cañon, and she embroidered sofa-cushions and draperies with frenzy during these weeks of out-of-door life.

Upon the cottage piano was a blue Canton ginger-jar filled with branches of feathery bamboo that spread its lace-like foliage far and wide over the ceiling and walls, quite covering the large spot where the roof had leaked. Various stalks of tropical-looking palms, distributed artistically about, concealed the gaping wounds in the walls, inflicted by the Benton children,

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who had once occupied this same apartment. Mexican water-jars, bearing peacock-feathers, screened Mr. Benton's two favorite places for scratching matches. The lounge was the sort of lounge that looks well only between two windows, but Polly was obliged to place it across the corner where she really wanted the table, because in that position it shielded from the public view the enormous black spots made



POLLY AS WAITRESS.

on the wall where Reginald Benton flung the ink-bottle at his angel sister Pansy Belle.

Then there was an umbrella-lamp, bestowed by a boarder whom Mrs. Oliver had nursed through typhoid fever; a banjo; plenty of books and magazines, and an open fireplace with a great pitcher of yellow wild flowers standing between the old-fashioned brass andirons.

Little Miss Oliver's attitude on the question of the boarders must stand quite without justification.

"It is a part of Polly," sighed her mother, "and must be borne with Christian fortitude."

Colonel Oliver had never fully recovered from a wound received in the last battle of the civil war, and when he was laid in a little New England churchyard, so much of Mrs. Oliver's heart was buried with him that she could scarcely take up the burden of life with any sort of courage. At last her delicate health prompted her to take the baby daughter, born after her husband's death, and go to southern California, where she invested her tiny property in a house in Santa Barbara. She could not add to her income by any occupation that kept her away from the baby; so the boarders followed as a matter of course (a house being suitable neither for food nor clothing), and a constantly changing family of pleasant people helped her to make both ends meet, and to educate the little daughter as she grew from babyhood into childhood.

Now, as Polly had grown up among the boarders, most of whom petted her, no one can account for her slightly ungrateful reception of their good will; but it is certain that the first time she was old enough to be trusted at the table, she grew very red in the face, slipped down from her high chair, and took her bowl of bread and milk on to the porch. She was followed and gently reasoned with, but her only explanation was that she did n't "yike to eat wiv so many peoples." Persuasion bore no fruit, and for a long time Miss Polly ate in solitary grandeur. Indeed, the feeling increased rather than diminished, until the child grew old enough to realize her mother's burden, when with passionate and protecting love she put her strong young shoulders under the load and lifted her share, never so very prettily and gracefully (it 's no use trying to paint a halo round Polly's head), but with a proud courage and a sort of desperate resolve to be as good as she could,— which was not very good, she would have told you.

She would come back from the beautiful home of her friend, Bell Winship, and look about on her own surroundings, never with scorn or sense of bitterness, she was too sensi-

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ble and sweet-natured for that, but with an inward rebellion against the existing state of things, and a secret determination to create a better one, if God would only give her power and opportunity. But this pent-up feeling only showed itself to her mother in bursts of impulsive nonsense at which Mrs. Oliver first laughed and then sighed a little.

"Oh! for a little, little breakfast-table!" Polly would say, as she flung herself on her mother's couch, and punched the pillows desperately. "A father to say 'Steak, Polly dear?' instead of my asking, 'Steakorchops?' over and over every morning; a lovely, grown-up, black-haired sister, who would have hundreds of lovers, and let me stay in the room when they called; a little baby brother, fat and dimpled, who would crow and spill milk on the table-cloth, and let me sit on the floor and pick up the things he threw down! But instead of that, a new, big, strange family,— different people every six months, people who don't like each other, and have to be seated at opposite ends of the table; ladies whose lips tremble with disappointment if they don't get the second joint of the chicken, and gentlemen who are sulky if any one else gets the liver. Oh! Mama, I am sixteen now, and it will soon be time for me to begin taking care of you; but, I warn you, I shall never do it by means of the boarders!"

"Are you so weak and proud, little daughter, as to be ashamed because I have taken care of you these sixteen years 'by means of the boarders,' as you say?"

"No, no, Mama! Don't think so badly of me as that. That feeling was outgrown long ago. Don't I know that it is just as fine and honorable as anything else in the world, and don't I love and honor you with all my heart because you do it in so sweet and dignified a way that everybody respects you for it? But it is n't my vocation. I would like to do something different, something wider, something lovelier, if I knew how, and were ever good enough!"

"It is easy to 'dream noble things,' dear, but hard to do them 'all day long.' My own feeling is that if one attains the results one is struggling for, and does one's work as well as it lies in one to do it, that keeping boarders is as good service as any other bit of the world's work. One is not always permitted to choose the beautiful or glorious service. Sometimes all one can do is to make the humble action fine by doing it 'as it is done in heaven.' Remember, 'they also serve who only stand and wait.'"

"Yes, Mama," said Polly, meekly; "but" (stretching out her young arms hopefully and longingly), "it must be that they also serve who stand and *dare*, and I 'm going to try that first; —then I 'll wait if God wants me to."

"What if God wants you to wait first, little daughter?"

Polly hid her face in the sofa-cushions and did not answer.

## Chapter II.

### FORECASTING THE FUTURE.

Two of Mrs. Oliver's sitting-room windows looked out on the fig-trees, and the third on a cozy piazza-corner framed in passion-vines, where at the present moment stood a round table holding a crystal bowl of Gold of Ophir roses, a brown leather portfolio, and a dish of apricots. Against the table leaned an old Spanish guitar with a yellow ribbon round the neck, and across the corner hung a gorgeous hammock of Persian colored threads, with two or three pillows of canary-colored China silk in one end. A bamboo lounging-chair and a Shaker rocker completed the picture; and the passer-by could generally see Miss Anita Ferguson reclining in the one, and a young (but not wise) man from the East in the other. It was not always the same young man any more than the decorations were always of the same color.

"That 's another of my troubles," said Polly to her friend Margery Noble, pulling up the window-shade one afternoon and pointing to the now empty "cozy corner." "I don't mind Miss Ferguson's sitting there, though it used always to be screened off for my doll-house, and I love it dearly; but she pays to sit there, and she ought to do it; besides, she looks prettier there than any one else. Is n't it lovely? The other day she had pink oleanders in the bowl, the cushions turned pink side up (you see they

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are canary and rose-color), a pink cambric dress, and the guitar trimmed with a fringe of narrow pink ribbons. She was a dream, Margery! But she does n't sit there with her young men when I am at school, nor when I am helping Ah Foy in the dining-room, nor, of course, when we are eating our meals. She sits there from four to six in the afternoon and after supper, the only times I have with mama in this room. We have to keep the window closed, lest we should overhear the conversation. That is tiresome enough in warm weather. You see the other windows are shaded by the fig-trees, so here we sit, in Egyptian darkness, mama and I, during most of the pleasant afternoons. And if anything ever came of it we would n't mind, but nothing ever does. There have been so many young men,—I could n't begin to count them, but they have worn out the seats of four chairs, —and why does n't one of them take her away? Then we could have a nice, homely young lady who would sit quietly on the front steps with the old people, and who would n't want me to carry messages for her three times a day."

At the present moment, however, Miss Anita Ferguson (clad in a black habit, with a white rose in her button-hole, and a neat black derby with a scarf of white *crêpe de chine* wound about it) had gone on the Mesa for a horseback ride, so Polly and Margery had borrowed the cozy corner for a chat.

Margery was crocheting a baby's afghan, and Polly was almost obscured by a rumpled yellow dress which lay in her lap.

"You observe my favorite yellow gown?" she asked.

"Yes, what have you done to it?"

"Gin Sing picked blackberries in the colander. I, supposing the said colander to be a pan with the usual bottom, took it in my lap and held it for an hour while I sorted the berries. Result: a hideous stain a foot and a half in diameter. Mr. Greenwood suggested oxalic acid. I applied it and removed both the stain and the dress in the following complete manner"; and Polly put her brilliant head through an immense circular hole in the front breadth of the skirt.

"It 's hopeless, is n't it?—for, of course, a patch won't look well," said Margery.

"Hopeless? Not a bit. You see this pretty yellow-and-white-striped lawn? I have made this long, narrow apron of it, and ruffled it all round. I pin it to my waist thus, and the hole is covered. But still it looks like an apron, and how do I contrive to throw the public off the scent? I add a yoke and sash of the striped lawn, and people see simply a combination-dress. I do the designing and my beloved little mother there will do the sewing; forgetting her precious Polly's carelessness in making the hole, and remembering only her cleverness in covering it."

"Capital!" said Margery; "it will be prettier than ever. Oh, dear! that dress was new when we had our last lovely summer in the cañon. Shall we ever go again, all together, I wonder? Just think how we are all scattered. The Winships traveling in Europe (I 'll read you Bell's last letter by and by); Geoffrey Strong studying at Leipsic; Jack Howard at Harvard, with Elsie and her mother watching over him at Cambridge; Philip and I on the ranch as usual, and you here. We 're so scattered that it does n't seem possible that we can ever have a complete reunion, does it?"

"No," said Polly, looking dreamily at the humming-birds hovering over the honeysuckle; "and if we should, everything would be different. Bless dear old Bell's heart! What a good time she must be having; I wonder what she will do."

"Do?" echoed Margery.

"Yes; it always seemed to me that Bell Winship would do something in the world; that she would never go along placidly like other girls, she has so many talents."

"Yes; but so long as they have plenty of money, Dr. and Mrs. Winship would probably never encourage her in doing anything."

"It would be all the better if she could do something because she loved it, and with no thought of earning a living by it. Is n't it odd that I who most need the talents should have fewer than any one of our dear little group? Bell can write, sing, dance, or do anything else in fact; Elsie can play like an angel; you can draw; but it seems to me I can do nothing well enough to earn money by it; and that 's what I must do."

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"You 've never had any special instruction, Polly, dear, else you could sing as well as Bell, or play as well as Elsie."

"Well, I must soon decide. Mama says next summer, when I am seventeen, she will try to spend a year in San Francisco and let me study regularly for some profession. The question is, what?—or whether to do something without study. I read in a magazine the other day that there are now three hundred (or three thousand, I can't remember which) vocations open to women. If it were even three hundred I could certainly choose one to my liking, and there would be two hundred and ninety-nine left over for the other girls. Mrs. Weeks is trying to raise silkworms. That would be rather nice, because the worms would be silent partners in the business and do most of the work."

"But you want something without any risks, you know," said Margery sagely. "You would have to buy ground for the silkworms, and plant the mulberries, and then a swarm of horrid insects might happen along and devour the plants before the worms began spinning."

"'Competition is the life of trade,'" said Polly. "No, that is n't what I mean—'Nothing venture, nothing have,' that 's it. Then how would hens do? Ever so many women raise hens."

"Hens have diseases, and they never lay very well when you have to sell the eggs. By the way, Clarence Jones, who sings in the choir,—you know the man with the pink cheeks and corn-silk hair,—advertises in the *Daily Press* for a 'live partner.' Now, there 's a chance on an established hen-ranch, if he does n't demand capital or experience."

"It 's a better chance for Miss Ferguson. But she does n't like Mr. Jones, because when he comes to call his coat-pockets are always bulging with tin cans of a hen-food that he has just invented. The other evening, when he came to see her, she was out, and he handed me his card. It had a picture and advertisement of 'The Royal Dish-faced Berkshire Pig' on it; and I 'm sure, by her expression when she saw it, that she will never be his 'live partner.' No, I don't think I 'll have an out-of-door occupation, it 's so trying to the complexion. Now, how about millinery? I could be an apprentice, and gradually rise until I imported everything direct from Paris".

"But, Polly," objected Margery, "you know you never could tie a bow, nor even put a ribbon on your sailor hat."

"But I could learn. Do you suppose all the milliners were called to their work by a consciousness of genius? Perish the thought! If that were true there would n't be so many hideous hats in the shop windows. However, I don't pine for millinery; it 's always a struggle for me to wear a hat myself."

"You 've done beautifully the last year or two, dear, and you 've reaped the reward of virtue, for you 've scarcely a freckle left."

"Oh, that is n't hats," rejoined Polly, "that 's the law of compensation. When I was younger, and did n't take the boarders so much to heart, I had freckles given to me for a cross; but the moment I grew old enough to see the boarders in their true light and note their effect on mama, the freckles disappeared. Now, here 's an idea. I might make a freckle lotion for a living. Let me see what I 've been advised by elderly ladies to use in past years: ammonia, lemon-juice, cucumbers, morning-dew, milk, pork rinds, kerosene, and a few other household remedies. Of course I 'm not sure which did the work, but why could n't I mix them all in equal parts,—if they would mix, you know, and let those stay out that would n't,—and call it the 'Olivera Complexion Lotion'? The trade-mark could be a cucumber, a lemon, and a morning dewdrop, *rampant*, and a frightened little brown spot *couchant*. Then on the neat label pasted on the bottles above the trade-mark there could be a picture of a spotted girl,—that 's Miss Oliver before using her lotion,—and a copy of my last photograph,—that 's Miss Oliver radiant in beauty after using her lotion."

Margery laughed, as she generally did at Polly's nonsense.

"That sounds very attractive, but if you are anxious for an elegant and dignified occupation which shall restore your mother to her ancestral position, it certainly has its defects."

"I know every thing has its defects, every thing except one, and I won't believe that has a single weak point."

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"Oh, Polly, you deceiver! You have a secret leaning toward some particular thing after all!"

"Yes; though I have n't talked it over fully yet, even with mama lest she should think it one of my wild schemes; but Margery, I want with all my heart to be a kindergartner like Miss Mary Denison. I run in and stay half an hour with her whenever I can, and help the little children with their sewing or weaving, and I always study and work better myself afterward—I don't know whether it 's the children, or Miss Denison, or the place, or all three. And the other day, when I was excused from my examinations, I stayed the whole morning in the kindergarten. When it was time for the games, and they were all on the circle, they began with a quiet little play they call 'Silent Greeting,' and oh! Margery, they chose me to come in, of their own accord! When I walked into the circle to greet that smallest Walker baby my heart beat like a trip-hammer, I was so afraid I should do something wrong, and they would never ask me in again. Then we played 'The Hen and Chickens,' and afterward something about the 'birds in the greenwood'; and one of the birds flew to me (I was a tree, you know, a whispering elm tree), and built its nest in my branches, and then I smoothed its feathers and sang to it as the others had done, and it was like heaven! After the play was over, we modeled clay birds; and just as we were making the tables tidy, Professor Hohlweg came in and asked Miss Denison to come into the large hall to play for the marching, as the music-teacher was absent. Then what did Miss Denison do but turn to me and say, 'Miss Oliver, you get on so nicely with the children, would you mind telling them some little story for me? I shall be gone only ten or fifteen minutes.' Oh! Margery, it was awful! I was more frightened than when I was asked to come into the circle; but the children clapped their hands and cried, 'Yes! yes! tell us a story!' I could only think of 'The Hen that Hatched Ducks,' but I sat down and began, and, as I talked, I took my little clay bird and molded it into a hen, so that they would look at me whether they listened or not. Of course, one of the big seven-year-old boys began to whisper and be restless, but I handed him a large lump of clay and asked him to make a nest and some eggs for my hen, and that soon absorbed his attention. They listened so nicely—you could n't believe how nicely they listened! When I finished I looked at the clock. It had been nine minutes, and I could n't think what to do the other dreadful minutes till Miss Denison should come back. At last my eye fell on the blackboard, and that gave me an idea. I drew a hen's beak and then a duck's—a hen's foot and then a duck's, to show them the difference. Just then Miss Denison came in softly, and I confess I was bursting with pride and delight. There was the blackboard with the sketches (not very good ones, it is true), the clay hen, and nest, and eggs, and all the children sitting quietly in their little red chairs. And Miss Denison said, 'How charming of you to carry out the idea of the morning so nicely! My dear little girl, you were made for this sort of thing, did you know it?"

"Well, I should n't think you had patience enough for any sort of teaching," said Margery, candidly.

"Neither did I suppose so myself, and I have n't any patience to spare,—that is, for boarders, or dishes, or beds; but I love children so dearly that they never try my patience as other things do."

"You have had the play side of the kindergarten, Polly, while Miss Denison had the care. There must be a work-a-day side to it; I 'm sure Miss Denison very often looks tired to death."

"Of course!" cried Polly. "I know it 's hard work; but who cares whether a thing is hard or not, if one loves it? I don't mind work—I only mind working at something I dislike and can never learn to like. Why, Margery, at the Sunday-school picnics you go off in the broiling sun and sit on a camp-chair and sketch, while I play Fox and Geese with the children, and each of us pities the other and thinks she must be dying with heat. It 's just the difference between us! You carry your easel and stool and paint-boxes and umbrella up the steepest hill, and never mind if your back aches; I bend over Miss Denison's children with their drawing or building, and never think of my back-ache—do you see?"

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"Yes; but I always keep up my spirits by thinking that though I may be tired and discouraged, it is worth while because it is Art I am working at; and for the sake of being an artist I ought to be willing to endure anything. You would n't have that feeling to inspire and help you."

"I should like to know why I would n't," exclaimed Polly, with flashing eyes. "I should like to know why kindergarten-teaching may not be an art. I confess I don't know exactly what an artist is, or rather what the dictionary definition of art is; but sit down in Miss Burke's room at the college; you can't stay there half an hour without thinking that, rather than have her teach you anything, you would be an ignorant little cannibal on a desert island! She does n't know how, and there is nothing beautiful about it. But look at Miss Denison! When she comes into her kindergarten it is like the sunrise, and she makes everything blossom that she touches. It is all so simple and sweet that it seems as if anybody could do it; but when you try it you find that it is quite different. Whether she plays or sings or talks or works with the children, it is perfect. 'It all seems so easy when you do it,' I said to her yesterday, and she pointed to the quotation for the day in her calendar. It was a sentence from George MacDonald: 'Ease is the lovely result of forgotten toil.' Now it may be that Miss Mary Denison is only an angel; but I *think* that she 's an artist."

"On second thoughts, perhaps you are right in your meaning of the word, though it does n't follow that all kindergartners are artists."

"No; nor that all the painters are," retorted Polly. "Think of that poor Miss Thomas in your outdoor class. Last week, when you were sketching the cow in front of the old barn, I sat behind her for half an hour. Her barn grew softer and softer and her cow harder and harder, till when she finished the barn looked as if it were molded in jelly and the cow as if it were carved in red sandstone."

"She ought not to be allowed to paint," said Margery, decisively.

"Of course she ought n't! That 's just what I say; and I ought not to be allowed to keep boarders, and I won't!"

"I must say you have wonderful courage, Polly. It seems so natural and easy for you to strike out for yourself in a new line that it must be you feel a sense of power and that you will be successful."

Polly's manner changed abruptly as she glanced in at her mother's empty chair before she replied.

"Courage! Sometimes I think I have n't a morsel. I am a gilded sham. My knees tremble whenever I think of my future 'career,' as I call it. Mama thinks me filled with a burning desire for a wider sphere of action, and so I am, but chiefly for her sake. Courage? There 's nothing like having a blessed tired little mother to take care of — a mother whom you want to snatch from the jaws of a horrible fate. That 's a trifle strong, but it 's dramatic! You see, Margery, a woman like my mother is not going to remain forever in her present rank in her profession — she is too superior; she is bound to rise. Now, what would become of her if she rose? Why, first, she would keep a country hotel, and sit on the front piazza in a red rocker, and chat with the commercial travelers; and then she would become the head of a summer resort, with a billiard-room and a bowling-alley. I must be self-supporting, and 'I will never desert Mr. Micawber,' so I shall make beds and dust in Hotel Number One, and in Hotel Number Two entertain the guests with my music and my 'sprightly manners' — that 's what Mr. Greenwood calls them! Finally I should marry the ninepin-man or the head clerk, so as to consolidate the management and save salaries — and there would end the annals of the Olivers! No, Margery!" cried Polly, waving the shears in the air, "everybody is down on the beach, and I can make the welkin ring if I like, so hear me:

"The boarders must go! — How, when, and where they shall go are three problems I have n't yet solved; and what I shall find to take the place of them when they do go is a fourth problem, and the knottiest one of all!"

*(To be continued.)*

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# A HALLOW-E'EN FROLIC.

By Helen Gray Cone.



A little witch in steeple hat
Once tried a merry spell,
To make the hares come pit-a-pat
From dingle and from dell.

And pit-a-pat, beneath the moon,
The shy hares peeping came;
The little witch in buckled shoon,
She called them each by name.

"Come, 'Fairy-foot' and 'Sparkle-eyes'!
Come, 'Fine-ear,' 'Bob,' and 'Bun'!"
They gathered round in mild surprise,
But glad of any fun.

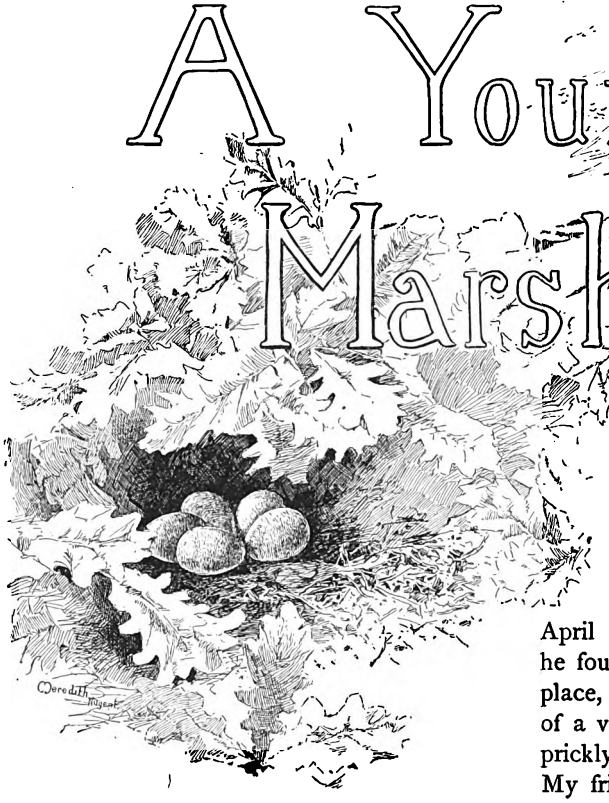
And when she told them what she willed,
They stamped and leaped in glee,
And all their velvet noses thrilled
With laughter strange to see.

What was the prank, do you suppose,
And what the merry spell?—
The sleepy owlet only knows,
And she would never tell!



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# A Young Marsh Hawk



By John Burroughs.

Most country boys, I fancy, know the marsh-hawk. It is he you see flying low over the fields, beating about bushes and marshes and dipping over the fences, with his attention directed to the ground beneath him. He is a cat on wings. He keeps so low that the birds and mice do not see him till he is fairly upon them. The hen-hawk swoops down upon the meadow-mouse from his position high in air, or from the top of a dead tree; but the marsh-hawk stalks him and comes suddenly upon him from over the fence, or from behind a low bush or tuft of grass. He is nearly as large as the hen-hawk, but has a much longer tail. When I was a boy I used to call him the long-tailed hawk. The male is a bluish slate-color; the female a reddish brown like the hen-hawk, with a white rump.

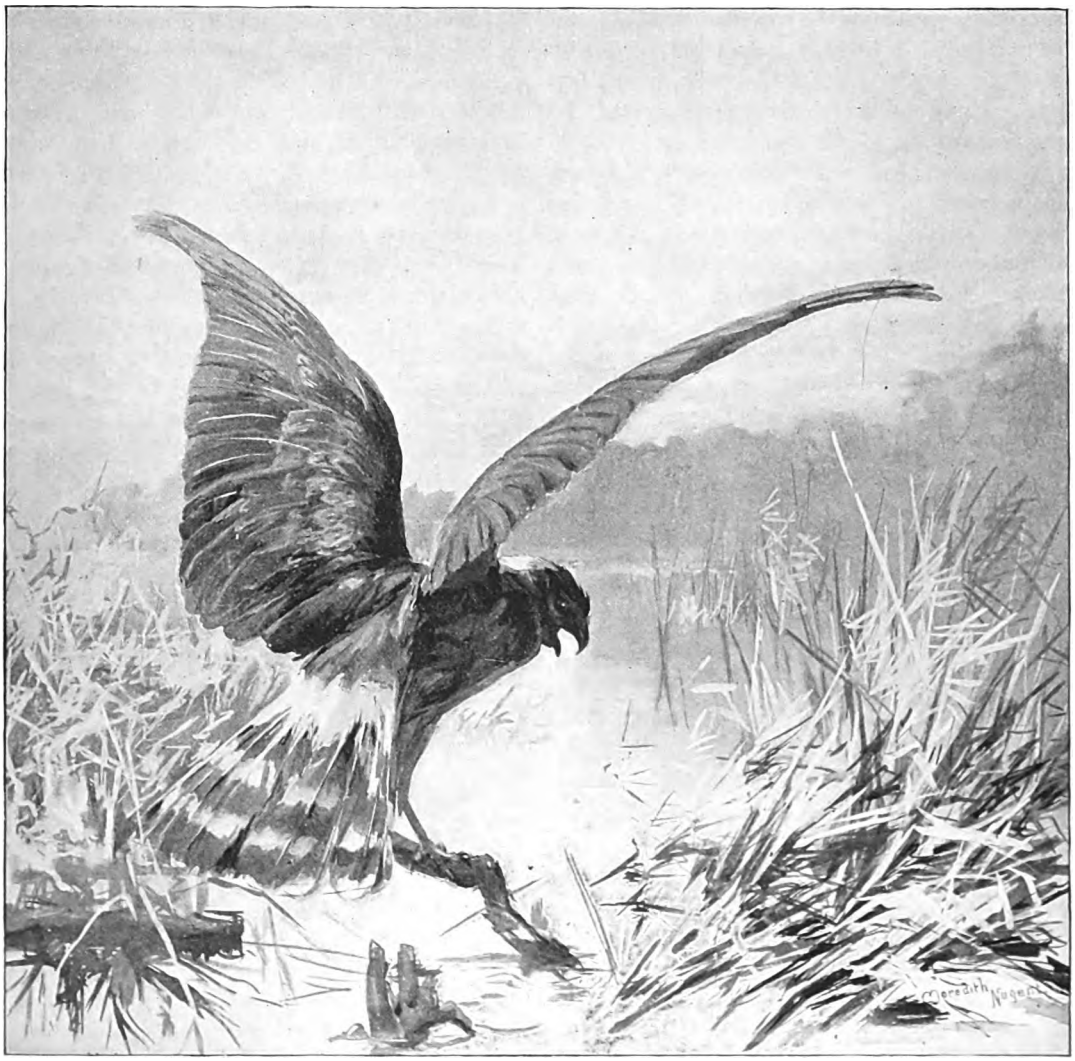
Unlike the other hawks, they nest on the ground in low, thick marshy places. For several seasons a pair have nested in a bushy marsh a few miles back of me, near the house of a farmer friend of mine, who has a keen eye for the wild life about him. Two years ago he found the nest, but when I got over to see it the next week, it had been robbed, probably by some boys in the neighborhood. The past season, in April or May, by watching the mother bird, he found the nest again. It was in a marshy place, several acres in extent, in the bottom of a valley, and thickly grown with hardhack, prickly-ash, smilax, and other low thorny bushes. My friend brought me to the brink of a low hill, and pointed out to me in the marsh below us, as nearly as he could, just where the nest was located. Then we crossed the pasture, entered upon the marsh, and made our way cautiously toward it. The wild thorny growths, waist-high, had to be carefully dealt with. As we neared the spot I used my eyes the best I could, but I did not see the hawk till she sprang into the air not ten yards away from us. She went screaming upward, and was soon sailing in a circle far above us. There, on a coarse matting of twigs and weeds, lay five snow-white eggs, a little more than half as large as hen's eggs. My companion said the male hawk would probably soon appear and join the female, but he did not. She kept drifting away to the east, and was soon gone from our sight.

We soon withdrew and secreted ourselves behind the stone wall, in hopes of seeing the mother hawk return. She appeared in the distance, but seemed to know she was being watched, and kept away. About ten days later we made another visit to the nest. An adven-



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turous young Chicago lady also wanted to see a hawk's nest, and so accompanied us. This time three of the eggs were hatched, and as the mother hawk sprang up, either by accident or intentionally, she threw two of the young hawks some feet from the nest. She rose up and screamed angrily. Then, turning toward us, she



THE MARSH-HAWK.

came like an arrow straight at the young lady, a bright plume in whose hat probably drew her fire. The damsel gathered up her skirts about her and beat a hasty retreat. Hawks were not so pretty as she thought they were. A large hawk launched at one's face from high in the air is calculated to make one a little nervous. It is such a fearful incline down which the bird comes, and she is aiming exactly toward your eye. When within about thirty feet of you she turns upward with a rushing sound, and mounting higher falls toward you again. She is only firing blank cartridges, as it were; but it usually has the desired effect, and beats off the enemy.

After we had inspected the young hawks, a neighbor of my friend offered to conduct us to a quail's nest. Anything in the shape of a nest is always welcome, it is such a mystery,



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such a center of interest and affection, and, if upon the ground, is usually something so dainty and exquisite amid the natural wreckage and confusion. A ground nest seems so exposed, too, that it always gives a little thrill of pleasurable surprise to see the group of frail eggs resting there behind so slight a barrier. I will walk a long distance any day just to see a song-sparrow's nest amid the stubble or under a tuft of grass. It is a jewel in a rosette of jewels, with a frill of weeds or turf. A quail's nest I had never seen, and to be shown one within the hunting-ground of this murderous hawk would be a double pleasure. Such a quiet, secluded, grass-grown highway as we moved along was itself a rare treat. Sequestered was the word that the little valley suggested, and peace the feeling the road evoked. The farmer, whose fields lay about us, half grown with weeds and bushes, evidently did not make stir or noise enough to disturb anything. Beside this rustic highway, bounded by old mossy stone walls, and within a stone's throw of the farmer's barn, the quail had made her nest. It was just under the edge of a prostrate thorn-bush.

"The nest is right there," said the farmer, pausing within ten feet of it, and pointing to the spot with his stick.

In a moment or two we could make out the mottled brown plumage of the sitting bird. Then we approached her cautiously till we bent above her.

She never moved a feather.

Then I put my cane down in the brush behind her. We wanted to see the eggs, yet did not want rudely to disturb the sitting hen.

She would not move.

Then I put down my hand within a few inches of her; still she kept her place. Should we have to lift her off bodily?

Then Miss E— put down her hand, probably the prettiest and the whitest hand the quail had ever seen. At least it startled her, and off she sprang, uncovering such a crowded nest of eggs as I had never before beheld. Twenty-one of them! a ring or disk of white like a china tea-saucer. You could not help saying how pretty, how cunning, like baby hen's eggs, as if the bird was playing at sitting as children play at housekeeping.

If I had known how crowded her nest was, I should not have dared disturb her, for fear she would break some of them. But not an egg suffered harm by her sudden flight; and no harm came to the nest afterward. Every egg hatched, I was told, and the little chicks, hardly bigger than bumblebees, were led away by the mother into the fields.



A NEST OF YOUNG QUAIL.

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In about a week I paid another visit to the hawk's nest. The eggs were all hatched, and the mother-bird was hovering near. I shall never forget the curious expression of those young hawks sitting there on the ground. The expression was not one of youth, but of extreme age. Such an ancient, infirm look as they had—the sharp, dark, and shrunken look about the face and eyes, and their feeble, tottering motions! They sat upon their elbows and the hind part of their bodies, and their pale, withered legs and feet extended before them in the most helpless fashion. Their angular bodies were covered with a pale yellowish down, like that of a chicken; their heads had a plucked, seedy appearance; and their long, strong, naked wings hung down by their sides till they touched the ground: power and ferocity in the first rude draught, shorn of everything but its sinister ugliness. Another curious thing was the gradation of the young in size; they tapered down regularly from the first to the fifth, as if there had been, as probably there was, an interval of a day or two between the hatching of each.

The two older ones showed some signs of fear on our approach, and one of them threw himself upon his back, and put up his impotent legs, and glared at us with open beak. The two smaller ones regarded us not at all.

Neither of the parent birds appeared during our stay.

When I visited the nest again, eight or ten days later, the birds were much grown, but of as marked a difference in size as before, and with the same look of extreme old age—old age in men of the aquiline type, nose and chin coming together, and eyes large and sunken. They now glared upon us with a wild, savage look, and opened their beaks threateningly.

The next week, when my friend visited the nest, the larger of the hawks fought him savagely. But one of the brood, probably the last to hatch, had made but little growth. It appeared to be on the point of starvation. The mother hawk (for the male seemed to have disappeared) had doubtless found her family too large for her, and was deliberately allowing one of the number to perish; or did the larger and stronger young devour all the food before the weaker member could obtain any? Probably this was the case.

Arthur brought the feeble nestling away, and the same day my little boy got it and brought it home, wrapped in a woolen rag. It was clearly a starved bantling. It cried feebly, but would not lift up its head.

We first poured some warm milk down its throat, which soon revived it, so that it would swallow small bits of flesh. In a day or two we had it eating ravenously, and its growth became noticeable. Its voice had the sharp whistling character of that of its parents, and was stilled only when the bird was asleep. We made a pen for it, about a yard square, in one end of the study, covering the floor with several thicknesses of newspapers; and here, upon a bit of brown woolen blanket for a nest, the hawk waxed strong day by day. An uglier-looking pet, tested by all the rules we usually apply to such things, would have been hard to find. There he would sit upon his elbows, his helpless feet out in front of him, his great featherless wings touching the floor, and shrilly cry for more food. For a time we gave him water daily from a stylograph-pen filler, but the water he evidently did not need or relish. Fresh meat, and plenty of it, was his demand. And we soon discovered that he liked game, such as mice, squirrels, birds, much better than butcher's meat.

Then began a lively campaign on the part of my little boy against all the vermin and small game in the neighborhood to keep the hawk supplied. He trapped and he hunted, he enlisted his mates in his service, he even robbed the cats to feed the hawk. His usefulness as a boy of all work was seriously impaired. "Where is J——?" "Gone after a squirrel for his hawk." And often the day would be half gone before his hunt was successful. The premises were very soon cleared of nuts, and the vicinity of chipmunks and squirrels. Farther and farther he was compelled to hunt the surrounding farms and woods to keep up with the demands of the hawk. By the time the hawk was ready to fly he had consumed twenty-one chipmunks, fourteen red squirrels, sixteen mice, and twelve English sparrows, besides a lot of butcher's meat.

His plumage very soon began to show itself,

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crowding off tufts of the down. The quills on his great wings sprouted and grew apace.

What a ragged, uncanny appearance he presented! but his look of extreme age gradually became modified. What a lover of the sunlight he was! We would put him out upon the grass in the full blaze of the morning sun, and he would spread his wings and bask in it with the most intense enjoyment. In the nest the young must be exposed to the full power of the midday sun during our first heated terms in June and July, the thermometer often going up to 93 or 95 degrees, so that sunshine seemed to be a need of his nature. He liked the rain equally well, and when put out in a shower would sit down and take it as if every drop did him good.

His legs developed nearly as slowly as his wings. He could not stand steadily upon them till about ten days before he was ready to fly. The talons were limp and feeble. When we came with food he would hobble along toward us like the worst kind of a cripple, dropping and moving his wings, and treading upon his legs from the foot back to the elbow, the foot remaining closed and useless. Like a baby learning to stand, he made many trials before he succeeded. He would rise up on his trembling legs only to fall back again.

One day, in the summer-house, I saw him for the first time stand for a moment squarely upon his legs with the feet fully spread beneath them. He looked about him as if the world suddenly wore a new aspect.

His plumage now grew quite rapidly. One red squirrel per day, chopped fine with an ax, was his ration. He began to hold his game with his foot while he tore it. The study was full of his shed down. His dark-brown mottled plumage began to grow beautiful. The wings drooped a little, but gradually he got control of them and held them in place.

It was now the 20th of July; and the hawk was about five weeks old. In a day or two he was walking or jumping about the ground. He chose a position under the edge of a Norway spruce, where he would sit for hours dozing, or looking out upon the landscape. When we brought him game he would advance to meet us with wings slightly lifted, and uttering a shrill cry. Toss him a mouse or sparrow, and he would seize it with one foot and hop off to his cover, where he would bend above it, spread his plumage, look this way and that, uttering all the time the most exultant and satisfied chuckle.

About this time he began to practise striking with his talons, as an Indian boy might begin practising with his bow and arrow. He would strike at a dry leaf in the grass, or at a fallen apple, or at some imaginary object. He was learning the use of his weapons. His wings also — he seemed to feel them sprouting from his shoulder. He would lift them straight up and hold them expanded, and they would seem to quiver with excitement. Every hour in the day he would do this. The pressure was beginning to center there. Then he would strike playfully at a leaf or a bit of wood, and keep his wings lifted.

The next step was to spring into the air and beat his wings. He seemed now to be thinking entirely of his wings. They itched to be put to use.

A day or two later he would leap and fly several feet. A pile of brush ten or twelve feet below the bank was easily reached. Here he would perch in true hawk fashion, to the bewilderment and scandal of all the robins and catbirds in the vicinity. Here he would dart his eye in all directions, turning his head over and glancing it up into the sky.

He was now a lovely creature, fully fledged, and as tame as a kitten. But he was not a bit like a kitten in one respect — he could not bear to have you stroke or even touch his plumage. He had a horror of your hand, as if it would hopelessly defile him. But he would perch upon it, and allow you to carry him about.

If a dog or cat appeared, he was ready to give battle instantly. He rushed up to a little dog one day, and struck him with his foot savagely. He was afraid of strangers, and of any unusual object.

The last week in July he began to fly quite freely, and it was necessary to clip one of his wings. As the clipping embraced only the ends of his primaries, he soon overcame the difficulty, and by carrying his broad, long tail more on that side, flew with considerable ease. He made longer and longer excursions into the

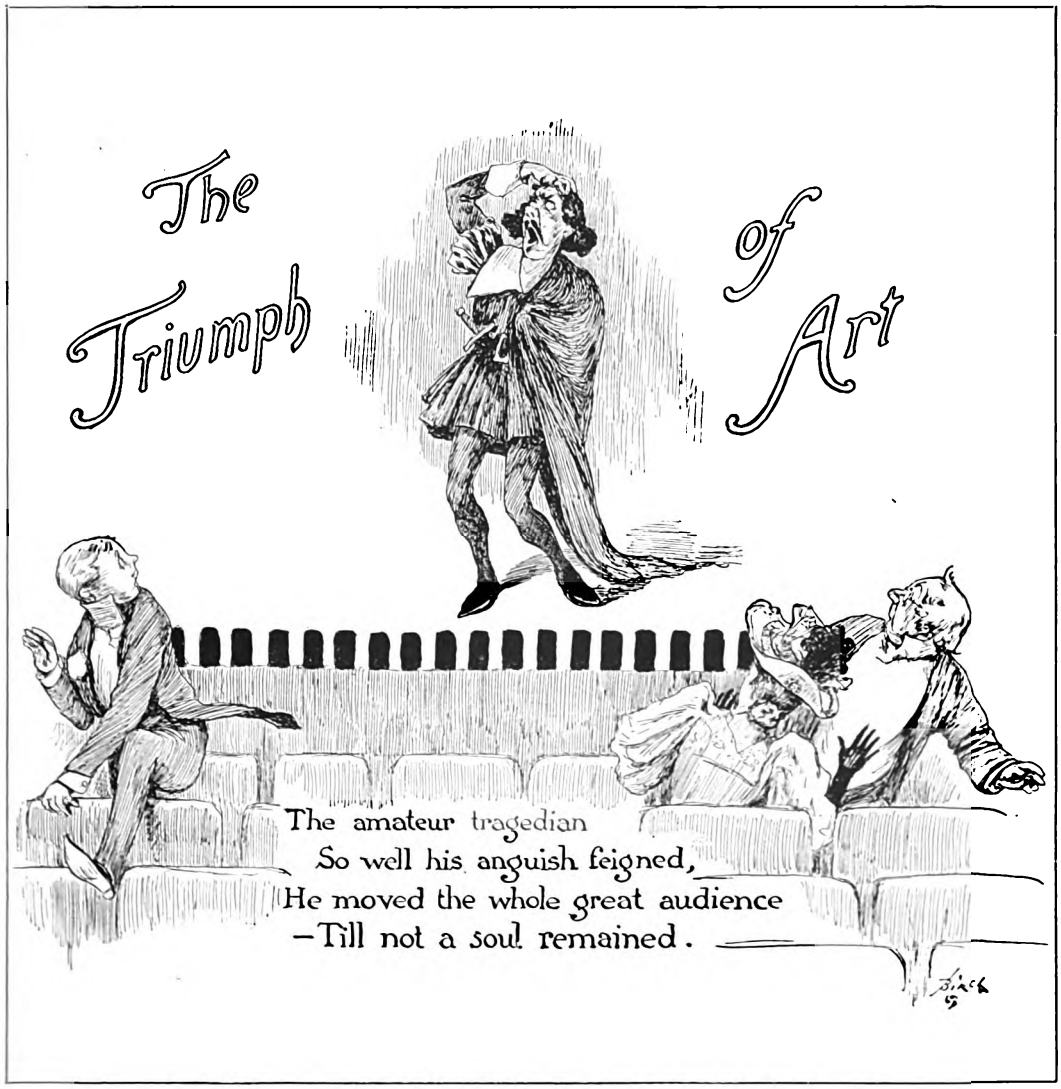
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surrounding fields and vineyards, and did not always return. On such occasions we would go find him and fetch him back.

Late one rainy afternoon he flew away into the vineyard, and when, an hour later, I went after him, he could not be found, and we never saw him again.

We hoped hunger would soon drive him back, but we have had no clue to him from that day to this.

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# THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.

## Chapter I.

### IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.



It was as dark as a pocket! A man could not have seen his hand before his face. Moreover, the silence was as complete as was the darkness, except that through it all there seemed to pour a single dull, vibrating murmur. It was like a far-off river of sound, and nobody could guess where it came from. The air was still and cool and close, and there was a damp, earthy smell.

That was a weird, lonesome place for standing still and listening, but at last there seemed to be a faint rustling, and a breathing, as if something was alive there and was moving around. Then there came a sharp, repeated "click," "click," and each click was followed by a little stream of bright blue sparks. Then there was a noise of blowing, and more sparks, and then a glow which grew brighter, until a hot blaze shot up, and it could be seen that a human hand was heaping dry sticks and bark upon the beginning of a fire in a rude kind of fireplace.

Up streamed the growing blaze, brighter and brighter, and it threw a strong glare of red light upon the face and form of a man. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and powerfully built, with long, thick, bushy red hair falling down to his shoulders, and with a great, tangled red beard which matched his hair and came down half-way to his waist. He wore a ragged check shirt, and a pair of trousers that looked as if they were made of leather, but he had no shoes or stockings on his feet.

There were a sheathed knife and a large revolver in the leather belt around his waist, and a repeating rifle lay on the ground in front



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of the fire—that is, not on the ground, for it was rock instead of earth, and the firelight now scattered the darkness only to be stopped by walls of rock in all directions except one. The fireplace itself was only a crevice in a wall of rock, and all the other walls were ragged and broken. They were twenty feet or more apart, and the rock roof above was twenty feet from the floor, at the fireplace. In the one direction in which there was no wall at all, however, the roof slowly slanted up, and the floor gently slanted down. In that direction the firelight shot out until it was lost in the darkness, but it was reflected from weird and wonderful figures.

There were projecting white shapes here and there, rising right up from the floor. They were rounded and grooved and fluted, in strangely varied forms, and they seemed to stand up and point at other white shapes that reached down from the roof and pointed at them, and seemed to be trying to touch them. All in pure white they were, and the fire-glow danced and glittered among them until they looked as if they were dotted with polished jewels. It was not so, however; for, after all, they were nothing but stalactites and stalagmites, such as dripping water manufactures out of limestone in any place where it can work undisturbed for thousands of years.

No doubt the man had seen it all before, and was used to it; for he did not express any surprise or delight. He piled more fuel on the fire, and then he lighted one end of a long stick of resinous wood and picked up a basket. The air was warm enough already, so that he must have needed fire for some other reason.

Glitter, flash, sparkle! More and more splendid grew that great, brilliant hall of whiteness, until the man returned from the other side, opposite the fireplace, with his basket full. It was full of coal,—full of fine, white, easy-kindling coal, such as belonged to that place and country. White coal burns just as well as black coal, but it is only to be found in some places. Putting it upon the fire diminished the glare, of course, until it could kindle up, and the man sat down upon the rock and waited. He looked at the fire and fanned the flame with a broad palm-leaf, while the smoke of it went up through the crevice in the rock. There was a draft there which grew stronger and drew well, so that soon he did not need to fan any more. Then he turned and stared out into the darkness, on the side where there was no wall and where the firelight was soon lost in gloom.

There were no gray hairs upon the man's head, nor in his long beard and mustache. He could not have been of more than middle age, but his face was deep-lined, as if he had done a great deal of hard thinking. He was in robust health, but the lines upon his face seemed also to say that he had suffered much, and it was a very troubled face. He stared and stared into the darkness, and then he muttered in a deep tone of voice:

"Vagabond! Hunted wolf! Wild beast! That 's what I am! What on earth was this place made for? What was it put here for? Why was I such a fool as to come here?"

He turned and put on more coal, while the draft up the crevice in the rock grew stronger and carried off the smoke more perfectly. It was a remarkable natural chimney, but there was no telling where it went to, or where or how all that smoke was going to get out into the world.

"I was n't a bad young fellow," he said, as he poked the fire. "I was a fool, that 's all. Well, well, I 'll eat something. I 've got to eat, I suppose. Then I 'll go to work. But what 's the use of my working? What good will it ever do me, or anybody else? Well, there 's no use grumbling now. It has got to be done, whether I can tell why or not."

He arose and went in the direction in which the roof slanted downward and the floor slanted upward. The walls narrowed also, and before he had walked many paces he could almost have reached up and touched the rock above his head. The floor was fairly smooth, although there were great seams in it, and here and there a stalactite had grown down until it had joined a stalagmite on the floor, making a beautiful white pillar. At the foot of one of these there was another basket, woven of strips of palm-leaf, and he picked it up, carried it to the fire, and took off its cover, remarking:

"I must say that now and then I like a piece of broiled possum. Sometimes I don't like it, but just now I could eat almost any-

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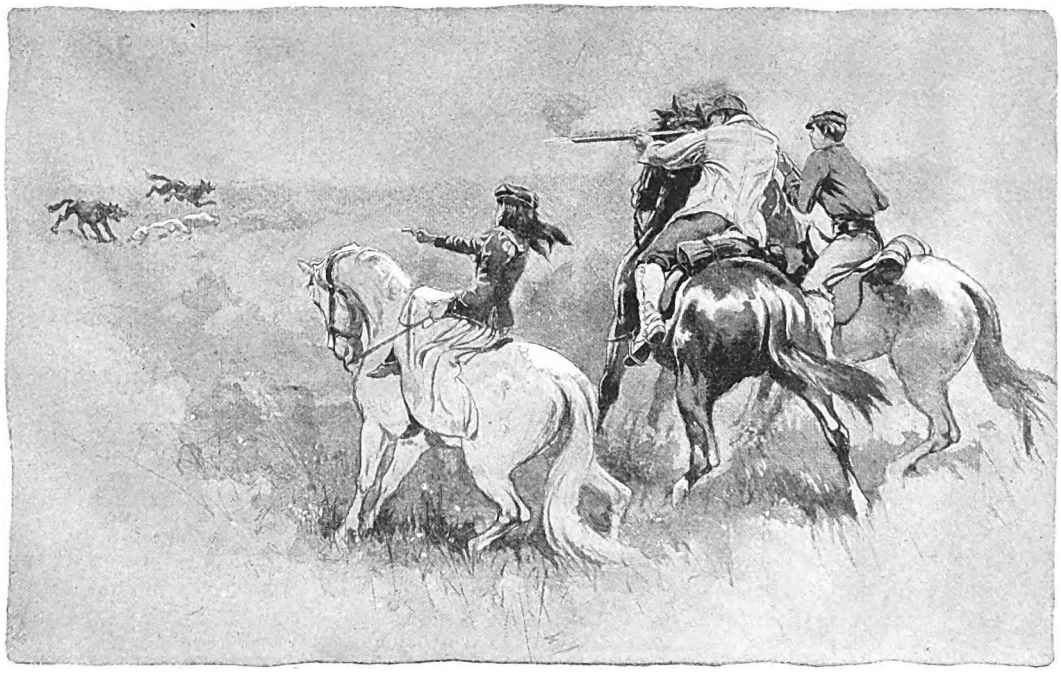
thing. I 'll have a possum broil. Humph! Cutlets!"

He pulled out some pieces of fresh meat, took up a long forked stick, put one of the pieces on the fork, and sat down before the fire to cook it. As the cooking went on, however, the sad look on his face softened and vanished.

In that strange, vast, glittering white kitchen where he was broiling his possum cutlets, nobody could have told whether it was to-day, or yesterday, or to-morrow, or morning, or noon, or night. But in another place, many miles away, it was about the middle of the forenoon.

A six-mule team, hitched to a very well made, white-tilted wagon, had been halted upon a gently rising ground, and all around them, and behind and ahead of them, there was a wild medley of dogs, horses, and men. On the slope, below, there was another group, all on horseback,—one large, dignified-looking man; one equally dignified and very fine-looking woman; two boys of about fifteen, perhaps, and one girl younger than either of them. They were all gazing back, as if at something they were leaving.

The scene they beheld was beautiful As far as the eye could reach, there were undulating pasture-lands, unfenced, dotted with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; but what they were really interested in was near at hand. A large, two-story house of stone, with wings and a long rear addition, and with many outbuildings, stood upon a slight elevation. In front was a shaven lawn, ornamented here and there with trees, some of which were evergreens and shade-trees of other sorts, but there were also fig-trees and a kind of orange. Every side of the house, and each wing even, had a wide veranda. The windows had inner blinds and outer white-canvas hoods. There was an observatory on the roof. All around and near the house was a kind of Eden. Trees, fruits, vines, flowers, vegetables seemed to have found a place where they could grow and prosper in marvelous luxuriance. Graveled walks, arbors, vistas of shade and sunshine, made it all very beautiful. The house itself was built in a costly way, and as if wealth and good taste had done all that they could for it, without and within. For all that, however, it was nothing but a farm-house.



SHOOTING AT THE DINGOES. (SEE PAGE 27.)

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All the grassy rolls and levels, for miles and miles around, were nothing but a great, fifty-thousand-acre sheep-farm.

"Hugh," exclaimed one of the boys, holding in his somewhat restive horse, "'the Grampians' is just beautiful!"

"It 's never prettier than it is about this time," said Hugh. "This fine, hot December weather makes everything come right out. I don't care, though! I say, ho for the bush!"

He was a blue-eyed, strongly made young fellow, and his fresh, bright face was all aglow with excitement. His companion was of about the same height, but somewhat slenderer. He was also dark-haired and dark-eyed, with a look of wiry toughness, and his face had a keen, inquiring, intelligent expression.

The horse which carried the girl at that moment pushed forward between them.

"Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed, "then for England! I love 'the Grampians,' and I really want to see the bush, but then — England!"

"All right, Helen," responded the very dignified man, in a deep, full voice; "you shall see the bush and the mountains, and then we are off for England. That 's settled!"

"Aunt Maude!" said Helen, with even increasing eagerness, "how long are we to stay in the woods? How many days will it be, Uncle Fred?"

"Why, Helen Gordon, you should not be so impatient —"

"Perhaps two or three days, Helen. You will enjoy it, and the boys —"

His horse cut off his answer by a sudden plunge. Aunt Maude's was also curveting spiritedly. It seemed that even the quadrupeds felt the exhilaration of the air and scene.

"Ah, but, Ned," said Hugh, "then you 'll be off for the United States, old fellow!"

"Hurrah for that, too," replied Ned. "Father sent in his resignation months ago. He says he has played consul at Port Adelaide long enough. He wants to get back to where they don't have Fourth of July weather at Christmas. And so do I — but I must say this is great!"

One of the men near the wagon was just then remarking to his mates:

"B'ys, it 's the grand picnic we 're goin' on. To think o' them tryin' to have a good time in the bush!"

"Never you worrit your soul about Sir Frederick Parry," was the half-crusty response of another of the men, "nor Leddy Maude, ayther. They know what they 're about."

Perhaps they did, and her ladyship had said to her husband that very morning:

"Indeed, Sir Frederick, if for nothing more, I am glad we are to make this excursion. I should hardly like to confess, in England, that I had lived here so long and had never so much as looked into the wilderness. And especially when it comes almost at our very doors."

"You will see it now, Maude," he replied, heartily. "I am glad everything is so entirely safe. No more black savages in the country; no dangerous wild animals left; no more bush-rangers; fine weather — we shall have a perfect picnic."

This, therefore, was the treat anticipated by this excited, happy, jubilant party, who were looking back at "the Grampians" farm and farm-house.

There came the sharp crack of a whip, and the mules leaned forward in their harness, while all the party on the slope wheeled their horses and dashed gaily past the wagon. Ahead of them all, laughing and shouting merrily to each other, rode Helen Gordon and the two boys. Her blue eyes were dancing with animation; her golden hair was fluttering loosely in the warm north wind blowing over the plain; her healthy red cheeks were flushed. And Helen was a very pretty young English girl.

"Hugh," said Ned, "look at her! One of these days she will be as splendid-looking as your mother is. She looks like her already."

"Mother's hair is redder than Helen's is," said Hugh. "It 's as red as mine." As for Sir Frederick's, it was of a light brown, and closely cropped. He had gray eyes, a firm, strong mouth, and a clean-shaven face; and he was particularly well dressed — for a picnic in the bush.

The mule-driver shouted vigorously at his team, and the entire party passed on over the brow of the hill. At that very moment, away off in that other place, where there was no hot December sunshine, nor any wind, nor any

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voice but his own, the red-bearded man, sitting in front of his fire, held up his cutlet of possum-meat, and said:

"I think it 's done — Hullo! What 's that?"

He turned his face quickly toward the dark part of the cave, and listened.

Out of that vast, mysterious gloom and whiteness there came, all the while, the river of dull, muffled, roaring sound; but now it grew stronger for a moment. Something like a crash mingled with it, and that was followed by a reverberation resembling the tones of a sonorous church-bell.

"I must look out," he remarked, "or some day one of those things will fall on me, and make an end of me. Not that I 'd care much, but then — I must n't think of that. I declare, when a fellow is right down hungry, he can eat broiled possum-meat and enjoy it. I 'll eat all I can, and then go to work. First of all, though, I must go and get some water."

He did not seem to have much kitchen furniture, but he owned an old rusty tin pail, and a coil of rope-cord that looked as if he might have braided it himself, out of some kind of bark fiber. He pulled the cord and pail out from among the white pillars where he kept his baskets. Then he lighted his torch-stick, and set off down the slope. Everything around him glittered and glimmered in the torch-light, as he walked along, but his bare feet made no noise upon the smooth, rocky floor. The descent was not steep, but the upward slant of the roof was more rapid, and so was the spread of the side walls. So the great dark cavern he was in grew more and more ghostly and solemn as he advanced. He walked on and on until, when he looked up, he could see only glistening white points among the shadows overhead, while the roaring sound grew nearer and louder, and had in it something of dashing and splashing. There were currents of air which made the torch flare and flicker, but they were not strong enough to blow it out.

"A fellow ought to be safe, away in here. But he is n't," remarked the man, once more looking up, and at that moment something white came flashing down. It looked like a streak of white for a half-second, and then there was a crash, a bang, and the vast cavern rang again with the strange, bell-like noise. One of the largest stalactites of the roof had broken off and fallen to the floor, and now its main stem and several smaller fragments rolled and tumbled thunderously down the slope.

"What a crash!" said the man, as if speaking to somebody. "It has gone down the chasm. If I had been under it, I 'd have been crunched like a beetle. There would have been the end of me. Well, nobody else knows where I am, anyhow; and I don't know, myself, what I am here for. It really would not make any difference whether I am killed or not."

About a minute after that, he stood still and held up his torch. He was standing upon the brink of an exceedingly grim kind of precipice. It was as if the rock floor under him had been broken off there. All before him was thick darkness, when he lay flat down upon the rock and lowered his pail by the rope; but, as he held out his torch, he could faintly see the foaming, tumbling surface of a torrent which poured swiftly along at the bottom of the chasm.

"Almost a hundred feet of rope," he said to himself. "It 's good water after you 've got it, but nobody can say whether or not it has anything to do with the other river above ground. I don't care. No torch that I ever brought here would throw light enough to show me the other side of this gulf. I mean to make a big blaze some day, and see what it will bring to light out there. Now I must go back and get at my work."

He was pulling up his rope and pail, hand over hand, while he was speaking. — And, during all this time, Sir Frederick Parry's six-mule team had been pushing merrily forward, with himself and Lady Maude riding a little ahead of it. The dogs of the party were only three in number, and each of them was tugging vigorously against the cord by which the hand of a horseman held him back. Helen and Hugh and Ned were free, however, and they were cantering sharply some distance in advance of the rest.

"We might see game!" Hugh had said.

They were all three glancing around among the trees and bushes, as they went, and it was plain

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that each boy was trying to seem to ride easily while carrying a heavy double-barreled gun.

"Boys!" suddenly Helen all but screamed, "look there!"

"Quick, Ned!" shouted Hugh, as he pulled hard upon his bridle.

Ned's horse may have been the quieter, for his gun was up first.

"O, how cruel!" cried Helen. "Shoot them!"

There was an old wagon-track, but not a road, and in the middle of the track, not many yards beyond her, lay the torn carcasses of several sheep, while over them snapped and snarled savagely nearly a dozen ferocious-looking animals.

"Wolves!" said Ned, as he fired.

"Wild dogs!" shuddered Helen.

"Dingoes!" replied Hugh, as he fired both barrels of his gun.

There were four gun reports, and these were followed quickly by the bang, bang, seven times, of a small revolver in the hand of Helen Gordon.

"Frederick!" exclaimed Lady Parry.

"What is that? Ride on! Hurry!"

"B'ys!" roared the driver of the mule team, "on with ye's! Quick!"

Down came his long, cracking whip-lash over his unlucky mules; on dashed the mounted men; forward sprang the spirited horses which carried the baronet and his wife.—The first exciting adventure of that excursion party had come to them before they were two miles from "the Grampians" farm-house.

## Chapter II.

### THE PERILS OF THE BUSH.

Sir Frederick's horse had gone forward with a great bound, at the sound of the firing, but he and Lady Maude drew rein side by side, a few seconds later, at the spot where Hugh and Ned were trying to quiet their excited ponies. Helen's pony was behaving very well, but her revolver was empty.

"O Aunt Maude!" she cried. "I do hope I hit some of them!"

"I hope you did! I 'm glad some of them were hit," replied Lady Maude, with energy.

Wolves, wild dogs, dingoes, whatever they were to be called, all had vanished except a pair lying still among the torn and bleeding bodies of the baronet's lost sheep. Of course the boys had not aimed very well, and perhaps Helen had not really hit anything; but such a storm of leaden pellets had been sent that some of them had found their marks.

"Dingoes!" growled Sir Frederick. "The worst enemies of sheep-farming!"

"Hugh," said Ned, looking down at the pair they had killed, "they 're savage-looking fellows. Are they ever dangerous?"

"They would be, if cornered," said Hugh, "but they 'd never come near a party like ours. They 're natural cowards!"

They were ugly-looking brutes, and Helen said so, pointing her empty revolver at them, while Aunt Maude pitied the poor, slaughtered sheep. Sir Frederick and his men did not say much, but they were evidently more than a little surprised and annoyed by the presence of so many dingoes so very near "the Grampians."

The boys reloaded their guns before remounting the ponies, and Helen also filled all the seven chambers of her pretty silver-finished weapon.

"I 've had target practice enough," she said, "and I mean to hit something else, while we 're in the bush."

Her rosy face was aglow with a hunting-fever, and with courageous readiness for whatever might come. It made her uncle and aunt laugh to look at her, but Lady Maude remarked:

"I think I shall carry a revolver, too. There is one in the strong box that is n't too large for me to carry."

Everybody else seemed to be taking an increased interest in the excursion, including the three men, who had been almost pulled out of their saddles by the tugging of the dogs.

In the cavern, meanwhile, the red-bearded man, after bringing his pail of water, had found a singular piece of work to do. He went in among the group of white pillars, and brought out a large red-clay crucible, rudely fashioned and very thoroughly fire-marked. He settled it down among the coals, and heaped them around it. He went again, and returned with a heavy leather bag, out of which he took something or other which he dropped, piece by piece, into the crucible. It was chiefly in small fragments

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that were weighty, considering their size. When that was done, he went again and brought out a palm-leaf basket that was very heavy indeed, for it was full of fine, dusty, yellow sand. He poured it into a broken hollow in the rocky floor near the fire, and made several dents in its surface by pressing down into it a small piece of wood. Each dent was as large as two fingers of a man's hand, and he packed the dust hard around the stick, each time, so that the dents kept their shape after it was taken out.

"There," he said, "the molds are ready. There 's a good fire, but there won't be any melting right away. It takes time for that. I think I will go out and look around."

He poked the fire, put on more coal, peered into the crucible, and then he made a loose coil of his rope. The pail was still full of water, and he remarked:

"That 's for Nig."

He picked up his rifle, and went toward the pillars at the upper end of the cavern. There were not many of them, and before he got through and beyond them the roof was so low that his head almost touched it. Then it sloped lower and lower, and he had to stoop and then to creep. He crept along a sort of passage, such as is common among limestone rocks anywhere, and it grew narrower, until it was little more than wide enough for a man of his size to pass easily. At this point a fit of caution seemed to seize him, and he paused, listening.

"I can't help it," he said to himself; "I always feel as if somebody were after me. I *am* hunted, too, sure enough;—and they have barely missed me, sometimes."

He crept on again, listening and feeling his way in the darkness of that underground crevice. Probably he knew every inch of it, and, at last, he put out a hand and pushed sharply against something which fell back and let in a great glare of sunshine.

"I am always glad," he said, "to see daylight, whenever I can. It is n't of much use to me, that I know of. I seem to belong underground."

The expression of his face when he said that was sad, but it was also fierce and resentful. In a moment more he was out of the crevice, and was standing erect among some bushes, while on either side of him were what looked like huge tree-roots. The thing which he had pushed away to let him out was a big piece of bark, fitted in between two of those gnarled, bunchy roots. The bushes were thick, and there did not seem to be any path through them. He walked on cautiously for a few yards, to where they were thinner and more open, and then he looked up.

"I always like to take a look at my mountain ash," he remarked. "They say some of its kind are larger, but I don't believe it."

He had reason for such a doubt, for it was certainly a large tree. It was between sixty and seventy feet around, at the height of a man from its base. There was not a branch upon its massive trunk for over a hundred feet from the ground, but there they began, and the spreading crown of the forest monarch was lifted proudly up at a height of more than four hundred feet. It was a grand sentinel to stand at any man's door, even at the door of so strange a house as that in which this remarkable man had broiled his slices of possum. He was now standing in a hollow between the roots of the giant, and was peering cautiously in all directions. All was dense forest, and there was a deep forest silence. He seemed to be satisfied that he was alone there, for he stepped out with his rifle and the coil of rope over his shoulder, and his pail of water in his hand.

"Nig, first," he said. "I 'll keep an eye out after game, but I must n't waste any ammunition, with so few cartridges left. Anyhow, I don't believe I 'm in any special danger just now. There is n't another living soul in all this part of the bush."

That might be, but in another part of the bush Sir Frederick Parry was just recovering from a hearty fit of laughter.

"Dingoes?" he said. "She won't see any more of them; but it 's good fun to see how she and the boys are hunting."

"I believe we are really going to enjoy it," said his wife, "and so will they."

"Of course they will," he replied. "Helen 's ready to shoot anything. Well, Maude, we can sail for England in January, just in our midsummer; and we shall get there in April, and have summer weather all the way and after-

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ward. Quite the longest summer you ever had in your life. Then, if we are to come back here, and if we leave England before October, it will be two whole years of summer, with bits of spring and autumn."

"I don't care so much for that," said Lady Maude, "but I hope we shall not lose ourselves in this wilderness."

"There 's not the least danger of that," he replied confidently. "I know exactly what to do, and so do the men."

Nevertheless, as they went along, the men were telling each other wild tales of what things had happened to explorers of those endless forests and of the rugged mountain ranges. Even Helen and the boys, in spite of their keen lookout after game, were remembering and telling all they had ever heard of adventures in that only half-discovered country. Ned, indeed, had more to say about American Indians and California gold-mines, while Hugh seemed to be especially well informed concerning the degraded and merciless black cannibals of Australia, who were now nearly all gone. All three of these young folk, however, seemed to have heard and read a great deal about the old system of making that new land a state prison for English convicts. They told what dreadful fellows these were, and how many of them escaped into the "bush" and became veritable white savages — hardly less terrible than black-fellows themselves.

It was really comforting to be able to assure one another that there were no wild men of any kind in all that part of the country, while it was said that the forests had now more game in them than ever before.

"Get lost?" remarked Hugh, contemptuously, in answer to a question of Helen's. "No, indeed! Why, we could n't possibly get lost. Not such a party as ours, and going only a couple of days out from 'the Grampians.' Oh, but won't we have a good time!"

The whole party responded with a cheery shout, and Sir Frederick gave orders to get as far into the bush as possible before going into camp for the night.

Whatever the red-bearded man in the cave had been doing, he had now returned and was once more standing in front of the fire. Beside him, on the floor, lay a huge bird that looked something like an ostrich; but he remarked of it:

"Emu-meat is dry stuff. I 'm glad I lassoed him and did n't have to waste a cartridge. This and the rest of the possum will be provisions enough to start with. I wish Nig were shod, though, for he 's got a hard trip to make. I 'm going to the gulch just this once, and I 'll bring back every ounce there is left. It 's a big risk to take, too, with those fellows on the watch for me."

All the while, as he talked, he was poking in the crucible with a long iron rod.

"Ready!" he exclaimed at last. "I 'll finish this job, and then hurrah for the mountains! I 'll be glad to live in the open air for a while."

He took up a long, stout pole with a fork at one end. He shoved the fork in among the coals until it had a good hold of the crucible. Of course it caught fire, but he did not seem to mind that. He lifted the crucible and swung it around to the spot on the floor where he had made his sand molds. He tipped the nozle slowly over one of the molds, and a red, brilliant, fiery stream of something liquid began to pour out. He filled one mold after another until the fluid ceased to run.

"Five!" he exclaimed. "About three pounds apiece. Now, would n't that band of rascals over in the gulch have got a good haul if they had bagged me the last time I went? Some of their bullets whizzed pretty close, too. They would give something to know where I left the rest of it, or when I 'm coming after it — the robbers! Land pirates! I got away that time, and Nig and I have only got to try it this once more. We can beat 'em. I 'll just let those slugs cool where they are. They may never be of any use, to me or anybody else, but I like them, somehow."

In a few minutes more he was out in the open air. He carried a pail of water, and he had his rifle and his rope; but over his shoulder were also slung a saddle, bridle, saddle-bags, a bundle, and a long-handled spade.

The bark door between the tree-roots had been closed with care, and only the sharpest eyes could have discovered any trace of his passage through the bushes. On he walked for about ten minutes, and then he came to

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an open, grassy place. All around it the trees and bushes grew thickly, luxuriantly, in a way to explain why it had been chosen both for a pasture lot and for a place to hide a horse in.

There he was, nibbling busily at the grass, a large, strong-looking horse, very black, and in good working condition, for he was not by any means too fat. The approach of his master's feet was noiseless, so that he had no warning; but there came a shrill whistle from the edge of the bushes, and Nig knew it. He began to prance.

"Glad I 've come, are you?" said the man, as he drew nearer. "Well, you need n't be. I 've brought you another job through the mountains, with a heavy pack to bring back this way."

Nig neighed again, as if he were quite willing, although it was getting somewhat late in the day. He was soon bridled and saddled and mounted.

Nig and his master were just setting out upon their journey, wherever it was to take them. They were fresh and bright; but that was more than could be said of six mules, who had been pulling a tilted wagon through forest ways, hour after hour, in all the heat of real December weather. They were not the only creatures who were feeling it, and one of the consequences was a succession of shrill cries, which began to sound through the silence of the forest.

"Hugh!" exclaimed Ned, as he turned in his saddle and listened, "what 's that?"

"I heard it," said Hugh. "It means to come back. They 've halted."

"Coo-ee-e! Coo-ee-e! Coo-ee-e!" came the cries again, full and clear.

"Don't you know?" said Hugh. "That 's the call of the herdsmen. It 's the way they keep track of each other in the bush. You can hear it ever so far, and the sheep and cattle and horses know it."

"Boys," said Helen, "we must go back. That was Uncle Fred's voice."

They obeyed the call; but neither they, nor the red-bearded cave man, nor anybody in all that part of the bush, could hear another set of calls, of much the same sort, which were sounding at the same time. They were sounding in an even wilder place, moreover; for it was as solitary, while instead of trees and shrubbery there were rocks and ledges and dangerous-looking gullies. "Coo-ee-e" after "coo-ee-e" echoed among the quartz and granite masses, calling and answering each other, and then a group of half a dozen men gathered upon a gravelly level. They were a rugged and ragged and really savage-looking company, and, as they came together, one of them called out:

"No, boys, we have n't found it yet; but we shall find it. It is hereabout, somewhere. Besides, he 'll be coming after it, and we shall get it then if we can't find it now."

"His time 's about up, if he 's coming," replied another man. "Maybe he is n't far away now. We 'd better wait and watch for him, the next few days."

"That 's so," said a hoarse and mocking voice, "and we must n't shoot too quick when we sight him."

"Shoot? No; of course not," said the first speaker, with a laugh of wolfish cunning. "What we want is just to nab him. Then we can threaten him till he tells where he hid every ounce he took out of his gulch. First and last, he took out a heap, and it 's hid away somewhere."

"Threaten him?" said a big, hard-faced fellow. "We 'll tie him to a sapling and soon make him tell all he knows."

"What 'll we do then?" asked another.

"What? Why, find out if he 's told the truth; and if he has, and as soon as we 've bagged all his nuggets, all we 've got to do is to leave him tied there, if we like. That 'll be the end of the matter."

The whole half-dozen growled a fierce, cruel growl of assent to that idea. They were angry at having hunted and waited long without success, and they looked more and more wolfish as they talked. And all the while Nig was bringing his master nearer and nearer.

*(To be continued.)*

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# INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

By P. Newell.



UNHAPPY MR. WISH-BONE: "Why do people never see me, but they try to break my legs!"



MR. COMB: "What 's the matter with that child? I 'm just wild with his howling!"
MRS. COMB: "I think the little dear is beginning to cut his teeth."



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# TWILIGHT.

By Mary Thacher Higginson.

A weary man sat lost in thought;
The firelight sank beneath his look;
And shadows, by his fancy wrought,
Soon lurked in every nook.

A birdlike voice rang through the hall;
Two little feet danced down the stair;
The fire leaped up at that blithe call,
And gleamed on shining hair.

"I am so glad," the gay song was;
"So glad," it echoed to and fro;
"I don't know why, unless because
You are Papa, you know!"

Care fled before that sweet belief;
The shadows melted quite away;
The weary man forgot his grief,
Forgot his hair was gray.

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# UNCLE JACK'S GREAT RUN.

By Tudor Jenks.

Tell the story? You know it all.
'T was eighty-something,— in the fall.
Nothing to nothing was the score,
Till at last we had only five minutes more.
"Steady, boys!" was the captain's cry.
And we lined up, ready to do or die.
"Fifteen — twelve!" the signal came,
And 't was mine to win or lose the game.

Teddy, the "half-back," passed the ball
To me, and he almost let it fall;
But I gripped it, and the line gaped wide
As our rushers flung their men aside.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye,
I saw their "tackle" rushing by
To block the gap.
I made a bend,
And like a flash went round the end.
Their "end-rush" grabbed, but I wriggled free,
And away I went — two after me —
For their goal. A good half-mile it seemed.
I heard faint cheering as if I dreamed.
I dodged their "back," and I crossed the line.
I fell on the ball! — The game was mine!

That 's all. What? — Yes, there was one thing more.
You 've all heard the story told before.
You know that my chum's sister came
To see the great Thanksgiving game.
Her eyes and the ribbon she wore were blue,
And I won the game — and Aunt Nelly, too.



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# A Giant in Fragments

By Felix Leigh.



A long time ago, in the country of Pastangonia, there was once a Giant who was born very good-natured. As most giants are born ill-natured, this one was an exception to the general rule. Nothing pleased him more than to do kind actions. Of course all sorts of folks came from the regions round about to get the Giant to help them in various ways. Anybody who was too weak, or too cowardly, or too lazy to do something that he wanted to do, would seek an interview with the Giant, and forthwith proceed to pile all his responsibilities on the Giant's broad back.

Well, one morning, just about cock-crow, a certain Prince rode up to the Giant's castle and gave a tremendous tug at the big castle bell. Then, as nobody answered, he kicked loudly at the postern-gate, and so aroused the Giant, who was a sound sleeper.

When the Giant appeared on the threshold, rubbing his eyes and yawning, the Prince said crossly: "Well, I must say you keep me waiting very long, considering my rank! Do you call this sort of thing being good-natured?"

But the Giant pretended not to hear, and asked his visitor what he could have the pleasure of doing for him, and invited him to climb up the audience-ladder and explain his business.

Then the Prince, regarding the Giant attentively, saw that he had a ladder of handsome embroidery running up his clothing from foot to shoulder, as a convenience for the public at large. Whereupon he climbed to the Giant's shoulder with great agility, and so found himself on a level with the Giant's right ear.

"Though I know I look every inch a king," he said, "you must n't suppose I *am* one; for I have n't been crowned yet—thanks to the plottings of an unprincipled relative of mine. My uncle is a usurper, and he has stolen my kingdom from me."

The Giant bowed so low that he almost toppled his royal visitor from his shoulder.

"Don't do that again!" said the Prince, whose front name was Tesso, and whose back name is of no consequence in a fairy tale; "I can't bear a groveler. And now allow me to tell you what I want you to do. To begin with, I desire you to boil my wicked uncle in oil. Water would, of course, come cheaper, but I prefer to have him slowly simmered in oil, as a warning to others, you understand. Next I wish you to decimate the army which has backed up my unscrupulous relation in his nefarious schemes. And, lastly, I 'll get you to take a stroll through my dominions, and trample heavily on any of my rascally subjects who may come in your way, just to punish them for not having had spirit enough to cast off the yoke of the usurper. When you have done as I suggest, I can no doubt, without opposition, ascend the throne that is rightly mine. Have I your promise to aid me in the manner described?"

The Giant was a very slow thinker, and as he was accustomed to fall in with the views of all those who called upon him, he readily gave the desired promise, without pausing to look at the situation in all its bearings.

"Very well," said Prince Tesso. "Then we had better start immediately for my dominions. Will you walk? It will save time if you do so, and you can easily carry me with you."

The obliging Giant, without more ado, at



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once stuck the Prince in his hat-band, and then proceeded to place several bushels of oats and the Prince's steed in one of his coat pockets, while a plentiful supply of provisions for the journey went into the other pocket.

The Giant plodded along steadily all day, but as the sun declined he grew more and more thoughtful. He was beginning to realize that he had acted foolishly, and that he was upon an errand which a Giant with a disposition like his own should not have rashly undertaken.

When evening came, he and the Prince encamped on the fringe of a wood of some extent. The Giant ate a very poor supper—for a Giant—and presently turned to Prince Tesso, and said:

"I don't, after all, quite like the idea of boiling your Royal Highness's uncle in oil, of destroying a number of presumably gallant warriors, and of crushing a still larger number of simple citizens under my heels like so many beetles; so if your Royal Highness will excuse me, I think I 'll turn back and walk home."

Thereupon the Prince said severely that he was n't going to permit the Giant to go back on his word. He must fulfil to the letter the promise he had made, or he would be a disgraced Giant for evermore.



"HE CLIMBED TO THE GIANT'S SHOULDER."

They argued the matter for some time, but the Prince was firm, and finally the Giant had to give up all hope of shaking the royal resolution.

But when the Prince had gone to sleep on a bed of dried leaves, the Giant stole off through a shadowy avenue of the wood. He said to himself, "Perhaps the Fairy Flitella will be able to help me, if I can only find her."

After a while, as he advanced, he heard a sound of elfin music, and to his great delight perceived the little personage of whom he was in search seated upon a big pink toadstool. As soon as she recognized the Giant, she put down her mandolin,—an instrument contrived out of an acorn cup, with half a dozen strands of spider's web for strings,—and smiled him a gracious welcome.

"You need not trouble to go into details," said the Fairy. "I know everything, and I know therefore what is troubling you. I always said that your good-nature and your stupidity, working together, would get you into a mess one of these days, you silly fellow; and a nice dilemma you 're in at present, are n't

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"'IT APPEARS TO ME,' SAID THE FAIRY, 'THAT FLIGHT WILL BE YOUR BEST PLAN.'"

you? As a good-natured Giant you can't boil a usurper in oil or any other liquid, and as a Giant of honor you can't break your spoken word. It appears to me that flight will be your best plan. Keep in hiding for a while, and perhaps Prince Tesso may change his mind, or his unboiled uncle may repent and make restitution, or—a thousand things may happen. So fly at once."

But the Giant smilingly pointed out that flight was out of the question for an individual of his physical proportions, who could n't go rushing through any country without attracting universal attention.

"If I tried to escape in that manner," he said, "the Prince would at once be put upon my trail by some busybody, and then he would follow me up and insist upon keeping me to my fatal promise."

Flitella was suddenly struck by a brilliant idea.

"I am willing," she said, "if you desire it, to change you into ten men of less than ordinary height, and of commonplace appearance. If you will consent to disperse in fragments, your escape can, I think, be managed successfully."

The Giant did n't altogether relish the notion of becoming ten ordinary dumpy mortals, for gianthood has its privileges, numerous and pleasant ones; but this was not a time to stick at trifles, so he begged the Fairy to effect the transformation with all speed, and allow him to get clear of the neighborhood before the Prince awoke.

Flitella produced a tiny pocket-wand which she always carried about with her, flew briskly up to the Giant's chest, and with the wand tapped him lightly on the third button of his jerkin once—twice—thrice—four times—five times—six times—seven times—eight times—nine times—*ten times!*

At the tenth tap there was audible a slight creaking sound, and the Giant fell all to pieces in a moment. Where he had reared his enormous bulk, ten funny little men attired in costumes not unlike the Giant's stood staring at one another very hard.

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed the Giant's Fragments, contemptuously, "*what* a set of whippersnappers we are!"

"You 'll soon get used to yourself—or rather to yourselves," said the Fairy, consolingly. "And now you 'd better get away, the lot of you, as soon as you can. When you want to resume your proper form, you have merely to utter the magic word 'Azziwaz,' and the change will immediately take place."

The Giant, collectively and individually, thanked the Fairy for the trouble she had taken to serve him, and forthwith quitted the forest in sections, each portion going by a different route, and traveling with stealth and caution.

But the Giant's Fragments, feeling lonely—which was but natural under the circumstances—took care to reassemble very shortly on the top of a high mountain a couple of leagues away. Then, taking council together, they decided that they would for a time roam the country together, depending on a supply of alms, which they hoped to collect by begging at the doors of the well-to-do inhabitants.

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As the people of the regions thereabouts had never seen any tramps before, they behaved with extreme generosity to the ten travelers, giving them massive segments of stale apple-pie, cold potatoes, and other delicacies to sustain them during their wanderings.



"TEN FUNNY LITTLE MEN STOOD STARING AT ONE ANOTHER."

In the mean time the Prince had been gradually sinking in the world. Abandoned by the Giant, he had given up his oil-boiling project and the rest of his plot against his wicked uncle, and had looked around him for a means of livelihood; for he had no money whatever, and, what was worse still, no subjects upon whom he could levy taxes.

In a few days he was compelled to sell his horse in order to raise funds, and then all his jewels and his fine clothing went by degrees, and he was at length driven to drop the ornamental for the useful, and to hire himself out to a prosperous farmer for his board and lodging, and a few ducats a year.

At first he would rail terribly at the Giant for betraying him; but by degrees he forgot to do this, for he had fallen deeply in love with the farmer's daughter, and it seemed to him that to be near her was happiness greater than any he could have known as a king with a crown on his head and a boiled uncle on his conscience.

Day by day he grew more reconciled to his lot, for the fair Seena returned his affection.

The two lovers became formally betrothed, and then a dreadful thing happened. Seena went out one afternoon to look for a stray lamb, and she did not return. Everybody said she had been "carried away by the Warbilow."

Now, the Prince knew no more than you do what the Warbilow was; but when it was reported that his Seena, whom he loved so dearly, had been abducted by such a creature, he made haste to institute inquiries, and as Seena's father was at hand, it was he whom Prince Tesso proceeded to interrogate.

"Who or what is the Warbilow?" said the Prince.

"The Warbilow," replied the farmer, endeavoring to speak as calmly as an encyclopedia, "is the Dragon Bird of this kingdom, and he frequently carries people off to his cavern-nest in the center of the Cinder Desert. There he keeps them in his pantry until he is hungry, and then—"

The Prince interrupted him by brandishing a pitchfork, and avowing his intention to pursue the Warbilow and rescue Seena at once.

"It is useless," replied the old man, dolefully. "Everybody about here has good reason to believe the prophetic rhyme which has been handed down to us by our forefathers, and which runs as follows:

> "Till ten men who have once been one
> Shall cleave his heart in twain,
> The Warbilow unscathed shall go,
> And not by man be slain.

"Many young men have attempted what you would attempt, but they all have perished, for, of course, they were not 'ten men who had

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once been one,' and so the Warbilow was able to defeat and tear them to fragments. There is no hope for my unhappy daughter."

Prince Tesso did not stay to contradict him. He simply set off, running his hardest, in the direction of the Cinder Desert.

He ran on and on through the night. The moon set, and misty starlight darkness closed in upon him, but still he ran on, pursuing the path as best he might. So when day broke, he found himself on the confines of the Desert. Then he accidentally tripped over a large stone, and fell headlong into a small dell or hollow in which were encamped ten sturdy little vagabonds.

These were, as you may guess, the Giant's Fragments, waiting, all ready, though they did n't know anything about it, to do a good turn for the Prince they were bent on avoiding; for, whether he liked it or not, the good-natured Giant was destined to be a good-natured Giant to the end of his days. A giant of this sort cannot hope to escape his fate by dodging about the country in ten pieces.

When the Fragments of the Giant had recovered from their astonishment,—and well might they feel surprised when they recognized Prince Tesso,—they inquired, in chorus, what the Prince meant by thrusting himself so unceremoniously into the company of honest travelers: who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going?

The Prince's heart was very full, so he freely told his story with what breath he had left in his body after his long run. He even repeated the ancient rhyme about the ten men who had once been one:

"Till ten men who have once been one"—

At this point the Fragments of the Giant might have been seen to scratch their ten pates and to stare into vacancy. They were thinking,—thinking hard,—and it did n't come easily to them; though, as ten heads are certainly better than one, it was probably a less difficult job for them than the Giant had found it in his undivided day.

"This is evidently a matter that requires *our* attention," they said, after some deliberation. "*We* can slay your Warbilow for you, your Royal Highness. Shall we slay the Warbilow for you, or shall we not? If you really want the monster killed, we will undertake to put an end to him with punctuality and despatch—on one condition."

"Name it," eagerly cried the Prince.

"That you will release the good-natured Giant of Pastangonia from a rash promise he once made you. It had reference, we believe, to a—well, to a conspiracy, let us say, which you were hatching against your uncle."

"I suppose the Giant is a friend of yours," said Prince Tesso, "or you would n't take such an interest in his affairs. But, anyhow, since you wish it, he can consider that I give him back his plighted word, though I really don't know what has become of the fellow."

"To be sure you don't," gleefully chorused the Fragments of the Giant, giving six large grins and four smaller ones; "but that is of no consequence at all,—and so we had better be marching."

The Giant's Fragments fell in behind one another in single file, while Prince Tesso took his place at the head of the invading force. He would n't on any account have walked in the rear, though he certainly felt a little ashamed of the pitchfork he had brought with him, and wished it had been a jewel-hilted rapier instead.

Presently, as the procession moved across the Cinder Desert, there was heard a flapping of leathern wings and an angry screaming, and the Warbilow himself flew out into the open from behind a dense thicket of cactus which concealed the entrance to his nest.

The combat which ensued was short and sharp. The Fragments of the Giant hacked away with a will with the swords they carried, attacking the Dragon Bird on all sides at once.

In five minutes the fight was over, and the Warbilow had spread out his enormous wings, and expired with gurglings which resembled a distant thunder-storm.

Almost before life had left the body of the monster, Prince Tesso pushed his way through the cactus hedge.

In the Dragon Bird's cavern he discovered his beloved Seena, pale with anxiety and fright, but quite uninjured.

"If you stay where you are, you will be lifted

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over the cactus hedge," shouted the Giant's Fragments cheerily.

They had sheathed their swords and drawn themselves up in a line, and they now uttered, all together, the magic word "Azziwaz."

The spell worked as a practical spell should work, and on the instant there towered up before the Prince and Seena, but on the other side of the hedge, the form of the good-natured Giant. He reached over the prickly barrier, and taking the lovers in one hand, drew them up and set them down safely on his own side of the thicket.

"Your Royal Highness," said the Giant, politely, "you did well not to hold me to my promise, I think. If I have n't boiled your uncle, my Fragments have rescued your bride, and we are therefore more than quits."

The Prince, besides being rather confounded in his mind by the sudden reappearance of the Giant, was too happy to argue the point; and, truth to tell, he did n't really any longer want anything unpleasant to happen to his wicked relative. His ideas had undergone a great change, and he was looking forward to living the serene life of a private citizen with his pretty Seena, who would, he well knew, have been highly uncomfortable on a hard, high-backed throne, with a heavy crown on her charming brow.

So the Giant went straightway home to his castle, while the Prince and Seena returned to the farm, where Seena's aged parents met them with open arms. But, though he returned to the farm, Prince Tesso did not intend to follow agriculture as a calling for the future, as he saw a quicker path to wealth before him.

He had the body of the dead Warbilow stuffed by a skilful taxidermist, and with it he made a tour of the principal towns of the kingdom, exhibiting the monster to gaping and delighted crowds, and gathering in the ducats at the door. In this manner he speedily amassed a large fortune, on which he and Seena lived happily ever afterward.

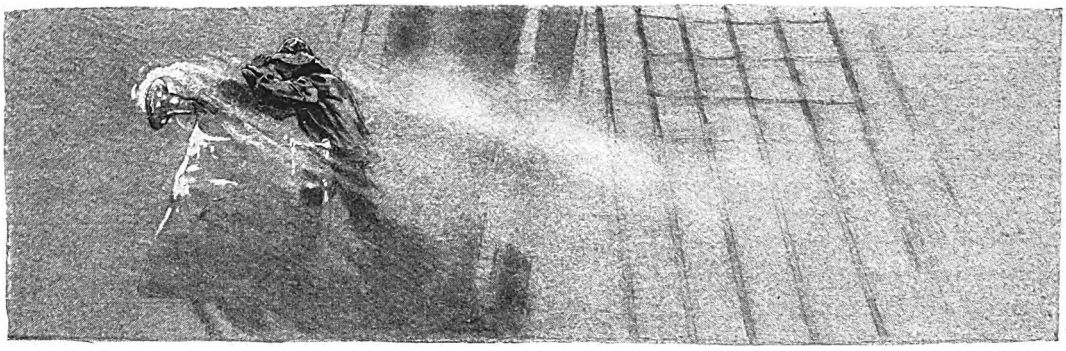


THE FIGHT WITH THE WARBILOW.

As for the Giant, he continued to be as willing as in the old time to assist his humbler neighbors in Pastangonia, but there his good-nature drew a line, for he had a board painted with great black letters as long as his arm, which he hung out on his battlements, and all who passed by read the legend on this board:

"NO PRINCES NEED APPLY."

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# THE SIREN.

By Henry Bacon.

It was proposed to give a concert for the benefit of the shipwrecked.

All seconded the proposition with enthusiasm, because, since early morning when we had picked up the half-dead boat-load, nothing but "the shipwrecked" had been talked about among the passengers on board "La Bretagne." Yes, early that morning there had been a great commotion aboard our steamer.

Everybody had tumbled up on deck at a much earlier hour than usual, because of the word that had been passed from the lookout to the captain's bridge, and had somehow quickly descended into the passengers' cabin, that, in the distance, straight ahead, was an open boat flying a signal of distress. And that boat-load had been safely got aboard, and was now comfortably stowed away in the cabins. The doctor had reported that they were out of danger, and, as he said, "All doing well."

These unfortunates had belonged to a small trading-schooner from Nova Scotia bound for the Bermudas, "loaded with fresh eggs and potatoes," so they told us. A gale had carried the vessel far east, out of its course, and, as the schooner sprang a leak, those on board were obliged to abandon the vessel. The crew had left their schooner in two boats; one of them we had found, and, although the doctor had reported "all doing well," some of the passengers thought he was mistaken. They thought he was mistaken because among the rescued was a woman, and somehow, in leaving the sinking vessel, this woman and her boy had been separated. Her boy had been carried off in the other boat, and she would not be comforted. Some of our women passengers had taken her under their care, supplied her with a change of clothing, and brought her into the first-class cabin. They had done all that was possible to comfort her, and tried to assure "the mother," as we called her, that, as the storm was over and the missing boat was directly in the track of the ocean steamers, it would certainly be picked up soon, if it had not already been found. They declared that she was certain to have news of her boy as soon as we entered New York harbor.

But she would not be comforted. There she lay in the corner of the cabin, quiet and submissive, replying to questions in a soft voice—almost a whisper—but with wild, tearless eyes. Surely the knowing ones were right when they shook their heads and said: "She is not 'doing well.'"

But the concert. Dinner was over, and we were gathered in the saloon. The program was a good one, for we had a number of professional musicians aboard; and the music, instrumental and vocal, was very enjoyable. During the last few hours a dense fog had enveloped the ship, and the "siren," or steam fog-horn, on the foremast blew every thirty seconds. It made an ugly noise—a long screech, that could be heard many rods through the fog.



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It was to warn other ships out of our course. It sounded odd in the cabin, at times in accord, but oftener in discord, with the music, times, but especially so at night, as one lies in his berth; for it is a danger-signal. But it is strange how soon one becomes accustomed to



"THE FIRST MAN UP THE LADDER HAD IN HIS ARMS A WELL-WRAPPED BUNDLE."

and sometimes breaking in upon it in a very comical manner.

The sound of the siren is disagreeable at all danger. Even the siren cannot keep us awake, if it *does* scream like a maniac while the steamer goes plowing through the waves.

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The program of the concert went on until we came to a song one of my friends was singing, and singing well. During this song I noticed that "the mother," who had been lying listlessly against the cushions in the corner, apparently heedless of what was going on, started and sat up suddenly. She pushed her thick black hair back of her ears, and, staring at the singer, she listened intently. You all know the song, perhaps have put it aside long ago labeled "chestnut"; but you should hear my friend Walter sing it some dark night on the ocean, with the hoarse voice of the siren as an accompaniment:

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep."

*Siren.* "On——ho——on."

"Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save!"

*Siren.* "On——ho——on——on——"

The siren continued; it did not stop, as usual; and we all started, forgetting the singer, who in turn forgot to sing.

Then the sound of the commandant's bell joined the voice of the siren.

"Ding." The engines stopped.

"Ding." The engines were reversed.

There was one mad rush for the deck, "the mother" leading.

Then I knew she had not been listening to Walt's song, but that her anxious ears, keener than ours, must have heard the lookout's horn —the horn he blows, as he stands in the extreme bow, to notify the officer on the bridge that he has discovered something—a ship, iceberg or land—in the distance.

On deck there was a rushing to and fro, the shrill notes of the bo's'n's whistle, and a group of sailors already lowering a boat.

We soon learned that there had not been an accident—that the ship was not going down, but that a light had been seen, and was supposed to belong to some small craft adrift.

We leaned over the rail and peered into the darkness, shading our eyes, as we did so, from the lights on board. Nothing was to be seen in the inky blackness—only the strange sensation that the intense darkness was in motion.

"There it is!" cried a passenger near me.

"Where? Where?"

"There!—almost astern."

Yes, now I could see it—a small light, a mere dot, swinging violently.

Now it was gone, and again it appeared, somewhat dimmer, but still swinging.

Again the shrill, authoritative bo's'n's whistle, more shouts of command, and our boat is off, with six men at the oars, an officer at the tiller, and a man in the bow swinging a lantern.

We could see quite distinctly, now that our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. Never was there a crowd more silent than that which leaned over the steamer's rail, watching and waiting. No one dared even to whisper to his neighbor, fearing to miss the slightest sound from the deep. Our boat went rapidly astern, and we could see the swinging of the lantern each time it rose upon a wave. The lanterns were approaching; they stopped swinging; now they were together, and over the water we could distinguish a faint cry of joy. And what a shout went up in reply from those on board our steamer! Men, women, and children, French, Spanish, and Americans, burst forth in one prolonged, glad shout, that was not drowned by the siren as it joined in the rejoicing.

No one had questioned, no one on board had doubted, who were in the wandering boat; but when ours came back into sight again, we cheered it, and when we heard an answering cheer from the water, echoing our voices, we cheered again and again. The stray boat had been abandoned after cutting a hole with an ax through the bottom; for it was not worth the time and trouble of saving, and the crew had been taken on board the steamer's boat, that soon came under our lee.

How we crowded to get near the ladder, and how we strained our eyes in the semi-darkness, as we leaned over the rail, to discover what was aboard!

Yes, we all expected just what happened. The first man up the ladder had in his arms a well-wrapped bundle. None of us asked what he carried, nor did "the mother," ready to receive the burden. All had made way for her, as if it were her right to stand nearest the

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gangway; and as she snatched the bundle from the sailor, there came out of it a little pair of arms that encircled the woman's neck.

Then we lost our interest in the rest of the saved; there was a great deal of trouble hoisting them on board, as they were weak; but we did not care much—they were saved, that was enough for us. Our chief interest was in the boy.

The concert had been forgotten; the smoking-room was packed after we were under way once more, and each and all had a theory to expound how those two boats could have drifted so far apart. Some declared they had encountered different winds; others insisted it was due to ocean currents.

Walter and I left the smoking-room with the theories about the winds and currents still progressing, and went into the saloon. The occupants, mostly women, sat in groups upon the sofas, talking in undertones. Why? I asked myself; but, looking across the cabin, I easily understood, for there lay "the mother" with the boy, his head upon her shoulder, and both were fast asleep.

Some thoughtful one had carefully covered them with a rug, and had moved up a chair filled with cushions to prevent them from rolling off the sofa. The boy's face was hidden, but the mother's could be seen, although turned away; there was a smile upon her lips. On the piano was the music, open as it had been left when the concert had been so abruptly interrupted by the siren, an hour before. Walter sat down before the piano, touched the keys of the instrument gently, and in a low voice sang, slightly changing the original:

> "I knew Thou would'st not slight my call,
> For Thou did'st mark the sparrow's fall;
> And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
> Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

When Walter ceased, I am sure, excepting the sleepers, there were no dry eyes in the Bretagne's cabin. And the siren, still sounding, for we were on "the Banks," had changed its note. It was no longer moaning, for it had gone up an octave higher, and was rejoicing boisterously.



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# The Geometrical Giraffe.

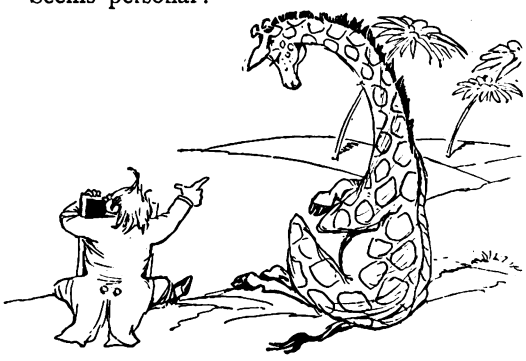


By Oliver Herford.

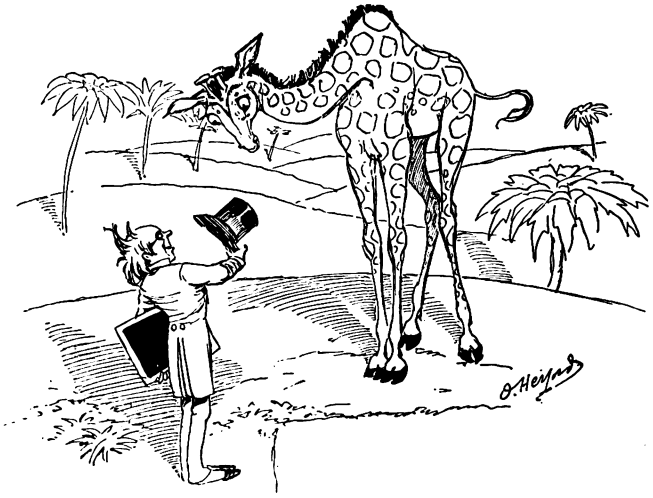


PROFESSOR PIKE-
STAFFE, Ph. D.,
While wandering over
land and sea,
Once on the plains of
Timbuctoo
Met a giraffe.

"Why, how d'ye
do!"
Exclaimed the amiable Pikestaffe.
"I 'm really charmed, my dear Giraffe!
I 've thought so much of you of late,
Our meeting seems a stroke of Fate
Particularly fortunate.
I long have had upon my mind
Something concerning you; be kind
Enough to seat yourself, and pray
Excuse, if what I have to say
Seems personal!"



"My dear Pikestaffe,
I shall be charmed," said the Giraffe,
"To hear whatever you may say.
You are too kind; go on, I pray."



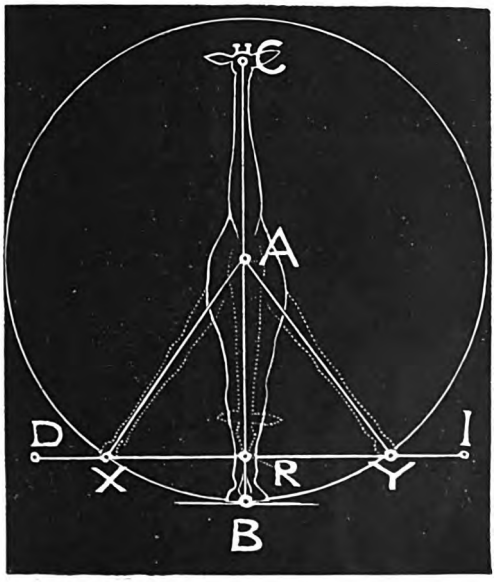
"Well, then," said Pikestaffe, "to
resume,
You are aware, sir, I presume,
That though with your long neck
at ease
You crop the leaves upon the
trees,
Your legs are quite *too* long, and
make
It difficult for you to slake
Your thirst—in other words,
you 've found
Your neck too short to reach the
ground.
Indeed, I 've often wept to think
How hard it is for you to drink.



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"To right a wrong we must, of course,
First try to ascertain the source;
And in this case we find the cause
In certain geometric laws,
Which I will quickly demonstrate
(How lucky that I brought my slate!).

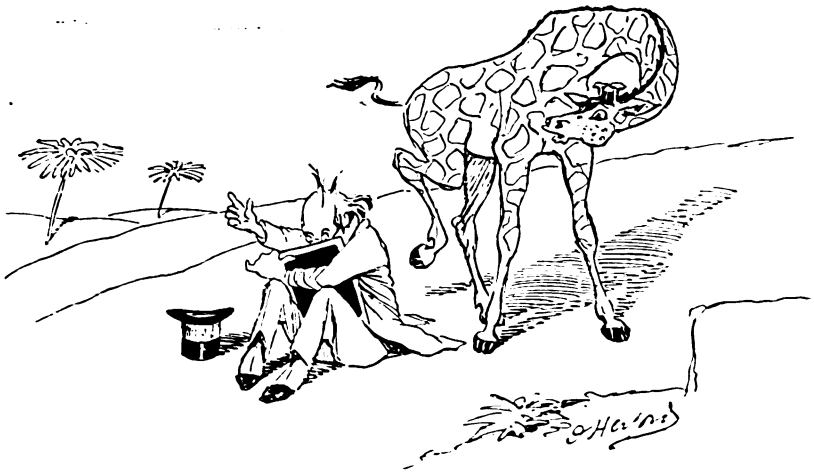
"Well, to begin, let line A B



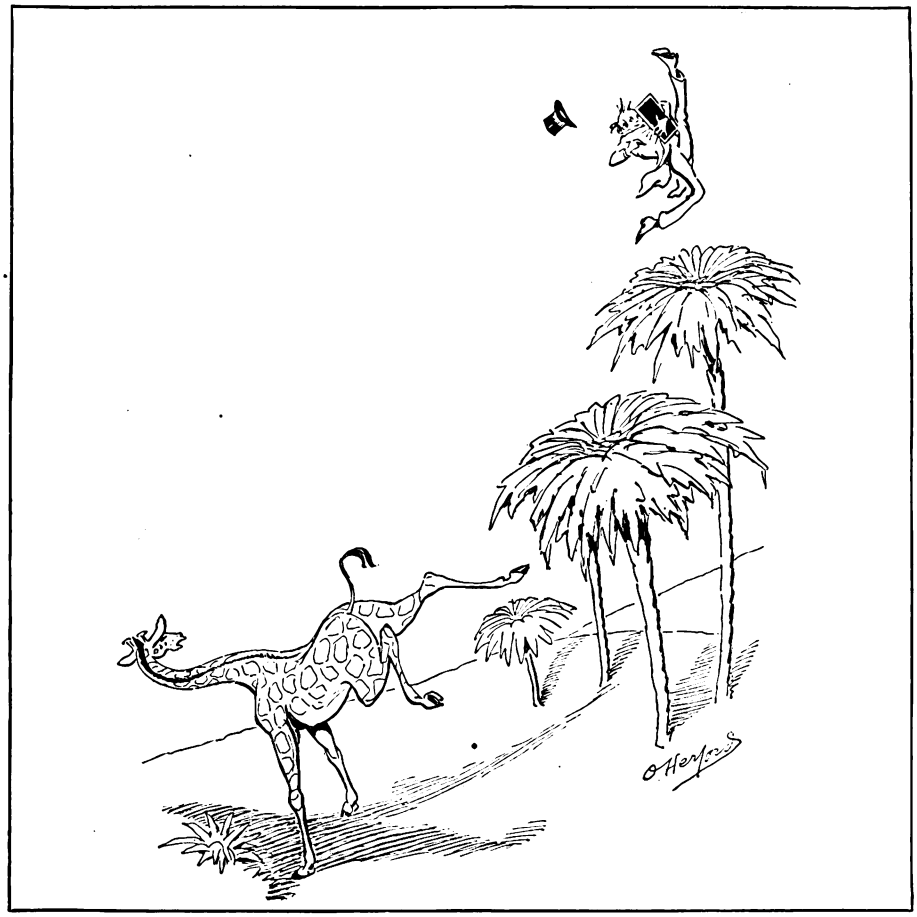

Be your front legs; then line A C
(A shorter line) your neck shall be.
Measured, 't will only reach so far,
When bent down toward the ground, as R.
Then R's your head stretched down, and shows
How far the ground lies from your nose—
Though if the ground lay not at B,
But R, you 'd reach it easily.
Suppose it then at R to lie,
And draw for ground line D R I.
Your head then touches ground at R—
But now your feet go down too far!
My compasses then I will lay
On A and B, and make round A
A circle crossing line D I
At two points. Mark them X and Y;
Then draw from X and Y to A
Two lines; then it is safe to say
That line A X and line A Y
Equal A B, *being radii*
*Of the same circle*, as you see
(According to geometry).
But since at first we did agree
A B your length of leg should be,
These, being equal to A B,
Are just the same as legs, you see.
So now on legs A X, A Y,
You stand upon the ground D I,
And drink your fill; for, as I said,
D I is touched by R, your head.
Thus we have proved—"

* * * * * * *

What happened here
Professor Pikestaffe has no clear
Impression, but the little row
Of stars above will serve to show



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What madly reeled before his eyes,
As he went whirling to the skies.
Below he heard a mocking laugh,
That seemed to come from the Giraffe:
"Go up! go up! You 've proved enough;
You 've proved geometry is stuff!
You 've proved, till I am well nigh dead,
And feel a thumping in my head,
That I must spread my feet apart
To take a drink—why, bless your heart!
I knew that long ere you were born.
I laugh geometry to scorn."

* * * * * * *

Professor Pikestaffe, Ph. D.,
They say, has dropped geometry—
It seems he dropped his slate as well,
Which lies exactly where it fell
(Also the diagram he drew)
Upon the plains of Timbuctoo.



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# WINTER AT THE ZOO.

By Elizabeth F. Bonsall.



THE Zoo, on a winter day, wears a very different aspect from that which it presents during the summer months when so many people find it a source of pleasure and profit. And yet it has its charms, too; it is a great mistake to imagine that in winter the animals are asleep most of the time, and that it is useless to go to the zoölogical gardens then because there will be but deserted cages and empty ponds to look at.

For those who truly love animals, and wish to study their habits, there is no better time to visit the Zoo than a day in winter. The absence of the noisy crowd makes the animals quite at their ease, and by standing a few minutes perfectly still before the cage they seem to forget your presence, and you can observe their habits at leisure.

I noticed this particularly one winter's day as I was sketching in the bird-house; the snow was falling fast outside, but the brilliant plumage of the cockatoos, macaws, and parrots, with a summer temperature, would have made any one forget the storm and imagine one's self in the tropics.

Presently I began to separate the different voices from the general clamor which had greeted my advent, and to trace them to their owners. How curious the result was! A plain bird with greenish feathers and a yellow bill had a cry that I could liken to nothing but a child's tin cart being drawn rapidly over a gravel walk, ending up with a long-drawn squeak. Then a parrot would say, "Hello!" in a surprised tone, or some bird at the other end of the building would charm one with his whistle. How few people pause long enough to hear any of this concert!

And how funny the parrots and cockatoos can be when they are not all begging the visitors for peanuts! One cockatoo devoted herself to having some fun with her dish of water; she took hold of the edge nearest to her, and, lifting it, dropped it suddenly as if to enjoy seeing the water splash. Of course the returning wave washed over on her feet, and it was very funny to see how she stepped back, and looked sideways, first at her toes and then at the dish, as if to say, "Why! how did that happen?" After an interval of thought she tried it again, and, profiting by experience, proudly stepped to one side when the water came her way, and so succeeded in her attempt to empty the dish without wetting her feet.

Some of them are troubled with a queer disease which makes them eat their feathers off, and you may imagine the comical effect of



POLLY IS NOT FEELING WELL.

these poor birds as they sit shivering on the perch with perhaps only their gorgeous head- and tail-feathers on; but it never seems to make



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"THE TIGER WILL GAZE INTENTLY AT THE SNOWY LANDSCAPE."

one bit of difference to their friends in the cage. They are not like those foolish human beings who judge people by their clothes.

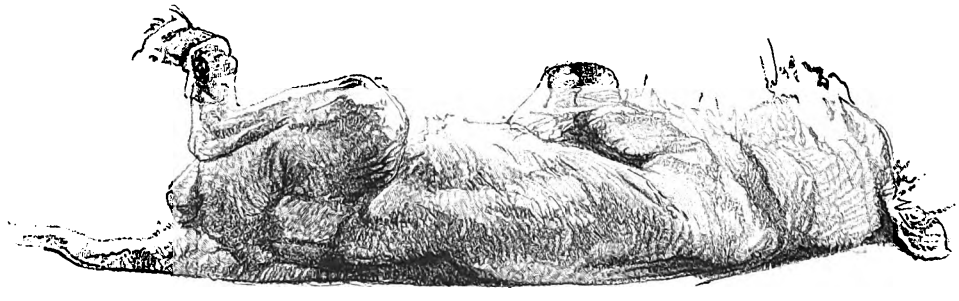
A very amusing crow lives in captivity here. He was brought in when he was very young, and has since picked up quite a vocabulary from the visitors and the birds around him. It was strange to hear his gruff voice answering the familiar "Hello!" of the parrots with "Well, good-by," with an emphasis on the "good" that made the remark seem condescending.

With the first cool nights of autumn, preparations are begun for making the tropical animals and birds comfortable during our hard winter.

A curious cage on wheels is brought out, and into this the animal is coaxed by the kindly persuasion of a carrot or other favorite article of food, and then drawn comfortably to its winter quarters. This is always an exciting time for the children: they run along by the side of the cage and watch with the greatest eagerness the process of placing the box in position; and when the final opening of the door liberates the frightened beast, the yells and shrieks which greet its entrance to its winter lodging are enough to give it nervous fidgets. The gnu, although it has passed many winters and summers in the garden, grows very much excited at such times; and if it could get out I think it would make great havoc among its small tormentors.

I do not think that the lions and tigers notice much difference between summer and winter. Of course they do not have the summer cages with their rocks and trees to range in; but their house is warm, and plants and running fountain do their best to hide the dismal fact that it is winter. Sometimes a tiger will sit motionless for a long time gazing intently through the windows at the snowy landscape. Do you think he ever wonders what can change the color of the outer world so completely?

The cage of the young lions seems almost too small to hold them all when they are playing together with wooden balls, like cannon-balls, which go banging from one end of the cage to the other, or are gnawed by the lions.



YOUNG LION ASLEEP.

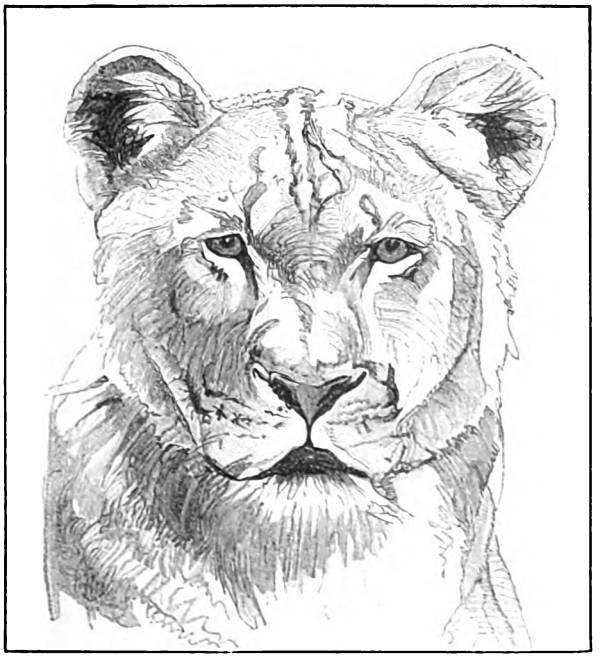
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But wait until fatigued by their play and violent exercise, they drop off to sleep; the space is large enough then for the lions to throw themselves into the most amusing attitudes. There is one sprawling on his back, his legs flung wide in the air as you have seen tired babies lie; and here another, dreaming of the play, twitches his legs as if he were springing in his sleep to catch the vagrant ball.



Very dignified and stately are the old lion and lioness, and the lions in the next cage, who wait patiently, with grave faces, for the one event in their long day — their meal-time. Although the fare is never varied summer or winter, it is always acceptable; indeed the only thing they object to is the amount, which apparently is never equal to their appetites.

The keeper seems to agree with some doctors that liquids should never be drunk during a meal, for the animals are not served with water until the bones are scraped and polished by their rough tongues, and even the floor licked clean; then the keeper goes around with a watering-pot and tin pans, filling for each in turn until all are satisfied. One of the tigers always puts her mouth to the spout and laps from the stream as it falls, seeming to think it tastes fresher taken in that way than when lapped from the pan below.



Some of the animals take care of themselves at the approach of the winter. The badgers dig frantically in the earth, throwing up a perfect fountain of sand behind them until they have long burrows, to which they retire on cold or stormy days; but every



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MEAL-TIME.

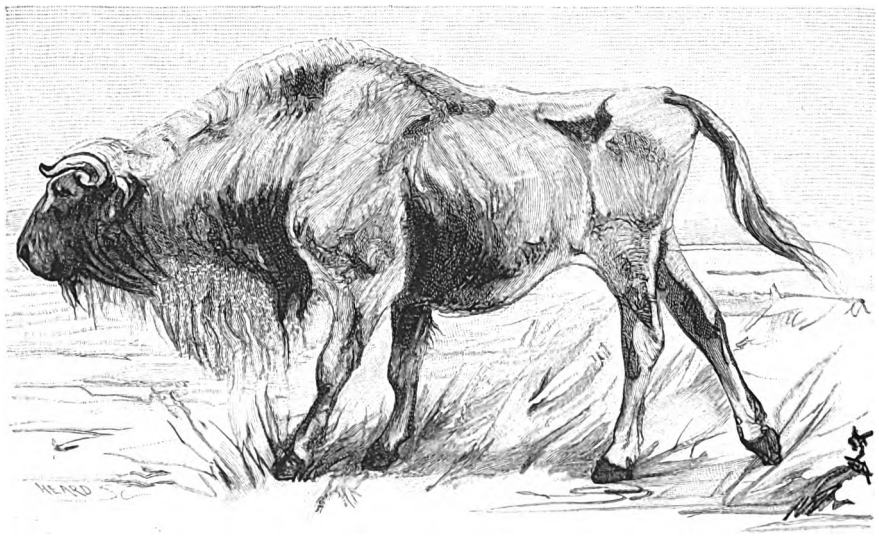
gleam of sunshine woos them to the surface, and they run up and down the cage begging for peanuts, as in summer. One of them has a cunning trick that he taught himself; on reaching the end of the cage he turns a half somersault, rolls to one side and rises faced right for the return trip. This rarely fails to win a reward from the admiring visitor.

The beavers go to sleep in their huts under the water, and the foxes and prairie-dogs dig their burrows deeper and retire from the upper world, although, like the badger, they reappear on sunny days.

One sees some of the animals to a better advantage in winter than in summer; the moose and the reindeer seem more lively, and, I think, would be glad to have it colder than it ever is in this latitude. The frozen, snow-covered stretches of Canada and Lapland are more to

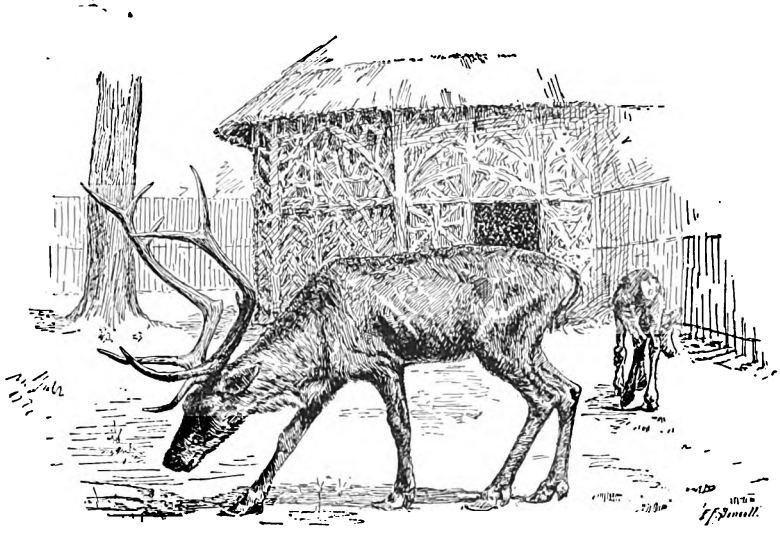


A SLEEPING LIONESS.



THE GNU.

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THE REINDEER.

their liking than the yards of the Zoo, even on the coldest days.

The reindeer came all the way across the seas, accompanied by his mate and little one, with a great bag of their favorite moss to supply them with food until they should have become accustomed to American hay and peanuts. The taste for peanuts seems soon to fasten itself upon every creature that enters the gates, except the flesh-eating animals; and in a short time the reindeer came pressing their soft noses through the bars to beg for peanuts quite as eagerly as the monkeys.

The polar bear is another who does not find it quite cold enough to suit him; he has an ice-water bath and a den in the north side of a hill, but he still looks as if he were longing for more snow, and I think that nothing would really content him but a cave in an iceberg. Perhaps, if one were to introduce him to the seal-ponds, he might find himself in congenial company, at least; but it might happen that the seals would not care for him as a guest. They are a happy family among themselves, and sit with their heads poked up through the ice, calling for their dinner with quite as much appetite as in summer.

The lake for water-fowl is not as crowded with inhabitants as we are accustomed to see it, many having been sheltered in buildings; but it still presents a lively appearance with swans and ducks of all varieties disporting themselves in the little space of water kept open for them. They never seem to feel their toes grow cold, however long they stand on the ice or swim in the water.

Some of the ducks from China look as if they had wrapped themselves up in red flan-



THE POLAR BEAR.

nel to protect their legs and heads from rheumatism; but I shall have to let you into

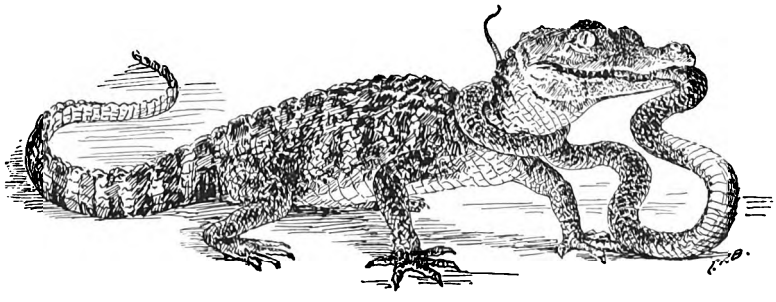
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IN THE REPTILE-HOUSE.

the secret that this is their summer dress as well; they have, poor things, only one suit for the entire year!

There is one building where perpetual summer reigns. On the coldest of January days the new reptile-house is filled with blooming plants and sunshine, the roof of the house is made partly of glass like a conservatory, and there stand the glass cases for the tropical snakes. Trees and plants grow in the soil at the bottom, there is water to bathe in, and the sun pours down upon the cases all day long, so they have natural heat besides the artificial heat in the building.



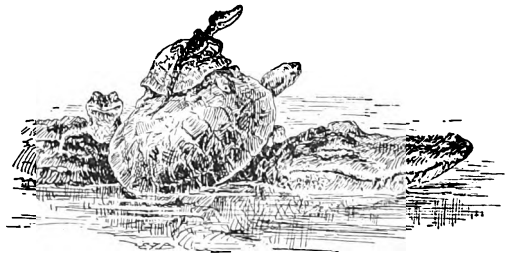
WHICH WINS?

In the center is the alligator- and turtle-tank, surrounded by palms. One old alligator, six feet long at least, is brought from his outside pond and put into this tank to spend the winter. He is a model of patience, and allows the little turtles and alligators to form pyramids on his back without a protest; but then he goes sound asleep at the beginning and never rouses until spring comes, so maybe he does not even feel them.

The little alligators are more lively, and do not get on very well with the snakes, with whom they are sometimes placed.

I once saw a very funny combat between a baby alligator and a tiny snake. Quite a number of both were in a glass tank provided with a small pond, rocks, and growing plants. You would have thought it a perfect nursery for the babies to grow and be happy in.

But while this thought was passing through my mind I saw an alligator make a sudden snap as a little snake was slipping over him, and in a moment the poor little thing found his head

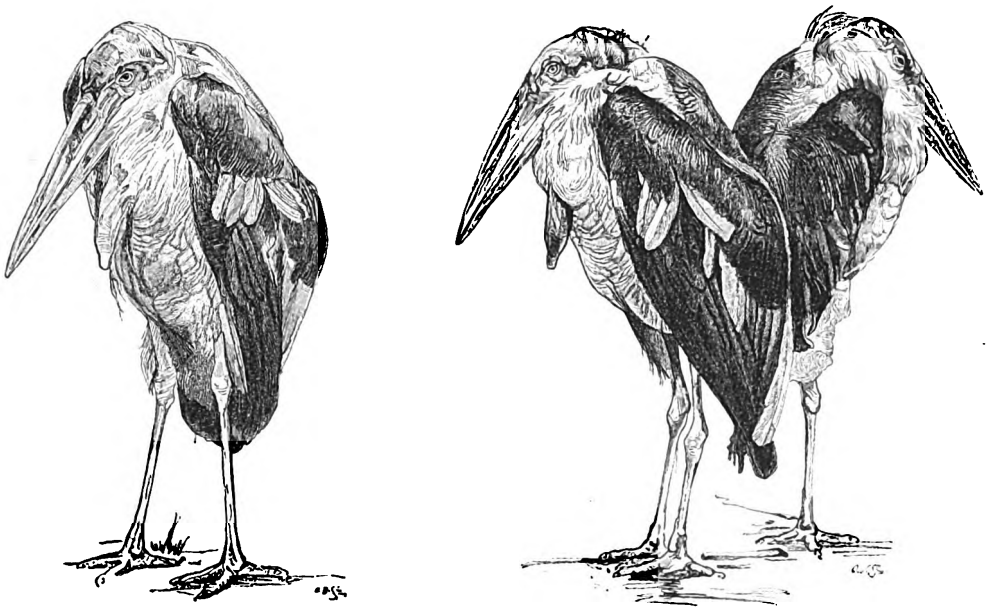


MAKING THEMSELVES COMFORTABLE.

held tight between the needle-like teeth of the alligator. Wriggle and twist as he might, he could not get away. In vain he tried to choke his enemy by closely encircling his neck; the alligator held his head perfectly rigid, and finally shut his eyes with an air of self-satisfaction, as if it were a most ordinary thing for him to have a snake tying double bowknots around his neck.

After a long time, either because he forgot his prize and yielded to a desire to yawn, or because he thought the presumption of the

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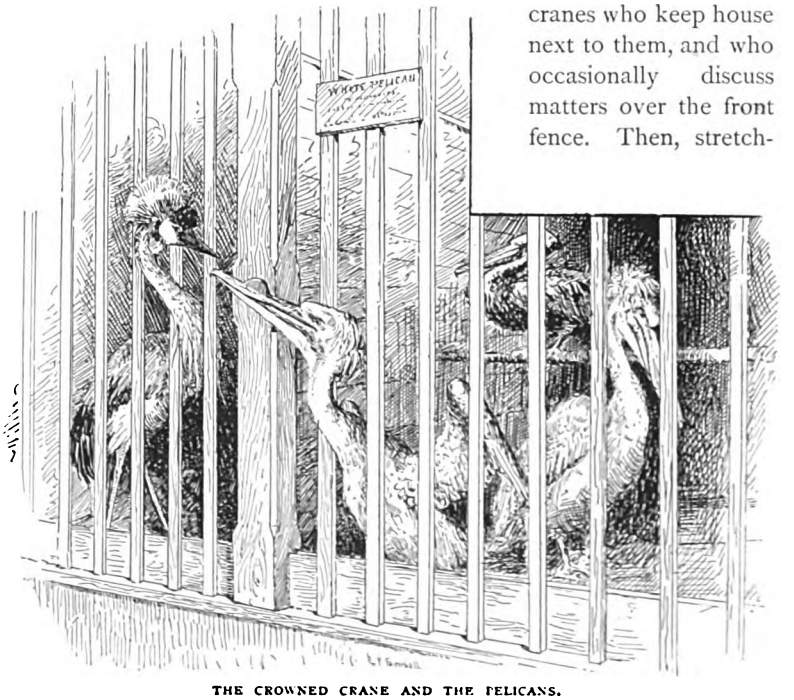


THE INDIAN ADJUTANT.

snake in crawling over him had been sufficiently punished, the baby alligator opened his jaws, and away went the snake, seemingly none the worse for his adventure.

The monkeys ought to have just such a sunny home as this, and I hope that some day it will be built for them. Now they have a roomy yet rather dark building, but they play their merry pranks, steal peanuts, and chase each other around the cages without the least envy of the palace of the snakes so close by. They all seem to have very happy dispositions, and are cheerful amid any surroundings.

Quite a contrast to them is the melancholy Indian adjutant, who is very much of a misanthrope. Hour after hour he stands meditating in the pan of water given him to supply the want of his summer wading-place; his head is sunk in a great ruff of feathers, which gives him the appearance of shrugging his shoulders. The only thing that seems to disturb his reverie is the quarreling of his neighbors the pelicans with the crowned cranes who keep house next to them, and who occasionally discuss matters over the front fence. Then, stretch-

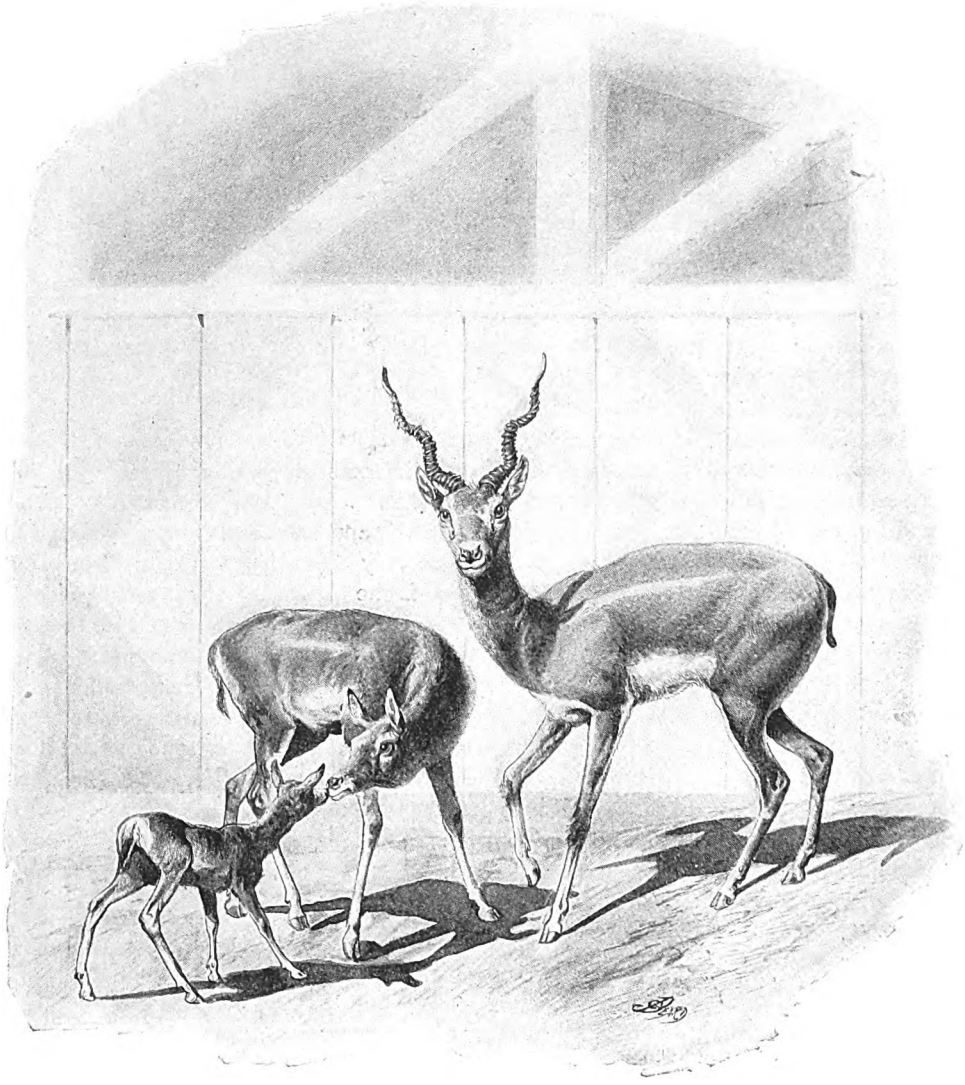



THE CROWNED CRANE AND THE PELICANS.

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ing out his head, the adjutant displays a length of bare neck which is surprising, and, clapping his long beak very rapidly, he effectually drowns all other noise and generally drives the visitors out of the place quite deafened. How funny a group of these old fellows can be! They remind one of a consultation of doctors over a case of severe illness; with hands tucked under their coat-tails, their bald heads shaking as if to say, "No hope, really; we have done every thing that can be done."

In one of the warmest buildings is a happy little family who never knew what winter was in their native land. They gaze out on the strange white world in large-eyed wonder—at least the parents do, for the baby Indian antelope is only a few weeks old, and the hay-strewn room in which the little creature frisks about is the whole world to it.

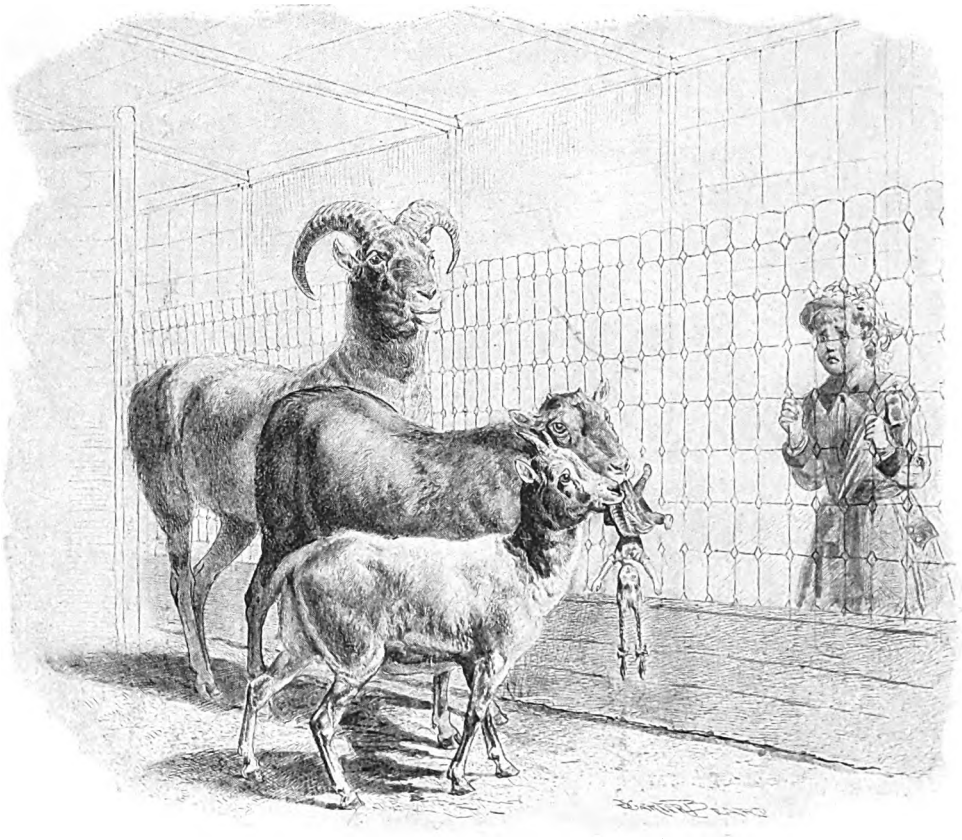


INDIAN ANTELOPE.

They are wonderfully graceful animals, and one wonders how any body can have the heart to chase and kill them, even for food.

Some hardy American relatives of theirs, the Rocky Mountain goats in an adjoining cage,

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS LIKE DOLLS.

are less attractive, though they create much amusement by their appetites; for, after the peanuts are all gone, the paper bag will be quite as acceptable, and one day a little girl was seen in front of their cage, watching, in helpless agony, the disappearance of her favorite doll seized by these insatiable animals.

Time would fail to tell of the appliances used for the winter comfort of the many animals sheltered at the Zoo — the sprinkler for the rhinoceros, the tepid bath for the tapir, and the winter arrangements for such out-of-door animals as the buffaloes, camels, elks, etc.; so my only hope is that some day, either in winter or in summer you will visit the Zoölogical Gardens and see it all for yourselves.




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# General Dadley



By Frank Valentine.

'T was General Swift Runoffski Dadley,—
A striking name, as many would say—
(Of what nation he was, it might puzzle one sadly
To fully determine.—Be that as it may,
Whether English, American, French, or Russian,
It signifies little to this discussion).

'T was General Swift Runoffski Dadley,
A proud and a pompous man was he—
But one thing, alas! he managed badly:
He never could gain a victory.
Though he fought many battles, and far and wide,
He always was found on the losing side.

Said his wife full often, and eyed him sadly,
"It 's a wearisome trouble and grief to me,
To think you should always be whipped so badly,
Instead of gaining a victory.
Beat some one, beat something — don't beaten be,
Or never come back to the baby and me!"



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Off he marched once more, the doughty Dadley,
Looking as proud as proud could be;
And the loving young wife awaited him gladly,
(Though some misgivings, no doubt, had she.)
"Well, dear, did you beat?" "Well, yes, my sweet—
We—we—beat, we—we—beat, we—we—*beat a retreat.*"



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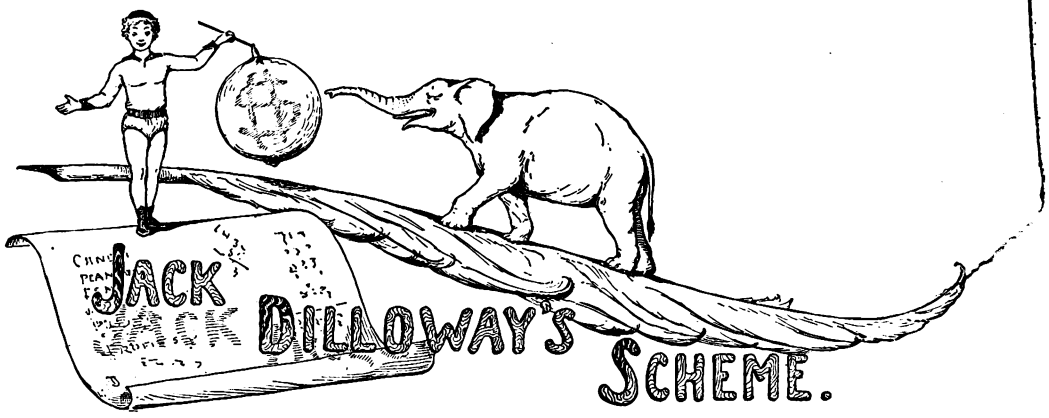
## JACK FROST.

By Ruth Hall.

Jack Frost passed this way last night,
And nipped, with saucy fingers,
Every gold and scarlet leaf
That on my maple lingers.

He scratched a message on the pane—
A hint more kind than courtly:
"Better see to fires and flowers!
I 'll be back here shortly!"

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By J. L. Harbour.

One day, when I was a boy, Jack Dilloway came over to our house with something he called a "scheme."

Jack's schemes were always of a kind calculated to contribute to Jack's enjoyment of life. His parents sometimes said regretfully that about all Jack thought of was "a good time." But now that they are old people with Jack's children calling them "Grandpa" and "Grandma," it must be pleasant for them—and for Jack, too—to remember that Jack's pursuit of boyish enjoyment never led him into doing anything cruel, or malicious, or wicked.

Everybody liked Jack, mischievous little tike though he was. His love of fun manifested itself strongly in a pair of big, twinkling blue eyes, and a mouth with lips parted in an almost perpetual smile, showing two rows of uneven teeth.

His face was as freckled as a turkey's egg, and he had curly brown hair that he seldom "had time" to keep in order. He lived on a farm divided from the farm on which I lived only by what we called the "big road," although it was but an ordinary highway.

The Dilloway farm-house was within three hundred yards of my father's house, and Jack and I were much together. I was but four days older than Jack, and we were fourteen years old at the time of which I write.

I, too, had a boyish love of fun, but I was less imaginative than Jack, and less fertile in "schemes" for having "no end of fun," as Jack said.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said Jack, his blue eyes twinkling in pleased anticipation, "and it 'll be jolly good fun. See if you don't say so. Did you know that there was going to be a big circus in town on the fourteenth?"

"No; really?"

"Yes, sir; honest. Our hired man has just come from town, and he saw them putting up the bills. He says it looks as though it 'll be a mighty big thing if they do even half they 've got down on the bills. They 're going to have *two rings!*"

"*Two* rings?"

"Yes, sir; and something going on in both of 'em all of the time. Won't that be great?"

"I should say so. But what 's that got to do with your scheme?"

"Everything. If it was n't for the circus I would n't have thought of the scheme. You 're going to the circus?"

Of course I was. Every farmer's boy in that neighborhood would be at the circus. It meant more than even the Fourth of July to us. The moment Jack said "circus," I thought, with great satisfaction, of the two dollars and a half I had that day received for a calf I had sold, and I said:

"Of course, if there 's a circus, I 'm *going* to it."

"So am I," said Jack, promptly. "What do you say to our making a little money out of it?"

"How?"

"Easy as rolling off a log. Have you ever heard of anybody keeping a refreshment-stand at a circus?"



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"Of course I have."

"What 's to hinder two smart fellows like Jack Dilloway and Ned Dawson from setting up in a little business of that sort?"

"Is that your scheme?"

"That 's my scheme."

He waited for a moment for me to realize the full magnitude of it before he added:

"I believe we could do very well with a little scheme of that sort, Ned. And it would be great fun, too. Then it would be jolly to have just all the lem'nade and gingerbread and peanuts and things of that sort we wanted to eat; would n't it?"

"We 'd have to have a pretty big stock if we ate all we wanted, and had anything left to sell," I said. "But how could we go to the circus and keep a refreshment-stand at the same time?"

"Why, we could go to the circus at night. It 's much better at night, anyhow. And refreshment-stands never do much business in the evening at a circus. We 'd be all sold out by six o'clock. I just believe we could make a big thing out of it."

I was of a less sanguine temperament than Jack; nevertheless his "scheme" pleased me. We sat down on a log of wood in my father's stable-yard to "talk the thing over," and our enthusiasm increased as we talked. Jack brought out a stub of lead-pencil, and "figured the whole thing up" on a new pine shingle.

He made it appear that his little scheme would net each of us as much as ten or twelve dollars —

"To say nothing of the fun we 'll get out of it," he added. "I 'll yell out, 'Lem'nade! here you are, ladies and gentlemen! *ice*-cold lem'nade, *right* here in the shade, and *only* five cents a glass! Walk up, chalk up, any way to *get* up, ladies and gentlemen! A piece of ice in every glass! *This* way for your ice-cold lem'nade at five cents a glass!'"

Jack stood up on the log, and screeched this out so vigorously that my mother put her head out of our kitchen window and said:

"Why, Jack, are you going crazy? Why are you making all that noise?"

"Oh, Ned and I are going into bizness, and we 're just practisin' up for it," replied Jack.

"Are you going to start out as auctioneers? I can think of no other business requiring such lung-capacity as you are exhibiting."

Our parents finally gave their consent to the carrying out of Jack's little scheme, and we were in great glee.

I had almost five dollars in my little tin bank, and Jack had about the same amount.

We invested that morning in lemons, sugar, peanuts, and a box of peppermint-candy kisses with very affectionate sentences on them in pink letters. We knew that this kind of candy was in great demand at a circus.

My mother was kind enough to make us a lot of nice gingerbread, and Jack's mother made us a great panful of tempting-looking sugar cookies with a plump raisin in the center of each.

Then we had what we did not see on any of the other refreshment-stands, and that was great pyramids of beautiful red June apples that we had polished until they looked like glass.

Apples of this kind were very scarce in our neighborhood that year, and Jack's father was the only man we knew of who had any. He had two trees hanging full of them, and he had given us a whole bushel on condition that Jack and I should weed out a certain onion-patch of his.

We had gladly agreed to do this, and the first new apples of the summer graced our refreshment-stand.

We had gone to the grounds the day before the circus and put up our stand in what we felt sure would be a good place; and we were on the spot very early the next morning covering our counter with clean white table-cloths, and arranging our stock in trade.

The pretty red apples we arranged in three pyramids, one at each end and one in the center of the table. The peanuts we put into little brown-paper bags, and the candy we displayed in two glass fruit-dishes borrowed from our mothers' pantries.

The glasses for the lemonade also came from our home pantries. We set them out in a shining row in front of our counter. At the suggestion of my mother we had put two big bouquets of wild flowers between the pyramids of apples, and Jack told the truth when he stepped back,

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with arms akimbo and head twisted to one side, surveying the complete result of our labor, and said:

"I tell you, Ned, it just looks sniptious! There is n't a neater-looking stand on the circus grounds. Those apples will sell like hot cakes. You know how fond everybody is of the first new apples that come out. I 'm glad red 'Junes' are so scarce this year. I believe we 'd better sell them three for five cents instead of four. I tell you those bouquets are the finishing touch, are n't they?"

"They do set off the counter," I replied. "I should n't wonder if they helped to draw trade."

"If they don't, the way I 'm going to call out by and by will."

This was very early in the day, even before the tents had been raised, although the circus wagons had arrived and the circus men were hard at work on the two rings, and getting the great tents ready to be put up.

But every boy in Gastonville and from a great part of the surrounding country seemed to be on the circus grounds.

There was no railroad in the town, and many of the boys had walked three or four miles into the country to meet the circus as it came from the next town in its own wagons.

We knew many of the boys, and they began to manifest great friendship for us when they discovered that we were keeping a refreshment-stand. They assembled in front of our counter with cordial greetings of friendship, such as —

"Hello, Ned!"

"Hello, Jack!"

"How 're you, Ned?"

"How goes it, Jack?"

We replied respectfully but a little coldly to these cordial salutations; for when we saw the boys approaching, Jack said in a low tone to me:

"I 'll tell you what it is, Ned, bizness is one thing and friendship 's another, and we 've got to run this stand on strictly bizness principles, or fail up before noon."

I appreciated the good sense of this remark, and I said:

"That 's a fact, Jack. If we treat one we 've got to treat another."

"That 's it," replied Jack, heartily. "We 'd soon be at the bottom of our lem'nade bar'l, and have no money to show for it. We 'll just have to let the boys know from the start that we mean *bizness*."

When we made this apparent to our youthful friends, they suddenly grew cold in their demeanor, and withdrew one by one after making unpleasant remarks about our lack of generosity, some of the boys going so far as to say that they felt quite sure that we would charge our own *grandmothers* for even *looking* at our "old lemonade"; and they further added that our lemonade looked "very second class," anyhow,— to all of which we replied by saying briefly but decidedly: "Bizness is bizness, boys."

We did not expect to do much business until after the "grand street parade" at ten o'clock. The streets of the town were lined with people who would come out to the circus grounds after the parade, and then the real business of the day would begin for us.

We would be compelled to miss the joy of following the procession through the town, but we congratulated ourselves that our stand was so located that we could witness the starting and the return of the parade.

Two enormous elephants, caparisoned with a great display of crimson velvet and trappings of gold and silver tinsel, were to lead the procession. A silken canopy, upheld by rods of gold, rose high above the cushioned back of each elephant, and under these canopies were to ride "a bevy of brilliantly beautiful Circassian maidens," as the flaming posters on the fences said.

The elephants had been arrayed in their gorgeous trappings, but the "brilliantly beautiful" ladies had not appeared when the elephants were led out to a spot directly in front of our stand to wait until the rest of the procession was made up.

The keeper of the elephants, arrayed in gorgeous but not very clean Oriental finery, led the two huge animals out to within ten feet of our stand, and then returned to the tent for something, after cautioning two or three hundred wildly excited boys to "just let those elephants alone."

But the boys, heedless of this command,

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threw peanuts and candy to the elephants, and suddenly Jack said:

"I 'm going to toss them one of these apples, and see how they like it."

They liked the apples very well—alas, too well! After tasting the apples they paid no heed to the nuts and candy offered them, but kept their little black eyes fixed on our apples while the one nearest us reached his long proboscis out for more.

Jack gave him one, which he swung lightly into his trunk; and then, to our horror and unspeakable amazement, he and his mate stepped forward as our first patrons and greedily began devouring our stock, without even the courtesy of asking the price of anything.

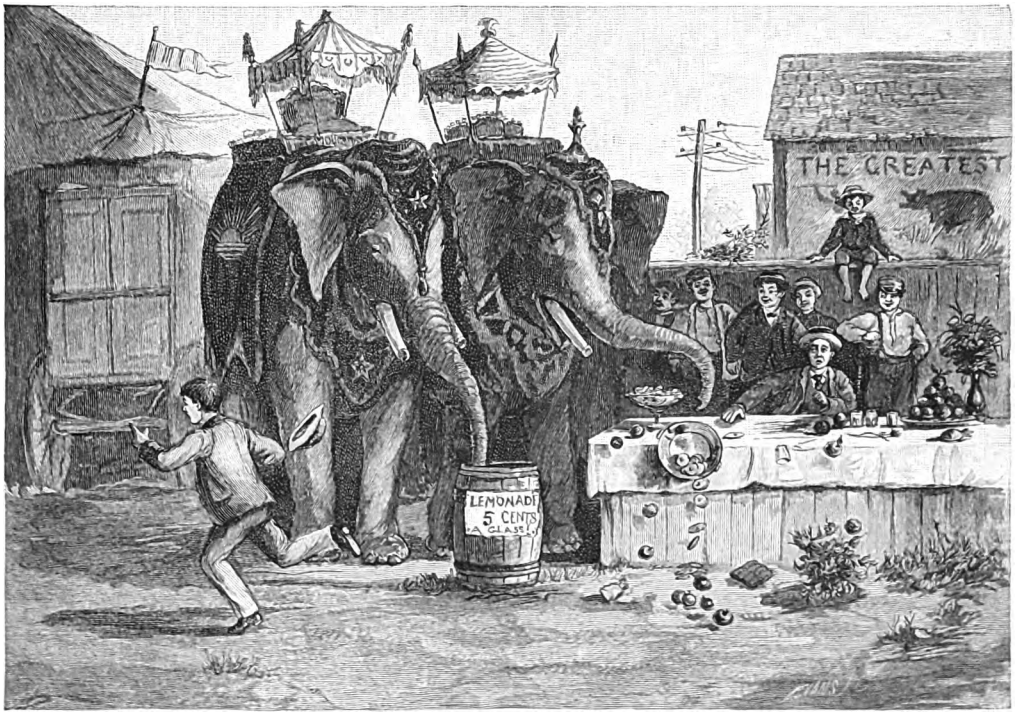
"Get out of here!" shrieked Jack, jumping up and down in his wrath and dismay behind the counter. "Go away! Clear out of this! Let those apples *alone!* Let those cakes *be!*"

"Run for the keeper!" I shrieked. "There won't be a thing left in two minutes! Get out of this!"

But the great beasts did not "get out"; and although Jack and I fumed and threatened, we were both afraid to go near the animals, and there they stood rapidly stowing away everything on the stand, while the crowd of unsympathetic small boys yelled and screeched with excitement.

Finally I ran toward the tent in search of the keeper, whom I met coming out of the dressing-room.

"Your old elephants are eating up our refreshment-stand!" I shrieked excitedly. "Come and get them away—quick! Hurry up, or there won't be a thing left!"




"THERE WON'T BE A THING LEFT IN TWO MINUTES!"

The keeper quickened his pace, and just as we reached the stand Jack threw up his hands despairingly and said:

"Great Scott, Ned! one of 'em has run his horrid old proboscis clear to the bottom of our lemonade-barrel! And *look* at that stand! Is there *anything* left? I could *fight*, I 'm so mad! Just *look* at that stand!"

There was n't much but the stand left for me to look at. A single ginger-cake and three or four cookies were all we had left, while many of

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the apples had disappeared. One of the elephants, grabbing greedily at a loaf of gingerbread after the arrival of the keeper, caught a fold of the table-cloth in his proboscis, and thus cleared the stand of everything on it, the glassware coming to the ground with a crash.

"Somebody 's got to pay for this!" said Jack, with a suggestion of a sob in his voice that one could forgive even in a boy of fifteen under the circumstances.

"It is n't my fault," said the keeper of the elephants, carelessly.

"Whose fault is it, then?" I asked indignantly. "If you 'd stayed with the elephants, you could have kept them away from our stand!"

There were hot tears on my cheeks as I spoke, but they made no impression on the keeper. He led the elephants away from our stand, and ten minutes later the procession started, leaving Jack and me amid the ruins of our stock in trade.

We have laughed a great deal over the affair since, but we did n't laugh any at the time. There were tears in our eyes, our lips quivered, and we choked back our sobs as we went about gathering up an apple here, a bag of peanuts there, and the few whole pieces of glassware we had left.

"We might as well pack up our things and go home," said Jack.

In the midst of our grief a stout, elderly man, with a black-velvet vest and an enormous gold watch-chain with a big red seal dangling from it, came along, and eyed us and our stand curiously for a moment.

"What 's the matter here?" he said as he came up and leaned on our counter.

"Everything 's the matter!" said Jack, tearfully. "Here we put over ten dollars into things for a refreshment-stand, besides all our folks gave us, and the old circus elephants came along and ate up almost everything and smashed up the rest! They even spoiled our barrel of lemonade, and we have n't even got money enough to go into the circus!"

"You say that the circus elephants did this? Where was their keeper at the time?"

"He left them here in the road while he went back to the tent for something, and they marched right up here, and ruined everything," said Jack, his wrath shining in his tear-dimmed eyes.

The man asked us some more questions, and the proprietor of a rival stand across the road came over and corroborated all we had said.

Then the man took a lead-pencil and an envelop from his pocket, and made a fair estimate of the value of our stock and of the broken glassware.

"It amounts to about fourteen dollars," he said. "I suppose you would be willing to accept that and a couple of tickets to the circus as payment in full for the damage done?"

"Well, I *guess* we would!" said Jack.

And the next moment we were staring in open-mouthed amazement at a little pile of bills and two thick yellow tickets lying on our counter, while the man was walking back toward the circus-tent.

"Well, if he is n't a trump!" said Jack, bringing his fist down heavily on the counter.

"He is that!" I said heartily.

"Is n't this *great!*" Jack said, as he reached out for the money. "Seven dollars and a circus-ticket apiece! Hoor*ay*, Neddy, my boy! I just tell you, Ned, we were born in the lucky time of the moon!"

"You did n't think so ten minutes ago."

"Well, I *know* so now; I just wonder who he is."

We found out that afternoon, as we sat in one of the best seats witnessing the "grand entry" in the crowded circus-tent; for at that time the man who had made good our loss rode once or twice around the ring in an elegant landau. He nodded his head toward Jack and me when he saw us staring at him with open eyes and mouths, and we heard a man behind us say to his wife:

"That man in the carriage is the owner of the whole thing."

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By Price Collier.

If I were Three,
And had a pink shell for an ear,
And trusted everything my eyes could see;
Then I should love, and laugh, and never fear,
If I were Three.

If I were Three,
With just a curled-up rose-leaf for a mouth,
And all a mother's love for certainty;
I should not care if winds blew north or south,
If I were Three.

If I were Three,
And all my poet asked for were a kiss,
And he protested that he loved but me;
I think I 'd give him one, when he brought this,
If I were Three.



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kills himself instead on the enemy's door-step, and the mourning relatives don white to show their grief.

When John wishes to pay special respect to any one, he keeps his hat on and takes his shoes off in that one's presence. When he meets a friend he grasps and cordially shakes his own hand, leaving the friend to do the same for himself, instead of heartily performing that operation for each other, as we do. If so glad to see each other that handshaking does not express their joy, they rub shoulders until tired out. John shaves, not his face, but his head and eyebrows; he whitens his shoes; he wears a long gown, and carries a fan. He assumes the duties of milliner, laundress, and dressmaker; he pays the doctor as long as he is well, but stops payment as soon as he is ill.

When John is of marriageable age he must be satisfied with a bride whom he has not previously known; and the courtship is not expected to last more than three days. In this way he runs little risk of seeing himself cut out by a rival, and also avoids losing much time. In the Lalos tribe of western China, the bride perches herself on the highest attainable branch of a large tree when the wedding morning arrives, while the mother, grandmother, aunts, and elderly female cousins, all armed with sticks, cluster on the lower limbs. It is only when John has earned her by successfully breaking through this "picket-line" and carrying her off, that he is allowed to have his bride.




As a father, John idolizes his boys, but feels keenly the disgrace brought by the advent of a daughter. He does not consider her worthy of a name, but calls her Number 1, 2, or 3, as the case may be. He ignores her entirely in telling the number of his children, counting only the boys. He considers her as without mind or soul, and denies her the advantages of education which her brother receives. As she grows up she is a slave in her own and her husband's house; and not till she is old does she receive love and reverence.

If a child is taken sick, both John and his wife think the soul has wandered away, and



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steps are taken to recall it. The mother calls at the open door, "Soul, come home!" The father goes out to seek it, usually searching about the nearest bridge. At his cry of "Coming, coming!" the mother looks carefully about her floor and secures the first thing of life she sees. This may be flea, or beetle, or other insect, but is supposed to have within it the missing spirit. It is wrapped up and joyfully placed under the pillow of the sick one, who is now expected to recover forthwith. If death comes instead, the child is buried summarily and with scant ceremony. John considers his own coffin one of the most valued and most necessary pieces of furniture for his best room, and his highest ambition is to have an elaborate funeral. He and the older members of his household have this ambition gratified in proportion to their wealth and the number of their descendants.

As an inventor John has achieved some distinction, and has won for himself the name of the "Yankee of the East." Besides the mariner's compass, type, printing, paper, porcelain, silk, gunpowder, and clocks are some of his alleged discoveries. He has kept the knowledge of these things to himself as much as possible, scorning to give to those so much inferior to him as he supposes other nations to be, the knowledge which he has made his own. John himself and his countrymen are "celestials," his Emperor is the "Son of Heaven"; why should he stoop to benefit a people so much beneath him as the inhabitants of England or the United States! John's school-books give amusing testimony to the abundance of this national pride and self-satisfaction. His geography allots nine-tenths of the globe to China, about a square inch to England, and no space at all to our own great country! This same self-conceit helps to account for the lack of progress noticeable in John and his countrymen. For centuries they held themselves quite apart from other nations.

At the same time, John's nation is, in its way, an educated nation. All public offices are open to the graduates of their colleges, without any distinction of class or creed. Brains and skill, rather than money, are the highways to honor and office.

John's language is said to be the hardest of all to learn. His alphabet has two hundred and fourteen letters, and such complications of tones and inflections that one word spoken in ten different ways means ten different things.

As a business man John is not remarkable for honesty, to say the least. One traveler asserts that the first Chinaman by whom he was swindled was the first one with whom he had any business transactions — and that the last one who swindled him was the last native with whom he had any dealings when he left the country a year later.

John, as a soldier, is so brave that he goes to a night attack with his lighted lantern. It may expose his whereabouts to the enemy, to be sure, but if hostile soldiers are to be dreaded, much more the dark — in John's opinion.

John's religion? He has plenty — such as it is. Every trade has its patron divinity. The joss-houses have their idols by the dozen, and John smokes and chats as he prays. As he has only a single tongue, however, he must use some device to do either the chatting or the praying. So he prays by means of two sticks, half round, determining by the way they fall whether or not his prayer is granted. Or he prints his prayer on a strip of red paper and pins it on the wall near the door. At the proper time the priest sends it, with other accumulated prayers, up into the air on the wings of fire.



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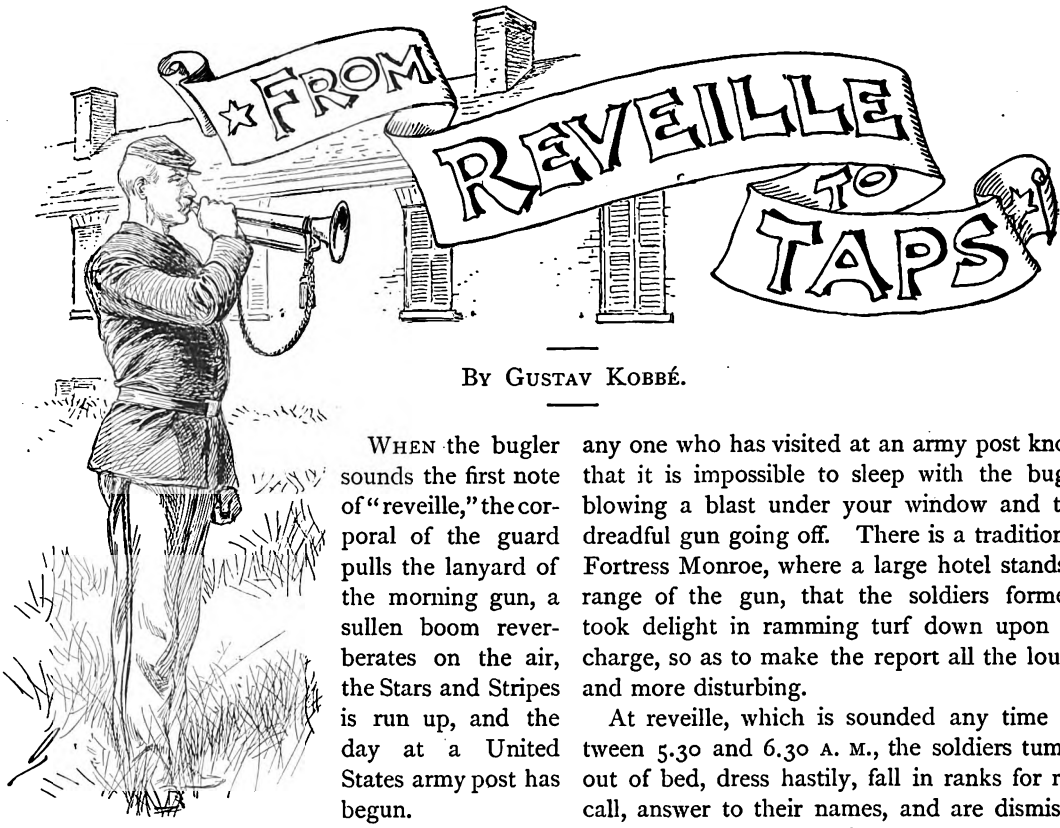
"WE ALL 'S GWINE SWIMMIN'!"




"WE ALL 'S GWINE HOME!"



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By Gustav Kobbé.

When the bugler sounds the first note of "reveille," the corporal of the guard pulls the lanyard of the morning gun, a sullen boom reverberates on the air, the Stars and Stripes is run up, and the day at a United States army post has begun.

Here are the notes of the reveille:




The soldiers have adapted words to the best-known bugle-calls, and those which go with reveille are:

We can't get 'em up!
We can't get 'em up!
We can't get 'em up
In the morning!

The soldier who is not roused by reveille, which is derived from a French verb meaning *to awaken*, must be a very sound sleeper; for any one who has visited at an army post knows that it is impossible to sleep with the bugler blowing a blast under your window and that dreadful gun going off. There is a tradition at Fortress Monroe, where a large hotel stands in range of the gun, that the soldiers formerly took delight in ramming turf down upon the charge, so as to make the report all the louder and more disturbing.

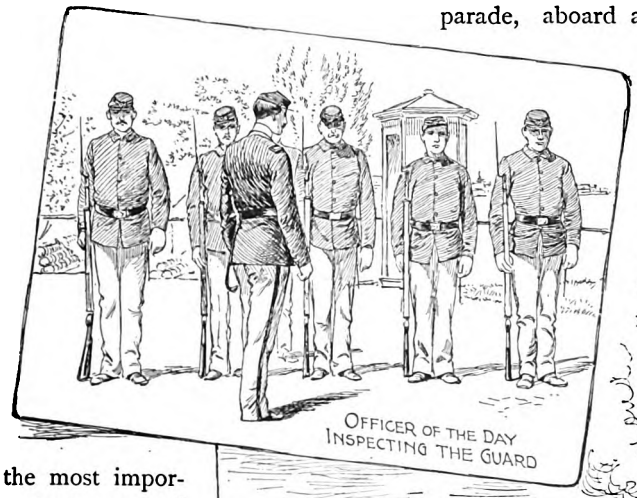
At reveille, which is sounded any time between 5.30 and 6.30 A. M., the soldiers tumble out of bed, dress hastily, fall in ranks for roll-call, answer to their names, and are dismissed for breakfast. Meanwhile the officer of the day—the only officer who need be stirring at this early hour—visits the guard. When the sentry sees him approaching, he calls: "Turn out the guard! Officer of the Day!" The guard is drawn up in line. "Present arms!" commands the sergeant. The officer then inspects the guard, and receives the sergeant's report. The guard is obliged to "turn out" for certain dignitaries—the President of the United States, members of the cabinet, foreign ministers, a general, the officer in command of the post, and the officer of the day. At West Point they tell a rather neat story at the expense of one of the "plebes," as members of the lowest class are called there. While on sentry duty one day, he saw a priest, whose features were unmistakably Hibernian, approaching. "Turn out the guard!" shouted the plebe, "Foreign Minister!"

We left the soldiers at breakfast. At some posts this is followed by the regular drills. At others—Governor's Island in New York Har-



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bor, for instance—the hour between 7.30 and 8.30 A. M. is filled in with drills for the "awkward squad," target-practice in the ditch, and odds and ends. Dress-parade, the most important ceremony of the day, when all the troops at the post pass the commanding officer in review, to the martial strains of the band, or of the field music (bugles or drum-and-fife corps) if there be no band, is a "movable feast," taking place at some posts at 9 A. M., at others not until sunset. The adjutant, having brought the command to "present arms," turns about, salutes the commanding officer, and reports: "Sir, the parade is formed." The commanding officer now takes a hand and puts the command through such exercises in the manual of arms as he may desire, the march in review closing the ceremony. When dress-parade is held in the morning, it is immediately followed by guard-mounting, in which the band or field music also takes part. In this ceremony the men "warned" for guard duty are reviewed by the new officer of the day, who, with the new guard, goes on duty until guard-mounting the morning following.

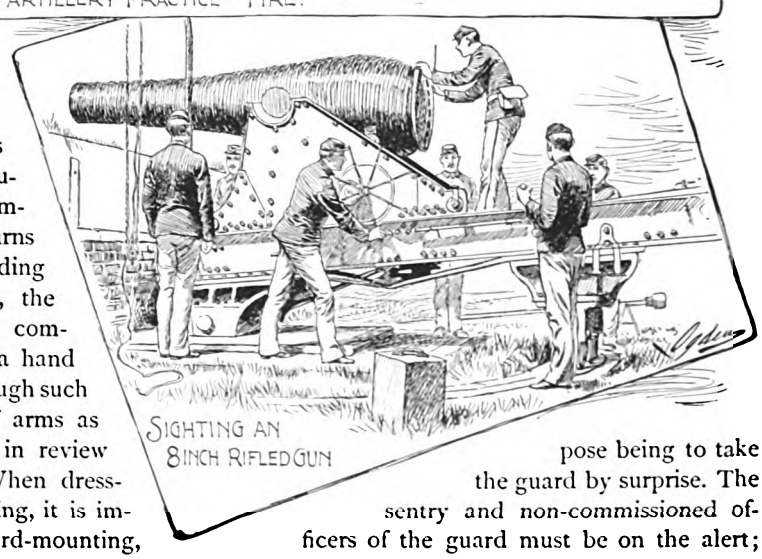


OFFICER OF THE DAY INSPECTING THE GUARD

The duties of the officer of the day somewhat resemble those of the executive officer aboard a man-of-war. He is responsible for things generally about the post, and especially for the police arrangements—the guard. This he should visit at intervals during the day, and must inspect at reveille, retreat (at sunset), and at least once between midnight and reveille. This last duty is the most irksome of all. Sometimes the officer will sit up an hour after midnight and then descend upon the guard; sometimes he will turn out an hour or so before reveille, his purpose being to take the guard by surprise. The sentry and non-commissioned officers of the guard must be on the alert; the others may be asleep, but must be in their clothes. In time of war, when it is necessary to enforce discipline most rigidly, a sentry who



FIELD-ARTILLERY PRACTICE "FIRE!"



SIGHTING AN 8 INCH RIFLED GUN

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goes to sleep while on duty, or leaves his post, is punished with death. In time of peace, of course, the penalty is less severe. In war no sentry would allow any one to pass him without giving the countersign, and even in peace he challenges all comers at night. While a countersign is rarely required in peace, it, nevertheless, gives one quite a gruesome feeling to be challenged at night. The sally-port at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, is a long, narrow, arched masonry passage, very, very dark at night. Leaving the fort late one night, I heard the sentry come to a sudden halt, and felt instinctively that he had brought his musket to the "charge." It is rather unpleasant to feel that a bayonet is pointed at your breast. "Who goes there?" rang the challenge through the vaulted way. For a moment I thought of beating a hasty retreat. Then, remembering directions that had been given me, I said: "Friend of officer of the post."

"Advance, friend!" was the welcome reply, and a moment later I found myself, to my great relief, under the star-lit sky.

We dropped the routine work at guard-mounting. From 10 to 11 A. M. is the hour for drills. These are very varied at artillery posts, as Uncle Sam expects his artillery to be expert, not only as artillery but also as infantry. For this reason the batteries are drilled in infantry tactics as well as at heavy guns, siege-guns, mortars, and field-pieces. When the recently adopted Infantry Drill Regulations went into effect, the garrison at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, devoted a month to company drill, which was followed by battalion drill.

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Now, the battery-drills are divided up as follows: two weeks infantry, two weeks mortar and siege-guns, two weeks eight-inch rifled guns, two weeks field-guns, and two weeks mechanical manœuvers. These last consist of lifting the gun from the carriage, and similar exercises. The captain rarely appears at drills, these being usually conducted by the lieutenants. "Captains," said the major in command of a post to me once, "are worthless. Majors," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "are more worthless." Majors are also known as "fifth wheels to the coach." In the Army Regulations, majors are mentioned but once, it being a major's duty in case of the death of an officer of his regiment to secure said officer's effects and to make an inventory of them. But, of course, majors are often in command of posts and in other responsible positions, and the captains are responsible for their batteries. They have been through the mill so long that they can well leave the hard work of the drills to the lieutenants.

With the artillery, the drills, so faithfully practiced, are with old guns which an enemy would not fear much more than pop-guns. For with his modern guns he could, while banging away at our forts, remain out of range of our guns. Our little army is as well officered, and has as good material in the ranks, as any army in the world; but it is expected to fight without weapons. Said an officer to me: "We have n't modern guns, we have n't modern forts, we have n't modern powder, we have n't men enough, we have n't even the conveniences for planting torpedoes — in all other respects we are well prepared for the enemy."

At Governor's Island, the men who are to go through the infantry drill exercises, and to be drilled at the field-guns, march out of the picturesque sally-port of Fort Columbus, which is surmounted by a military device well carved in stone, said to have been the work of a British prisoner in the war of 1812, liberty having been his reward.* The infantry and field-gun drills are held on the pretty parade-ground near the center of the island, with the harbor and the Statue of Liberty as a background. The field-guns are "in park" on this fine stretch of lawn. There are four guns to a battery, each gun under a sergeant, who is a "chief of detachment." The corporal who sights the gun is the gunner. The others are cannoneers. Including the chief of detachment, there are nine men to a gun. When this has been unlimbered, and the caisson run to the rear, the chief, the gunner, and four cannoneers remain with the gun, and one cannoneer carries ammunition from the caisson, where the other two cannoneers remain.



THE SALLY-PORT AT FORT COLUMBUS, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

The cannoneers are known by numbers, and No. 1 is the star performer of the cast. He is the rammer and sponger, and, if he is a quick,

* See story, "The Carving Over the Sally-port," ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1888, page 10.

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graceful fellow, he can execute a *pas seul* on the turf, to the admiration of the spectators and the envy of his brother cannoneers. See his lithe, strong pose,—every muscle on the alert,—as he stands ready to jump and sponge the piece the moment it has been discharged! Nothing is prettier, in a military way, than the group around one of these old-time field-guns when the gunner has taken aim and the cannoneer at the lanyard awaits the order to fire.

In mortar drill six men serve the piece. The mortar rests upon a platform. If it has, in firing, kicked back to the right or left, the officer commands: "In battery!—Heave!" The four cannoneers, with their handspikes, heave the piece into position, stopping at "Steady!" When it comes to loading the shell, hooks are suspended from one of the handspikes and inserted in the projectile, which is thus carried by two men to the mortar, raised to the level of the muzzle, and unhooked. Bang! goes the mortar; the shell rises into the air, and then descends with a long, graceful curve.

Half an hour after drill, at 11.30, the "first sergeants' call" is sounded. The first sergeants repair to the adjutant's office, and receive from the sergeant-major the details for guards, etc., and copy orders received into the company order-book.

Noon is the dinner-hour, and afternoons and evenings the men have practically to themselves, except that they are obliged to clean their "kits"—muskets, bayonets, and accoutrements. Recruits, and those who have done poorly at drills, may have further drilling after dinner, and all must be present at the roll-call at "retreat," when the sunset gun is fired and the colors are lowered. "Retreat" is a very old bugle-call, dating back certainly as far as the first crusade. In winter there is, in the afternoon, a free, voluntary school for privates, the attendance at which, at most posts, is very gratifying. There are also a school for non-commissioned officers and the Officers' Lyceum, under the commanding officer. At some posts the soldiers' duties are more spread out over the day, with the avowed purpose of keeping the men at the post. In fact, whether a soldier's lot is a happy one or not depends a good deal upon the commanding officer, or "K. O.," as he is called for short.

At cavalry posts, or where there is a light battery, the stable duties consume considerable time.

The following words, written to "stable call," are in vogue throughout the mounted service:

Now go to the stable,
All you who are able,
And give to your horses
Some oats and some corn.

For if you don't do it
The captain will know it,
And then you will rue it,
As sure as you 're born.

The "canteen," or post exchange, as it is now officially termed, has, at posts where there is room enough,—Fort Hamilton, for instance,—developed into a pleasant soldiers' club, with a restaurant, reading-room, and even bowling-alleys. The work about the post is done by the contingent from the guard-house.

"Tattoo" is sounded at 9 P. M., after which quiet must prevail in the quarters. At 11 P. M. the beautiful bugle-call "Taps"—the signal for "lights out"—is sounded, the first sergeants go quietly through their quarters, see if all are present, and the soldier's day is over.

Here are the notes of "Taps."




"Taps" is played, and most fittingly, over the soldier's grave, be he general or private. As with "lights out" night closes in upon the soldier's day, so with the same call the curtain rolls down upon his life.

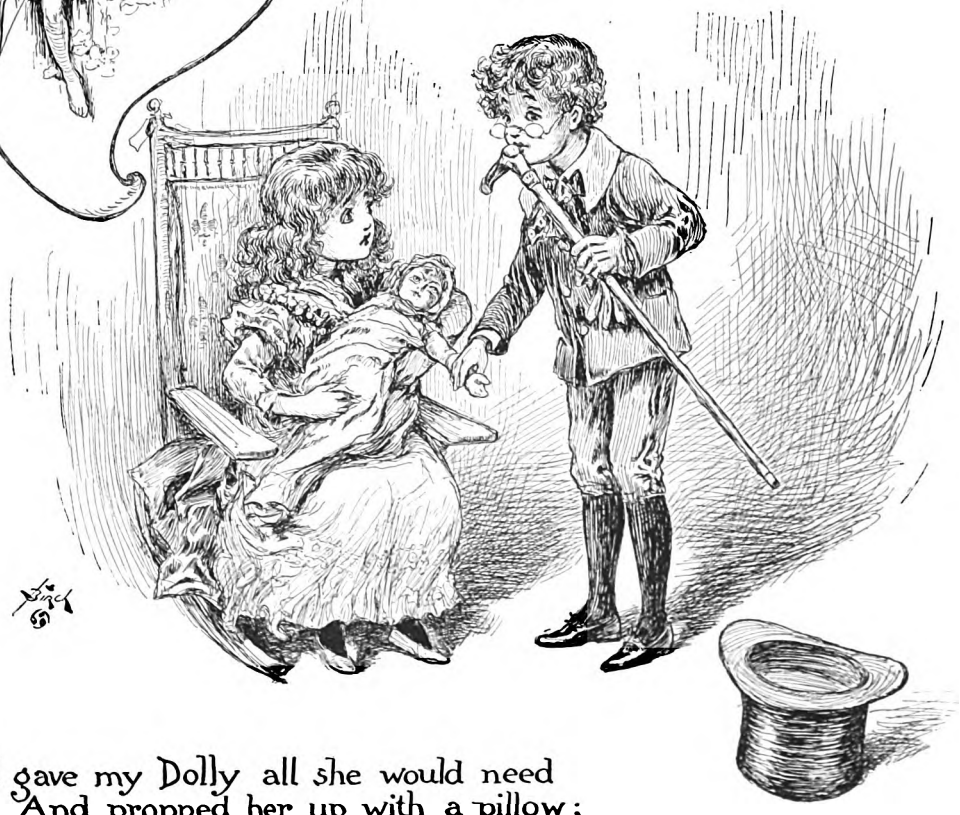
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# A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.




The Doctor came, and he said 'twas plain
That Dolly's trouble was chronic;
And he thought a ride on a rail-road train
Would suit her best for a tonic.
So I wrapped her up with the greatest care
And put on her Sunday bonnet;
And the engine, that was the rocking-chair
With Engineer Harry upon it.



I gave my Dolly all she would need
And propped her up with a pillow;
She was flying along at lightning speed
In her palace car of willow;
But all at once she fell on the track;—
O! 'twas a dreadful ending!
The engine rocker went over her back,
And I'm fraid she's past all mending.



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Talk of the good old times! Just think
  Of all the feathers and the fuss!
The times we have are best of all,—
  The best is good enough for us!
Look at this phenix, crackling hot,
  Done to a turn of its brown breast,—
From last year's ashes here again,—
  And never mind the peacock's crest!

What will I have? An outside bit
  Whose praises epicures might sing—
The wish-bone, thank you, or perhaps
  The luscious picking of a wing!
    Come, let a royal feast begin
    When Mary brings the turkey in:
    For all their crests, and peacocks, too,
    I would n't change with them,—would you?

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## THE GREETINGS.

By Margaret Johnson.



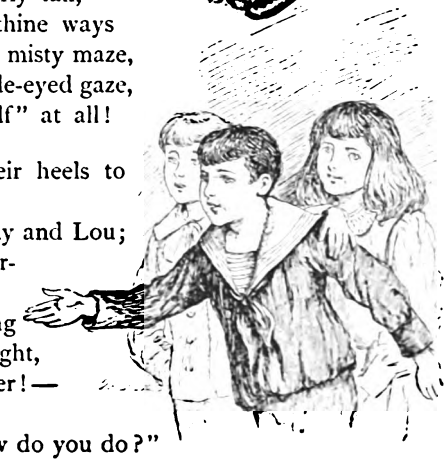
"*Comment vous portez-vous, chere Madame?*"
  Says, courtesying, gay Louise,
And carries herself with a conscious air,
Polite and pretty and debonair,
Remembers her manners everywhere,
  And always is quite at her ease.

"*Cóme sta?*" cries Filippo's musical
    voice,
  And he laughs with his lips and eyes.
Lithe and sturdy and brown of face,
He walks and stands with a careless
    grace,
And the vigorous ease of his southern
    race—
"*Cóme va, signor?*" he cries.



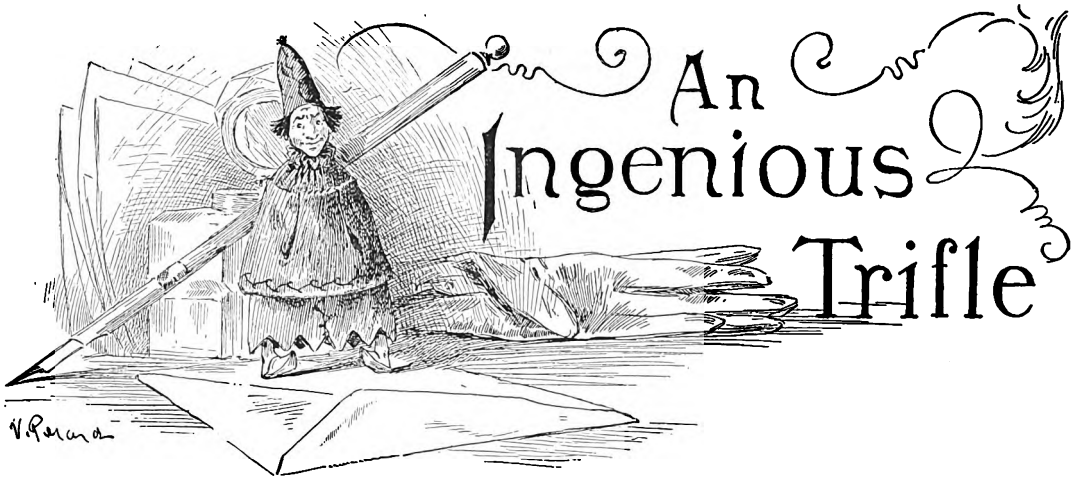
"*Wie befinden Sie Sich, mein Herr?*"
  The grave words soberly fall,
And, lost in the labyrinthine ways
Of a vague, metaphysical, misty maze,
I wonder, Hans of the wide-eyed gaze,
  You can "find yourself" at all!





Alive and alert from their heels to
    their heads,
Come Tommy and Johnny and Lou;
And each energetic Amer-
    ican sprite,
Who is up and a-doing
    from morning till night,
Cries out—and no wonder!—
    in greeting polite,
"How are you?" or "How do you do?"

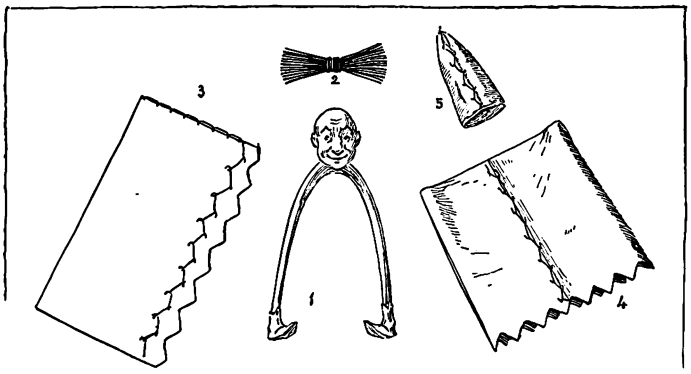
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# An Ingenious Trifle

By Ernestine Fezandié.

Children are often at a loss what to give their parents when birthday or Christmas-time comes around. If they only knew how to use their ten little fingers to advantage, they could very often solve the difficulty. Then, instead of presenting a gift which has no value save the kind thought which prompted it, they could offer a little souvenir which would give double pleasure from the fact that it is their own work.



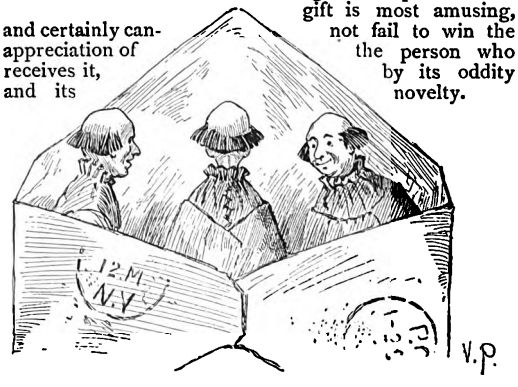

Among such articles as can be made by the children themselves, I would suggest a little pen-wiper, as shown in the heading, which can easily be made at small expense. The materials required are: a wishbone, red sealing-wax, some coarse black thread, black ink, an old pair of kid gloves, and a little sewing-silk which will harmonize with the color of the gloves.

When these materials are collected, the first thing to be done is to cut about twenty-five pieces of black thread, one inch long, and tie them firmly together in the middle. (Fig. 2.) This will constitute the wig of our little subject. Then go to work on the wishbone itself. Heat the sealing-wax over the gas or a candle until soft, apply several times to the head of the wishbone, until it is sufficiently covered; then shape with the fingers, making the general form of a face with a somewhat prominent nose. (Fig. 1.) While the wax is still soft, press the black thread into it, spreading out the threads on each side. Another dab of wax on the very top of the head will give the appearance of a bald pate with just a rim of hair around it. Cut off the ends of the hair evenly; with a pin prick two small holes for the eyes, make a slight indentation for the mouth, and fill these with ink. The head will then be completed, and, when dry, we can go on with the work. Form the feet by applying wax to both extremities of the bone, and shaping it to resemble feet. (Fig. 1.)

Now for the dress. Cut two oblong pieces of kid from the gloves, one the length of the bone, the other a little shorter. Nick both pieces at the bottom; feather-stitch the ends of the longer piece together so as to form a pair of wide trousers (fig. 4); slip on the wishbone, gather at the neck, and sew firmly. The other piece may be prettily stitched round the bottom (fig. 3), and shirred at the neck. This will give the effect of a wide cape.

An addition to the little figure can be made by cutting off half the small finger of a glove, ornamenting it with the silk, and fitting it to the head, to appear like some Oriental head-dress. (Fig. 5.)

This trifling and inexpensive little gift is most amusing, and certainly can not fail to win the appreciation of the person who receives it, and its novelty.






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# THE LETTER-BOX.

SAGINAW, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama gave you to me for Christmas, and I enjoy you so much that I wish you would come every week. I want to tell you what a nice joke you helped me to play. We were going to have an exhibition in our school, and I had learned a piece and recited it so many times that my big brother called it a "chestnut." When your May number came with that cunning piece about "Mary Ann," I learned it, but did not tell a single soul, and the next time my teacher asked me to rehearse my piece, I got up and recited "Mary Ann." How they all laughed, and the children clapped, and I thank you very much for helping me to make so much fun. Your loving friend,

HELEN S. C——.

U. S. NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote to you three or four years ago, and as my letter was printed I thought I would write again.

Last April a new boat was launched here at Portsmouth from No. 5 Ship-house. I was the one who had the honor of christening it. At three o'clock I stood on a raised platform in front of the bow, and broke the bottle of Piscataqua water. The bottle was very pretty, being gilded and tied with red, white, and blue ribbons. As I broke the bottle just as she started, I called out, "I name thee Steam Ferry Launch No. 132." A man was standing just under the edge of the platform as the bottle broke, and all the water and bits of glass went down his neck. He felt very queer, as he thought the salt water was wine. The boat is very pretty, and runs back and forth between the Yard and Portsmouth. I went on the trial trip, and it went very fast, indeed.

My letter is getting rather long, so I will close now, remaining your loving reader, EDITH M. B——.

WE take pleasure in printing the following interesting letter from an appreciative reader:

ALLEGHANY, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if you will ever know what a delight you are to mothers with small children to train and amuse! My children are particularly fond of having me read to them, and nothing pleases them so well, among their many books, as the arrival of a new ST. NICK; and, as "brother" sagely remarks, "there is no trouble getting mama to read, when it 's the last ST. NICHOLAS." No matter what time it comes, mama has to take a rocker, and, with sister (aged four) on her lap, and brother (past ten) at her side, the leaves are cut, and at least a glimpse taken of the treat in store. Then the ten bound volumes have to be frequently gone over, for fear something has been missed, or to read again some old favorite. Brother reads for himself now, and sister thinks she can do just as well, when she sits on a chair and reads "Marjorie and her Papa," or "Elfie's Visit," from memory — only I fear the authors would not always recognize their work. But you have doubtless heard all this many times from grateful mothers, and I want to tell the other children a "snake-story" which always pleases my "bairns."

In a recent number, you speak of what a rare thing it is to see a snake discard his skin, which recalls an experience at the Smithsonian Institution many years ago. My father (who was quite a naturalist), my sister, and I were standing in front of the large glass case, which at that time contained a good many specimens of snakes. Most of them were lying quietly on the sand, or coiled in the corners; but one of the largest ones seemed very restless, and behaved in a peculiar way. Finally, he crawled slowly up the trunk of a small tree placed in the case, and began running his head in and out of a fork of a branch. Quite a crowd had collected by this time, and some one exclaimed, "See the queer thing on his head!" and then my father told us to watch closely, and we would see an unusual sight. His snakeship wriggled and squirmed till the loose skin at the head and neck was "wrong side out," and then, with much care and deliberation, looking around with a triumphant glance, came on through his skin, leaving it fastened in the fork of the tree. One of the curious things about it was the snake's evident enjoyment of his new fall suit. (It was in October.) I don't know whether a small snake called him a "dude," or what excited his ire, but in a few minutes there was a royal battle going on, the larger snake evidently determined to get his enemy's head down in the sand. The little fellow struggled bravely, but he was almost conquered when some one ran for a keeper, who, running up, seized them, and literally ripped them apart, flinging one to each end of the cage. A little turtle, who was gazing at the battle with outstretched neck and wide-open eyes, came a little too near the combatants just before the finale, and, receiving a blow from the lashing tails, was turned on his back, to his apparent surprise and disgust. The snakes showed signs of renewing the struggle, but there is too much to see in Washington to spend all the morning at the snake-house, so we reluctantly turned away.

If you think the many readers of dear old ST. NICHOLAS would care to see this "really, truly story," I know two of the most devoted who would be charmed to see "mama's snake-story" in their favorite book.

Yours very truly, M——.

MILWAUKEE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two Mexican girls, eight and nine years old, and are staying in Milwaukee. We wish to tell you something about our adventures. We don't like city life as well as the country, and it is hard for us to get used to Milwaukee.

In Mexico we used to ride up the mountains; but when we came here and went to the woods for the first time, we saw some steep hills, but not near as high as the mountains. As we saw no burros, and saw some very fine American ladies and gentlemen, we asked them where the burros were, and they laughed and asked us where we came from. We told them from Mexico, and went on a little way. We wanted to go down the "mountain" (as we called it), so we sat down at the top of the hill and slid to the foot. There was a little stream at the foot, and, not seeing it, we slid right into it. We found it was very warm, so we pulled off our shoes and stockings and were going to wade, but we sank in the mud up to our knees. The people who saw us laughed



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at the idea, and thought us very boisterous. Our neighbors cannot get used to our noise, but we don't mind it.

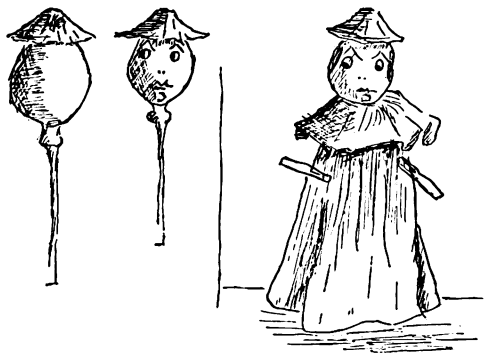
If this letter is not too long, we would love to have you print it. Your loving readers,

ELSIE AND ANNA F——.

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EASTHAMPTON, L. I.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought we would tell you how we spend some of our time in making poppy dolls. First, take a poppy that has gone to seed, and draw a face on it in ink. The little ridge on the top is the hair, or you may use it for a hat. Then take a long



strip of tissue-paper, any color you like, and cut two little holes for the arms. The arms are made of matches stuck into the poppy. Then the doll is complete excepting a ribbon round the waist, if wanted.

MURIEL AND ETHEL G——.

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BENT MOUNTAIN, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy twelve years old. I live on a spur of the Blue Ridge called Bent Mountain. It is a beautiful country, two thousand nine hundred feet above the sea-level, and is eighteen miles from the new and growing city of Roanoke.

Bent Mountain is a very wild country, and abounds in large and small game. There are numbers of partridges, woodcocks, squirrels, foxes, and rabbits in the forests; and deer, catamounts, and even wolves and bears are seen. Last fall a little girl who lived near us went out to gather wild grapes. She was gone so long that her friends became anxious, and went to look for her. After a long search they came upon her body, lying beneath a grape-vine. A large bear in the thicket near revealed the author of this dreadful deed. I am glad to tell you that the bear was punished for his crime by losing his life.

A kind uncle sends us ST. NICHOLAS, and we enjoy it very much. Although my home is on Bent Mountain, I am going to school this winter in Bel Air, Maryland. Your interested reader, COLES T——.

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SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Santa Barbara, and am twelve years old. Santa Barbara is a beautiful place. Our cottage is nearly covered with vines and flowers. We have three acres in our door-yard, pastures, and corrals.

We have a hen with twenty-one little chickens, but she did not hatch them all herself. As other hens would hatch them we would give them to her, so we would not have so many broods. We have a Scotch collie named "Robert Bruce," but we only call him Bruce. He is very bright. We have two pretty young mares and two colts. One mare is an iron-gray named "Hazel," and the other is mama's beautiful sorrel mare "Nympha." One bay colt is named "Circe," and the other "Daffodil." Our house is on a knoll; on both sides it has ravines, dry in summer, but in winter roaring torrents. A great many wild roses, wild morning-glories, yellow monkey-flowers, and scarlet Indian pinks grow on their banks. We have a little pond in our yard, with white water-lilies in it; and we have a large Indian mortar made of stone, which was plowed up on a friend's ranch near here, and in which we have some blue water-lilies. We have a cat and two pretty blond kittens. The ocean bathing here is delightful, and many people bathe in the surf every day in the year. I ride on horseback nearly every day, and I have ridden as many as thirty-five miles in a day without being tired at all.

In the spring the hills are beautiful with the pretty wild-flowers, and the brooks are fringed with lovely ferns and flowers. Mama and I sleep out of doors summer and winter in shelter-hammocks which are rain-proof. Our dear friend Miss McC—— makes me a Christmas present of ST. NICHOLAS. Your loving friend,

CONSTANCE DEL——.

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SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old, and have taken you a year. I am always looking forward with joy to your coming. I want to tell you about "Bunny." Bunny was a black-and-white rabbit, and he was very fat. I saw him first in the summer of 1890, at my aunt Sallie's. When breakfast was ready Bunny would come into the dining-room and stand upon his hind legs and look at the table until some one would give him a piece of bread; then he would take it out into the passage to eat it. He did not think it right to eat with civilized people. Bunny would not let any one pick him up, but he liked to be rubbed; he always slept with the cows, but he liked the little Jersey calf best of all. They would lie in the wagon-shed and sleep for hours. Once I saw the calf licking Bunny; when she came to Bun's long ears she began to chew them. It did not hurt at first, but at last it did, and Bunny jumped a yard high; it was funny to see him. One Sunday afternoon we were sitting on the back porch eating apples, and "Bonny" and her little colt "Jim," the big horse, and "Logan," the mule, stood waiting for the cores, when Bunny came up hoppety-skip, to get his share. But Logan drove him away, and tried to stamp on him with his front feet. Bunny is dead now. He died of old age. I felt very sorry to hear it.

Yours truly, QUINCY M——.

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WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Jamie M. S., E. C. D., A. N. T., Nathan A., Edith N. B., Nettie E. G., Fred. J. P., Martha T., Mary C., Laura S., Page F., Elliott W. H. Jr., Margaret F. H., Eleanor G. D., Julia B. F., Muriel H., Rita I., Marie B. F., M. M. I., Ethel A. B., Morgan B., Lizzie R. J., Nettie H., Edelherty and Dorris, Janie P., "Thomas Edward" B.

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# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE DIAMONDS. I. Across: 1. M. 2. Lot. 3. Tares. 4. Baronet. 5. Beset. 6. Sit. 7. S. II. Across: 1. P. 2. Car. 3. Moped. 4. Ramadan. 5. Regal. 6. Tan. 7. Y.

ANAGRAM. William Lloyd Garrison.

PI.

We crown thee with gold, Queen October,
We crown thee with purple to-day;
But we leave King November the ermine
To wear with his garments of gray.
The maples, brave knights of thy kingdom,
The oak-trees, thy counselors strong,
Are gracefully spreading their mantles
For the queen they have waited so long.

TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Idols, solid. 2. Trance, nectar. 3. Oration, Ontario. 4. Warp, wrap. Initials and finals, snowdrop.

CUBE. From 1 to 7, Hogarth. From 1 to 2, Hiogo; 2 to 4, opera; 4 to 7, Allah; 7 to 6, helot; 6 to 3, twang; 3 to 1, gnash; 2 to 5, owner; 3 to 5, glair; 5 to 7, reach.

BROKEN LETTERS. "Columbus loved good Nicholas, the saint. On his first voyage he named the first port at which he landed in Haiti, St. Nicholas."

QUOTATION PUZZLE. Initials, America. 1. Addison (Joseph). 2. Moore (Clement C.). 3. Emerson (Ralph Waldo). 4. Rogers (Samuel). 5. Ingram (John K.). 6. Collins (William). 7. Allen (Elizabeth Akers).

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Carcassonne; finals, Montpellier. Cross-words: 1. Cam. 2. Arezzo. 3. Rouen. 4. Connecticut. 5. Antwerp. 6. Seine. 7. Sil. 8. Orel. 9. Novi. 10. Nile. 11. Exeter.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Osceola. 2. Scoria. 3. Copal. 4. Eras. 5. Oil. 6. La. 7. A.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 5, Wayne; 6 to 10, Stony; 11 to 15, Point. From 1 to 6, wheels; 2 to 7, amulet; 3 to 8, Yzalco; 4 to 9, nation; 5 to 10, employ; 6 to 11, shrimp; 7 to 12, tomato; 8 to 13, Ossoli; 9 to 14, notion; 10 to 15, yernut.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Letters represented by stars, Columbus discovered America. Cross-words: 1. COLlie. 2. UMber. 3. BUStard. 4. DIScus. 5. COVEnant. 6. REDeem. 7. AMulet. 8. ERIe. 9. CAlliope.

PENTAGON. 1. S. 2. Sal. 3. Solid. 4. Saluted. 5. Litany. 6. Dense. 7. Dyed.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Paul Reese — "The McG.'s" — Ida C. Thallon — The Sewalls — Arthur G. Lewis — Josephine Sherwood — Katie, Jamie, and Mama — Xelis — Dalton & Co. — Guion Line and Acme Slate Co. — Jo and I — "Infantry" — E. M. G. — Grace Morris — L. O. E. — "Ethel and Mama" — "Uncle Mung" — Ida and Alice — "We Girls."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Minnie and Lizzie, 1 — Eugenie and Helen Broeksmit, 2 — Edward S. C., 1 — Louise and Marie, 1 — Glowacki and Ralph Parker, 11 — Daphne and Philo, 3 — August, 1 — M. L. F., 2 — Eleanor L. Nicholson, 2 — L. Susie Hoag, 1 — C. Detteror Williams, 2 — Rita F., Fannie F., Emily B. B., 3 — M. L. H., Jr., 1 — Najé Rheatun, 2 — Clara M. Cheney, 2 — George S. Seymour, 4 — Ida Young, 3 — Melville Hunneville, 5 — Mary L. H., 2 — Louise E. Jones, 2 — May G. and Nannie L., 2 — "Blossom," 1 — Mama and Lillie, 5 — Arthur Maxson, 2 — C. D. C., 3 — Hilda Weber, 1 — L. O. and H. H., 5 — Carrie Chester, 1 — Willie H., 1 — Portia Johnston, 1 — M. M. C., R. P. R., and R. W. S., 2 — Alice G. Goddard, 1 — Charles S. Townsend and Grace, 4 — "Ren Ketch," 2 — Agnes M. B., 2 — Constance and Anna, 1 — Ethel Martin, 3 — Elizabeth C. Grant, 1 — Eleanor and Grace, 10 — Ray Wall & Co., 3 — The Main Stock Co., 6 — "Two Girls and a Boy," 2 — Gwendolen Reid, 6 — The Highmount Girls, 8 — A. L. T., T. E. T., and H. R. H., 2 — Nellie Archer, 8 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Elaine S., 2 — Grace Isabel S., 2 — H. M. Landgraff, 1 — Willie D. Fletcher, 2 — Edith M. Derby, 6 — Hubert L. Bingay, 10 — L. Hutton and V. Beede, 11 — Marguerite, Annie, and Emily, 5 — Lillian Davis, 1 — E. T. White, 1 — A. T. and K. B., 9 — "Two Girls and a Boy" (Kankakee), 3 — Jessie Chapman, 10 — Stella and Teresa, 4 — Gertrude E. Hutchinson (and Papa), 2 — Kearny, 1 — Rosalie Bloomingdale, 7 — "May and '76," 5 — "Two Big Confederates," 10 — Violet and Dora Hereford, 8 — May G. Martin, 5 — Post-marked "Brooklyn," 1 — Marie Thérèse B., 5 — Hattie and Carrie, 1 — "Rag, Tag, and Bobtail," 3 — "Pickwick," 3 — C. L., 2 — Laura M. Zinser, 5 — A. O. F., 4 — Ethel and Grace Wheat, 2 — Dottie Dimple Webb, 10 — "Wareham," 11 — A. O. F., 4 — G., 1 — Mamma and Charlie, 5 — "A Witch," 1 — Isabelle and Clara C., 10 — Clara M. Cheney, 2.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. To warble as the Swiss do. 2. A musical drama. 3. A storehouse. 4. To eat away. 5. A milky or colored juice in certain plants. G. F.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in oblong, but not in square;
My second, in cheating, but not in fair;
My third is in merry, but not in sad;
My fourth is in temper, but not in mad;
My fifth is in chorus, but not in air;
My sixth is in freedom, but not in care;
My seventh, in oval, but not in round;
My eighth is in surface, but not in ground;
My ninth is in censure, but not in blame:
My whole was a genius of world-wide fame.

### TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

My first row of letters spells commences; my last row, to interfere; my central row, a term used in grammar.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A Greek measure of length. 2. Molasses. 3. Projected. 4. Murmured. 5. Of little value. 6. A spire. XELIS.

### ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS man of letters:

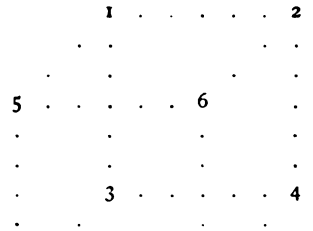
TOM AS A BOMB, CHAUNTING A LAY.

### ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a sobriquet given to the third president of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Solitary. 2. A sudden and rapid invasion by a cavalry force. 3. A dry, granulated starch imported from the East Indies. 4. An intricacy. 5. To travel slowly, but steadily. 6. At a distance. 7. To beat with a heavy stick. 8. A uniting tie. 9. A long, pointed tooth. 10. Unyielding courage. 11. A two-masted, square-rigged vessel. 12. Performs. 13. Impartial. 14. Otherwise. 15. To thwart. 16. A game played on horseback. O. B. G.

### CUBE.




FROM 1 to 2, to affirm; from 1 to 3, to store; from 2 to 4, glorified; from 3 to 4, shield-shaped; from 5 to 6, the avocet; from 5 to 7, to glitter; from 6 to 8, return; from 7 to 8, symbols; from 1 to 5, a raised platform; from 2 to 6, a Turkish title; from 4 to 8, entitles; from 3 to 7, subdued. A. C. CRETT.



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### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and nine letters, and am a quotation from Walter Savage Landor.

My 63–10–47 is a slight bow. My 70–8–59–87–13–81 is to prevent. My 28–41–17–92 is the husk. My 22–45–98–4 is to liquefy. My 72–102–67–34 is to dart along. My 106–20–37–83–57–89 is to grab. My 104–74–26–78–18–68–84–23 is sometimes "relished by the best of men." My 77–65–94–3–60 is untwisted filaments of silk. My 1–49–56–40 is upright. My 31–101–75 is an evergreen tree. My 107–38–33–15–5–21 is very dull. My 11–24–85–35–7–96–73–90–61 is a musical instrument. My 97–43–86 is a marsh. My 27–99–52–12–58–14 is a very useful plant which grows in warm climates. My 88–2–30–55–79 is a plant once very highly valued in Holland. My 51–71–25–64–44–105–36 is a low shrub beloved in Scotland. My 32–19–95–91–76–29 is a tropical plant. My 42–62–103–9–66 is a common flower which blooms in the early summer. My 100–82–6–69–93–54–39–16 46–53–50–80–48 is an enormous aquatic plant which is found in Brazil. C. B.

### PI.

RADE unmatu sayd, os clam, os twese,
Keli a gribth, mecewol merymo yuo mees;
Os lful fo sutormule dan hayz glith,
Os fost, os trainad, os keil a madre.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a planet.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A plotter against an existing government. 2. Giving no heed. 3. A common vegetable. 4. To fix deeply. 5. A living picture. 6. A rubbing out. 7. To revive. "ZUAR."

### RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. A musical drama. 2. To adjudge. 3. A city mentioned in the book of Samuel. 4. The entire sum. 5. To recompense.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rosemary. 2. A near relative. 3. A domestic animal. 4. To rave. 5. Warmth. 6. To be excessively fond. 7. A sharp blow. 8. A musical note. 9. In rosemary.

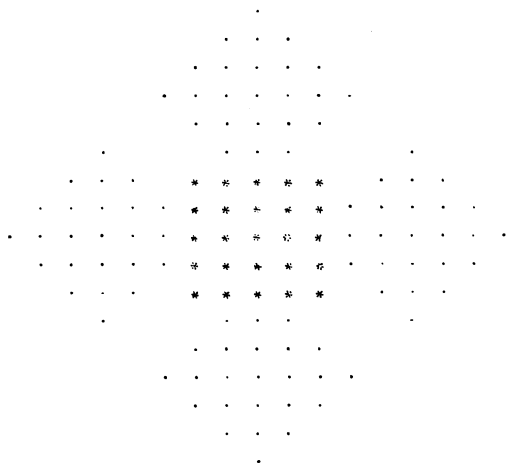
II. ACROSS: 1. A measure. 2. A masculine name. 3. A kind of rampart. 4. To rejuvenate. 5. A drain for water.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rosemary. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A sailor. 4. Always. 5. Domineers over. 6. A native of Denmark. 7. Fresh. 8. A pronoun. 9. In rosemary.

Write side by side the first cross-word of each rhomboid, and the ten letters will spell an instrument or machine for measuring work done.

"R. H. OMBOID."

### DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In regulate. 2. A boy. 3. Loaded. 4. Original. 5. To waste away. 6. A negative. 7. In regulate.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In regulate. 2. A gull. 3. Smaller. 4. A military officer. 5. Anxiety. 6. A line of light. 7. In regulate.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A favorite dish for dinner. 2. A plant. 3. To restrict. 4. Out of the way. 5. To hinder.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In regulate. 2. A snare. 3. A beverage. 4. Pertaining to a tile. 5. A beautiful flower. 6. To undermine. 7. In regulate.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In regulate. 2. A globe. 3. Hatred. 4. Commonplace. 5. To construct. 6. Angry. 7. In regulate. M. A. S.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

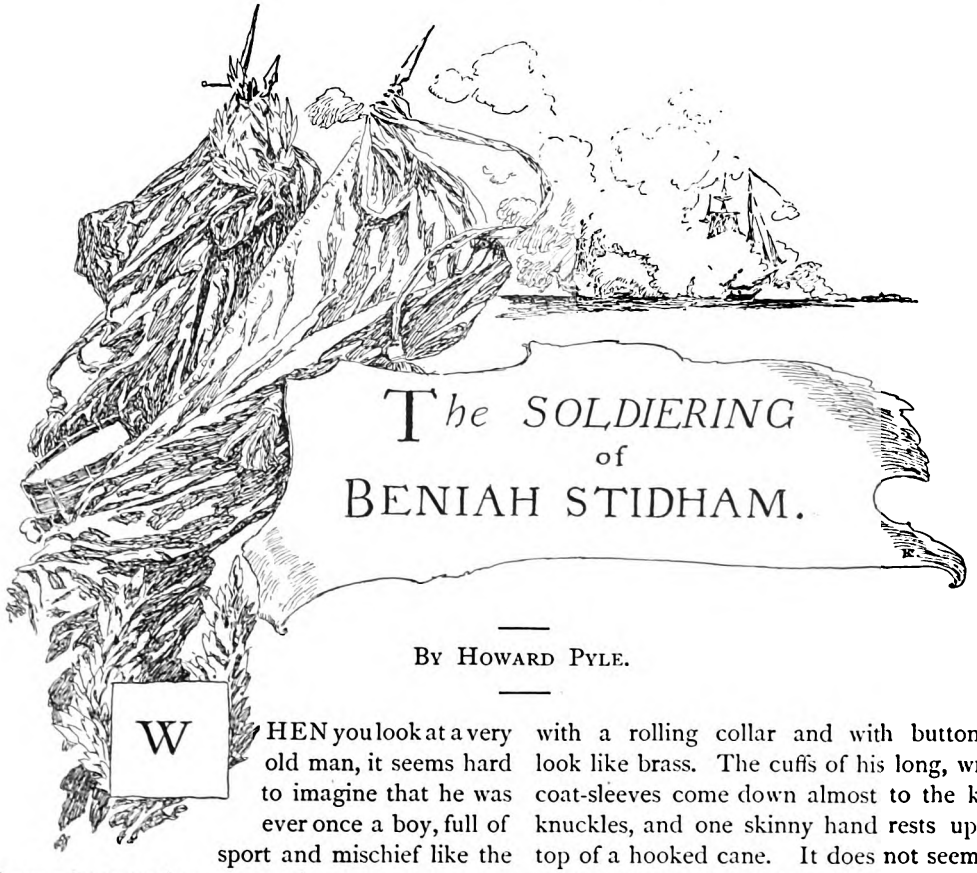
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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XX. DECEMBER, 1892. NO. 2.

## The SOLDIERING of BENIAH STIDHAM.

By Howard Pyle.

WHEN you look at a very old man, it seems hard to imagine that he was ever once a boy, full of sport and mischief like the boys whom we know nowadays.

There is a daguerreotype of Beniah Stidham that was taken about the year 1850. It is the picture of a very, very old man, with a bald, bony forehead, and a face full of wrinkles and furrows. His lips are sucked in between his toothless gums, and his nose is hooked down as though to meet his lean chin beneath.

In the picture he wears a swallow-tailed coat with a rolling collar and with buttons that look like brass. The cuffs of his long, wrinkled coat-sleeves come down almost to the knotted knuckles, and one skinny hand rests upon the top of a hooked cane. It does not seem possible that he could ever have been a boy; but he was—though it was away back in the time of the Revolutionary War.

He was about fifteen years old at the time of the battle of Brandywine—that was in the year 1777. He was then an apprentice in Mr. Connelly's cooper-shops near Brandywine. His father, Amos Stidham, kept a tin-store, and sometimes peddled tinware and buckets down

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in the lower counties and up through Pennsylvania. At that time Beniah was a big, awkward, loose-jointed, over-grown lad; he shot up like a weed, and his clothes were always too small for him. His hands stuck far out from his sleeves. They were splay and red, and they were big like his feet. He stuttered when he talked, and everybody laughed at him for it.



Most people thought that he was slack-witted, but he was not; he was only very shy and timid. Sometimes he himself felt that he had as good sense as anybody if he only had a chance to show it.

These things happened in Delaware, which in those days was almost like a part of Pennsylvania.

There was a great deal of excitement in Wilmington at the time of the beginning of the trouble in Boston, the fight at Lexington, and the battle at Bunker Hill. There were enlisted for the war more than twenty young fellows from Wilmington and Brandywine Hundred; they used to drill every evening in a field at the foot of Quaker Hill, where the Meeting-house stood and not far from the William Penn Inn. A good many people — especially the boys — used to go in the evening to see them drill. It seemed to Beniah that if he could only go for a soldier he might stand a great deal better chance of getting along than he had in Wilmington, where every one laughed at him and seemed to think that he was lacking in wits.

He had it in his mind a great many times to speak to his father about going for a soldier, but he could not quite find courage to do so, for he felt almost sure that he would be laughed at.

One night he did manage to speak of it, and when he did, it was just as he thought it would be. It was just after supper, and they still sat at table, in the kitchen. He was nervous, and when he began speaking he stuttered more than usual.

"I wo-wo-wo-wo-wish you 'd l-let me go fer a sis-sis-sis-sis-sis-sis-soldier, Father," said he.

His sister Debby burst out laughing.

"A sis-sis-sis-sis-soldier!" she mocked.

"A what!" said Beniah's father. "You a soldier? You would make a pretty soldier, now, would n't you? Why, you would n't be able to say 'Who goes there?' fer stutterin'!" and then Debby laughed again, and when she saw that it made Beniah angry, she laughed still more.

So Beniah did not go soldiering that time.

. . . . . .

After the battle of Brandywine, Lord Howe's fleet of war-ships came up into the Delaware from the Chesapeake Bay, and everybody was anxious and troubled, for there was talk that the enemy would bombard the town. You could see the fleet coming up the bay from the hills back of the town — the sails seemed to cover the water all over; that was in the afternoon, just before supper. That evening a good many people left town, and others sent their china and silver up into the country for safe keeping.

After supper the bellman went through the streets calling a meeting at the Town-hall. Captain Stapler was at home at that time and spoke to the people. He told them that there was no danger of the fleet bombarding the town, for the river was two miles away, and the cannon could not carry that far. He showed them that the only way that the enemy could approach the town was up the Christiana River, and that if the citizens would build a

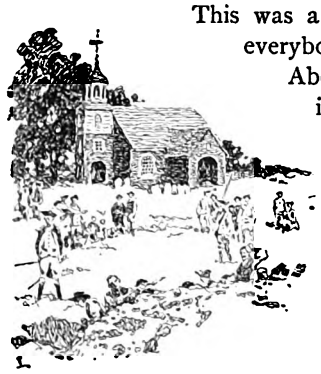
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redoubt at the head of the marsh the place would be perfectly defended.

The people found a good deal of comfort in what he said; but the next morning the "Roebuck" and "Liverpool" ships of war were seen to be lying, with their tenders and two transports, opposite the town; and once more all the talk was that they were going to bombard.

There was a great deal said that morning at the cooper-shops about all this. Some opined that the ships were certainly going to bombard, but others held that what they would do would be to send a regiment of Hessians up the creek to burn down the town.

During the morning, old Billy Jester came up from Christiana village, and said that the townspeople were building a mud fort down at the Rocks below the Old Swedes' Church, and that they expected two cannon and some soldiers to come down from Fort Mifflin in the afternoon. This was a great comfort to everybody, for the time.



About eleven o'clock in the morning the enemy suddenly began firing. Boom! — the sudden startling noise sounded dull and heavy, like the falling of some great weight; the windows rattled — boom! — boom! — boom! — and then again, after a little pause, — boom! — boom! There was a little while, a few seconds of breathless listening, and then Tom Pierson, the foreman of the shop, shouted:

"By gum! they 're bombarding the town!"

Then he dropped his adze, and ran out of the door without waiting to take his hat. As he ran, there sounded again the same dull, heavy report — boom! boom!

There was no more work in the cooper-shops that day. Beniah ran all the way home. His father was just then away in the lower counties, and Beniah did not know what was going to happen to Debby and his mother. Maybe he would find the house all knocked to pieces with cannon-balls. Boom! boom! sounded the cannon again, and Beniah ran faster and faster, his mouth all dry and clammy with fear and excitement. The streets were full of people hurrying toward the hills. When he got home he found that no harm had happened, but the house was shut and all the doors locked. He met Mrs. Frist, and she told him that his mother and Debby had gone up to Quaker Hill.

He found them there a little while later, but by that time the war-ships had stopped firing, and after a while everybody went back home.

In the afternoon it was known that they had not been firing at the town at all, but at some people who had gone down on the neck to look at them, and whom, no doubt, they took to be militia or something of the kind.

Just before supper it was reported that one of Jonas Stidham's cows had been killed by a cannon-ball. Jonas Stidham was Beniah's uncle, and in the evening he went over to look at the cow. He met several others going on the same errand — two men and three or four boys. There was quite a crowd gathered about the place. The cow lay on its side, with its neck stretched out. There was a great hole in its side, made by the cannon-ball, and there was blood upon the ground. It looked very dreadful, and seemed to bring the terrors of war very near; and everybody stood about and talked in low voices.

After he had seen the dead cow, Beniah went down to where they were building the mud fort. They were just putting the cannon into place, and Captain Stapler was drilling a company of young men of the town who had enlisted for its defense. Beniah wished that he was

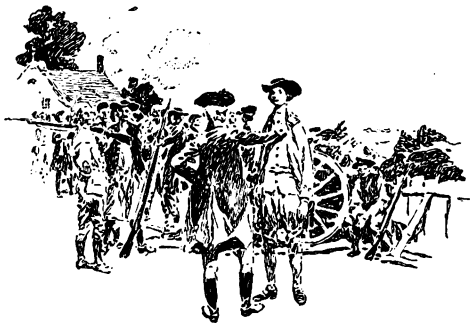


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one of them. After the drill was over, Captain Stapler came up to him and said:

"Don't you want to enlist, Beniah?"

Beniah would not have dared to enlist if



his father had been at home, but his father was away, and he signed his name to the roll-book!

That was the way that he came to go soldiering.

. . . . . .

That night Beniah did not go home, for he had to stay with the others who had enlisted. They were quartered at the barn just back of the mud fort. But he sent word by Jimmy Rogers that he was not coming home, because he had enlisted in Captain Stapler's company.

However, Captain Stapler let him go home the next morning for a little while. He found that all the boys knew that he had enlisted, and that he was great among them. He had to tell each one he met all about the matter. They all went along with him—fifteen or twenty of them—and waited in the street outside while he was talking with his family within. His mother had gone out, but his sister Debby was in the kitchen.

"Oh, but you 'll catch it when daddy comes home!" said she.

Beniah pretended not to pay any attention to her.

"When is he coming home?" said he, after a while.

"I don't know, but, mark my words, you 'll catch it when he does come," said Debby.



That night they set pickets along the edge of the marsh, and then Beniah really began to soldier. He took his turn at standing guard about nine o'clock. There was no wind, but the night was very raw and chill. At first Beniah rather liked the excitement of it, but by and by he began to get very cold. He remembered his father's overcoat that hung back of the door in the entry, and he wished he had brought it with him from home; but it was too late to wish for that now. And then it was very lonesome and silent in the darkness of the night. A mist hung all over the marsh, and in the still air the voices of the men who were working upon the redoubt by lantern-light, and of the volunteers at their quarters in the barn where they had kindled a fire, sounded with perfect clearness and distinctness in the stillness. The tide was coming in, and the water gurgled and rippled in the ditches, where the reeds stood stark and stiff in the gloom. The reed-birds had not yet flown south, and their sleepy "cheep, cheeping" sounded incessantly through the darkness.

The moon was about rising, and the sky, to the east, was lit with a milky paleness. Toward it the marsh stretched away into the distance, the thin tops of the nearer reeds just showing above the white mysterious veil of mist that covered the water. It was all very strange and lonesome, and when Beniah thought of home and how nice it would be to be in his warm bed, he could not help wishing that he had not enlisted. And then he certainly would "catch it" when his father came home, as Debby had said he would. It was not a pleasant prospect.

By and by the moon rose, and at the same time a breeze sprang up. It grew colder than ever, and presently the water began to splash and dash against the river-bank beyond. The veil of mist disappeared, and the water darkled and flashed with broken shadows and sparks of light. Beniah's fingers holding the musket felt numb and dead. He wondered how much longer he would have to stay on guard; he felt as though he had been there a long time already.

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He crouched down under the lee of the river-bank and in the corner of a fence which stood there to keep the cows off of the marsh.

He had been there maybe five minutes, and was growing very sleepy with the cold, when he suddenly heard a sharp sound, and instantly started wide awake. It was the sound as of an oar striking against the side of a boat. There was something very strange in the sharp rap ringing through the stillness, and whoever had made it had evidently not intended to do so, for the after stillness was unbroken.

Beniah crouched in the fence-corner, listening breathlessly, intensely. He had forgotten all about being cold and sleepy and miserable. He felt that his heart was beating and leaping unevenly, and his breath came quickly, as though he had been running. Was the enemy coming? What should he do?

He did not move; he only crouched there, trying to hold his breath, and trying to still the beating of his heart with his elbow pressed against his ribs. He was afraid that if there was another sound he might miss hearing it because of his labored breathing and the pulses humming in his ears. He gripped his musket with straining fingers.

There was a pause of perfect stillness. Then suddenly he heard a faint splash as though some one had stepped incautiously into the water. Again there was stillness. Then something moved in the reeds—maybe it was a regiment of Hessians! Beniah crouched lower, and poked his musket through the bars of the fence. What would happen next? He wondered if it was all real—if the enemy was actually coming.

Suddenly the reeds stirred again. Beniah crouched down still lower. Then he saw something slowly rise above the edge of the river-bank, sharp-cut and black against the milky sky. It was the head of a man, and it was surmounted by a tall conical cap—it was the sort of a cap that the British soldiers wore. As Beniah gazed, it seemed to him as though he had now stopped breathing altogether. The head remained there motionless for a while, as though listening; then the body that belonged to it slowly rose as though from the earth, and stood, from the waist up black against the sky.

Beniah tried to say, "Who goes there?" and then he found that what his father had said was true; he could not say the words for stuttering. He was so excited that he could not utter a sound; he would have to shoot without saying, "Who goes there?" There was nothing else to do. He aimed his eye along the barrel of his musket, but it was so dark that he could not see the sights of the gun very well. Should he shoot? He hesitated for an intense second or two—then came a blinding flash of resolve.

He drew the trigger.

Bang!

For a moment he was deafened and bewildered by the report and the blinding flash of light. Then the cloud of pungent gunpowder-smoke drifted away, and his senses came back to him. The head and body were gone from against the sky.

Beniah sprang to his feet and flew back toward the mud fort, yelling he knew not what. It seemed as though the whole night was peopled with enemies. But nobody followed him. Suddenly he stopped in his flight, and stood again listening. Were the British following



him? No, they were not. He heard alarmed voices from the fort, and the shouting of the pickets. A strange impulse seized him that he could not resist: he felt that he must go back and see what he had shot. He turned and crept slowly back, step by step, pausing now and then, and listening intently. By and by he came to where the figure had stood, and, craning his neck, peeped cautiously over the river-

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bank. The moon shone bright on the rippling water in a little open place in the reeds. There was something black lying in the water, and as Beniah continued looking at it, he saw it move with a wallowing splash. Then he ran away shouting and yelling.

. . . . . .

Captain Stapler thought that an attack would surely be made, but it was not; and, after a while, he ordered a company from the mud fort out along the river-bank, to see who it was that Beniah had shot. They took a lantern along with them, and Beniah went ahead to show them where it was.

"Yonder 's the place," said he; "and I fu-fired my gi-gi-gi-gi-gun from the fa-fa-fence, ja-just here."

Captain Stapler peered down among the reeds. "By gum!" said he, "he 's shot something, sure enough." He went cautiously down the bank; then he stooped over, and soon lifted something that lay in the water. Then there was a groan.



"Come down here, two or three of you!" called out Captain Stapler. "Beniah 's actually shot a man, as sure as life!"

A number of the men scrambled down the bank; they lifted the black figure; it groaned again as they did so. They carried it up and laid it down upon the top of the bank. The clothes were very muddy and wet, but the light of the lantern twinkled here and there upon the buttons and braid of a uniform. Captain Stapler bent over the wounded man. "By gracious!" said he, "it 's a Hessian—like enough he 's a spy." Beniah saw that the blood was running over one side of the wet uniform, and he was filled with a sort of terrible triumph. They carried the wounded man to the barn, and Dr. Taylor came and looked at him. The wound was in the neck, and it was not especially dangerous. No doubt the man had been stunned by the ball when it struck him.

The Hessian was a young man. "*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*" asked he, but nobody understood him.

. . . . . .

The next morning Beniah's father came home. He did not stop to ungear the horse, but drove straight down to the mud fort in his tinware cart. He was very angry.

"What 're you doing here, anyhow?" said he to Beniah; and he caught him by the collar and shook him till Beniah's hat slipped down over one eye. "What 're you doin' here, anyhow—killin' and shootin' and murtherin' folks? You come home with me, Beniah—you come home with me!" and he shook him again.

"He can't go," said Captain Stapler. "You can't take him, Amos. He 's enlisted, and he 's signed his name upon the roll-book."

"I don't care a rap what he 's signed," said Amos. "He hain't goin' to stay here shootin' folks. He 's got to come home along with me, he has." And Beniah went.

Nobody knows what happened after he got home, and Beniah did not tell; but next day he went back to work at the cooper-shops again. All the boys seemed glad to see him, and wanted to know just how he shot the Hessian.

A good many people visited the wounded Hessian down in the barn the day he had been shot. Among others came "Dutch Charlie," the cobbler. He could understand what the Hessian said. He told Captain Stapler that the man was not a spy, but a deserter from the transport-ship in the river. It seemed almost a pity that the man had not been a spy; but, after all, it did not make any great difference in

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the way people looked on what Beniah Stidham had done; for the fact remained that he was a Hessian. And nobody thought of laughing at Beniah, even when he stuttered in telling how he shot him.

After a while the Hessian got well, and then he started a store in Philadelphia. He did well, and made money, and the queerest part of the whole business was that he married Debby Stidham — in spite of its having been Beniah who shot him in the neck.

This is the story of Beniah Stidham's soldiering. It lasted only two nights and a day, but he got a great deal of glory by it.



## THE BLOOM OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

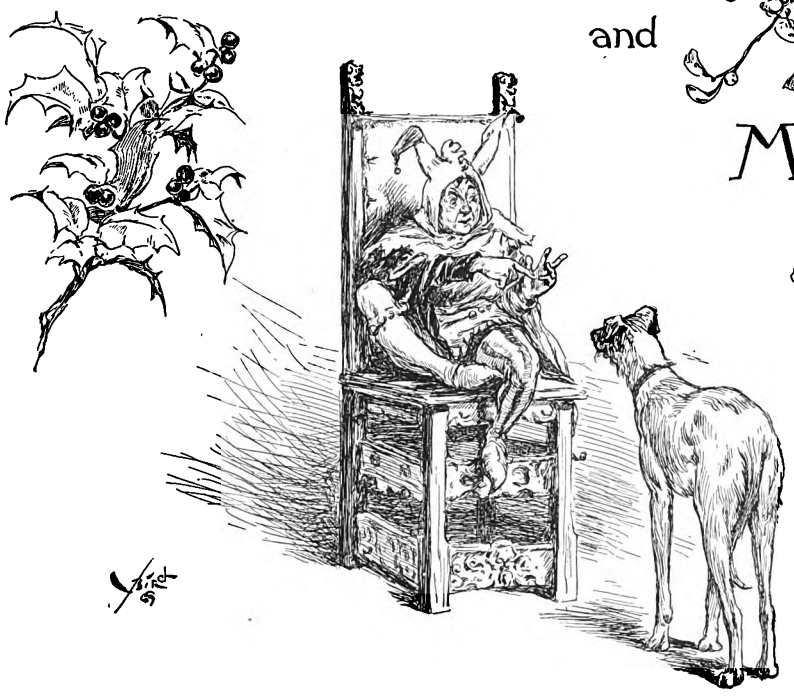
At night we planted the Christmas tree
In the pretty home, all secretly;
All secretly, though merry of heart,
With many a whisper, many a start.
(For children who 'd scorn to make believe
*May* not sleep soundly on Christmas Eve.)

And then the tree began to bloom,
Filling with beauty the conscious room.
The branches curved in a perfect poise,
Laden with wonders that men call "toys,"
Blooming and ripening (and still no noise),
Until we merry folk stole away
To rest and dream till dawn of day.

In the morning the world was a girl and a boy,
The universe only their shouts of joy,
Till every branch and bough had bent
To yield the treasure the Christ-child sent.
And then — and then — the children flew
Into our arms, as children do,
And whispered, over and over again,
That oldest, newest, sweetest refrain,
"I love you! I love you! Yes, I love *you*!"
And hugged and scrambled, as children do.
And we said in our hearts, all secretly:
"*This* is the bloom of the Christmas tree!"

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# Holly-Berry and Mistletoe



## A Christmas Romance of 1492

By M. Carrie Hyde.

### I.

THE EXEUNT.

"Lost! Lost! Lost! Ah, woe is me!
Sir Charles's home will vacant be."

So dirged Holly-berry, his twinkling eyes upon his master, who sat like a man of stone, in a high-backed chair near a table, on which was a side of venison, untasted, a mug of home-brew, untouched.

"Get you to Limbo, you brainless jester!" roared Sir Charles Charlock, starting up in his chair at the sound of Hollyberry's piping voice, and bringing down his fist upon the table with a bang that set the dishes to dancing, and the glasses into a tinkling shiver. "You are the maddest madcap I have e'er beheld; let me not see you again this night!"

Holly-berry drew down one point of his comical cap till it touched his chin, winked his eye merrily at Sir Charles Charlock, which was fifteenth century for "That 's all right," turned a somersault down the length of the room toward the doorway, through which he disappeared with a cart-wheel, topped off with a hand-spring, that took the scarlet-dressed, white polka-dotted little jester off the scene with pyrotechnic effect.

He was well contented. He had roused his loved master out of his fit of dense gloom to utter the first words he had spoken that day.

A large staghound, which had been resting his head on his fore paws before the roaring logs in the fireplace, slowly got up from his sleeping-place, and, with a low whine, crept to Sir Charlock, and, laying his nose on his master's



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knee, looked up into his gloomy face with grief-speaking eyes.

"Away with you also!" cried Sir Charles. "'T is worse than the jester's dirging to have your eyes so sorrowingly hold me to account"; and at a threat of his high-booted foot, the staghound slunk away through the hall door.

"Mind it not," said Holly-berry, stroking the hound's long ears. "'T is far better he should be holding high carnival with his toes, than to sit there as sodden as unyeasted bread. Perchance, Mistress Bertha, you may bring him to his feet in a better spirit, if *you* but try it."

Bertha shrank. She was a winsome Saxon maid, who but two months before had so roused her father's wrath by confessing her attachment to Sir Egbert Traymore of Twin Towers, that she felt as if offering herself for slaughter, if she approached the angry father now; still, she went.

"Father," she said, entering the room through a door to which his back was turned, and going toward him with halting step, "Ethelred may yet be found; this is but the third day of his absence. Eat, and then can you better think where next to search for him."

"Silly maid, begone with your prating. Is it not you who first brought trouble upon us, with your friend Egbert Traymore? As if a feud, mellowing three hundred years 'twixt Traymores and Charlocks, were not enough to silence you whenever you would say 'Egbert'! What boots it, if one has an enmity for ten generations and keeps not to it? Begone, with your soft words, your prattling ways and baby face." And, rising, Sir Charles frowned upon her so sternly that in her haste to leave him, she stumbled along the floor, swayed, then regained herself, and disappeared through the door as quickly as had either Holly-berry or the hound.

"'T is no use!" she exclaimed, and she ran up-stairs weeping, while her father threw himself upon a deerskin-covered bench, and lay perfectly still.

"By my cap and bells, that is bad!" said Holly-berry, peering in through the door-crack, troubled by the complete silence; while the staghound wedged the door still further open with his long nose, and going into the room, lay so quietly down upon the floor beside the bench that Sir Charles did not know he was there.

"By his spear and cross-bow!" said Holly-berry to himself, "this is worse than ever, to see him there lying like that! I must stir my wits, to see what can be done," and he laid his finger against his nose, in deep reflection, just as the scuffling of heavy boots, the clanking of long swords, and the smoking of flambeaux, in the broad oak hall, announced the arrival of the last searching-party; but they had returned as fruitlessly as they had come in three times in the last three days.

"'T is no use," they said dejectedly; "lad Ethelred, alive or dead, is not to be found within thirty miles of Charlock Castle."

The staghound raised his head and howled dolorously.

"Zounds!" cried Sir Charles Charlock, "I have a mind to hang some witch to-morrow,—for surely this mystery is of such brewing."

And this was upon the nineteenth day of December, 1492, when Henry VII. of England wore a white and red rose in his buttonhole, and watched with pride the progress of his son, baby Henry VIII., in walking and talking; when Charles VIII. of France was crossing swords with Germany, because he had not married to its satisfaction; and when Ferdinand and Isabella sat upon the throne of Spain, and wondered if Columbus would return, and if his "new world" were worth the queen's necklace and diamonds.

## II. MISTLETOE.

Ah! Dame Mistletoe, where, tell me where,
Can be found our young master, Lord Charlock's heir.

HOLLY-BERRY drew farther back into the corner. He did not wish to be seen when so deeply reflecting, because for Holly-berry to be seen anywhere was for him to be expected to go off in a whir of acrobatics, or to be placed on a bench, or a table, or some other high point, and asked for a joke, a riddle, or a bit of fun from his busy brain.

Yet Holly-berry could be sober and in earnest, as he was this evening; for his good little heart, grieving for the sorrow in the household,

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was helping his bright little brains to *think*—to think *hard*.

He laid the five points of the case, upon the fingers of his left hand. The first point, which he tried to fix upon his thumb, was that Ethelred Charlock, aged nine years, only son and heir of Sir Charles Charlock, the pride of his father's heart, the light of his mother's eyes, the delight of his sister's life, and the pet of the household, was *lost*.

The second point, and he laid the dexter index finger upon the sinister index finger emphatically, was, that Ethelred *must* be found.

Point third was, *how* to find him.

Point fourth was, to get about it at once.

Point fifth was, *how* to get about it at once.

Point fifth was the most troublesome. It was a hard knot, he told himself, and he clinched his wits upon it, for fifteen minutes—a half-hour, until, indeed, the searching-party had disbanded and retired, leaving him alone in the broad hall. Then the idea came. He sprang nimbly to his feet.



"SIR CHARLES SAT LIKE A MAN OF STONE."

"I will go and ask Mistletoe what to do," he said. And throwing a cloak over his shoulders, he stole softly out into the lonely, cold, moonlit night. It was a white night, too, for a snow had fallen during the day, and lay like royal ermine upon the turrets and towers of Charlock Castle, like a ruching of swan's-down upon the square-cut battlements, the garden-hedges, and the limbs of the trees.

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The moon, but a crescent, peered through the tops of the trees, decorating the white snow with shadow-etchings of the branches, the bushes, and the dense evergreens.

Holly-berry whistled under his breath at the weird beauty of the night, omitted his customary hand-spring, and, taking his cap in his hand, for fear the jingle of the little bells around its edge would draw attention to him, ran briskly down the path to the road, down the road half a mile to a dense grove in which some deer were grazing upon the bush-tops; then, turning abruptly to the east, he hurried along under the trees, and at length, quite out of breath, found himself nearing a group of three fine large oaks, as alike as the stars in Orion's belt, their branches draped with mistletoe, intermingling affectionately in a rustic bower above a little cottage. So small and obscure was the cottage that it might readily have been passed unnoticed by a wayfarer.

Still it showed no want of actual comfort; it was as tautly built as the sides of a sailing vessel, the roof was warmly thatched, while both firelight and candle-light met the moonlight, between the neat dimity curtains looped back from the one narrow window, upon its front.

Holly-berry tapped gently upon the green-painted door and called:

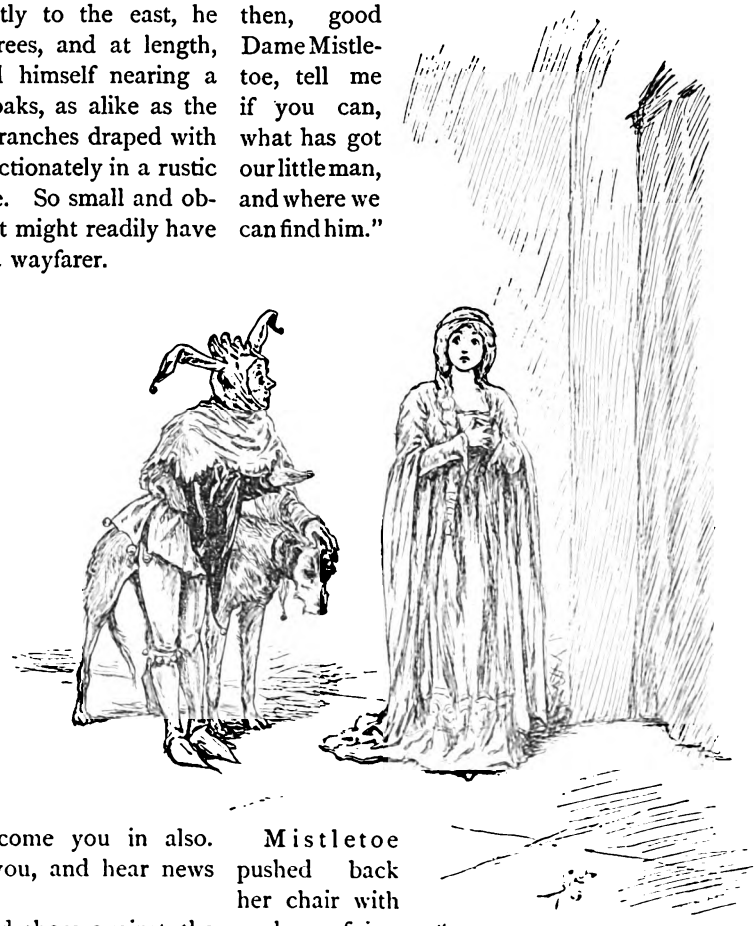
"Halloo, Dame Mistletoe, are you within?"

"Where else should I be, Holly child?" she replied, opening the door, "and come you in also. Right glad am I to see you, and hear news from the castle yonder."

Kicking his long, pointed shoes against the door-sill, to remove every particle of snow from them, Holly-berry entered and took a seat upon the bench she placed for him before the crackling fire.

"Where is your nimble tongue?" she asked, vainly waiting for Holly-berry to speak first, "and where the sprig of holly-berry you always wear so gaily at your belt? I fear it betokens ill luck to see you without it"; and she took a seat opposite him.

"It *is* ill luck, then, dear Dame Mistletoe," answered the little jester slowly. "You have hit it at once. Our young Ethelred, of Charlock castle, has been lost, and though this be the third day of his missing, not one word has been learned of his whereabouts. His father is daft with grief; his mother pining; his sister crying; and a sorry time is upon us all, up at the castle. Therefore came I at once to you. Please then, good Dame Mistletoe, tell me if you can, what has got our little man, and where we can find him."



"PERCHANCE, MISTRESS PERTHA, YOU MAY BRING HIM TO HIS FEET IN A BETTER SPIRIT, IF YOU BUT TRY IT."

Mistletoe pushed back her chair with a show of impatience, and set straight, though needlessly, the high, steeple-crowned head-dress which she wore indoors and out, and looked hard at her small visitor.

She was an old woman, but wise and kindly. By the lads and lassies of the region she was much

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beloved, for she mended their disputes, stacked hay with them upon the meadow, or raked the field from sun-up to sun-down, as strong and wiry as any lad near her, checkmating his jesting with a pleasantry of her own, or giving him a word of healing when his fingers bled from awkward handling of the scythe. Time had forgotten to embed wrinkles in the waxy whiteness of her complexion, and a silvery grayness in her eyes and hair made the name Mistletoe, which had befallen her, most fitting. Her nose and chin hooked somewhat toward each other, but this did not interfere with the sweet and placid expression of her face.



"THE HARDI-HOODS HAVE STOLEN YOUR YOUNG MASTER."

"I am not a soothsayer, nor yet a witch," she emphasized, "that I can tell what I do not know. What wot I of the pretty lad, save that he has not been this way for many a day, nor is he in these woods?"

"That is but telling what we already know," responded Holly-berry. "Sir Charles and his searchers found out two days agone that this wood held no Ethelred for them. Come you, good Mistletoe, put on your thinking-cap, and help me to divine the cause of his taking-off in this strange manner."

Mistletoe still looked hard at Holly-berry.

"What has become of those robber wights called the Hardi-Hoods?" she asked.

"Sir Charles broke up their den and drove them thence, as you know," answered Holly-berry somewhat testily.

"Went they willingly?" she questioned.

"In sooth, you ask only what you know," replied Holly-berry. "Did you not hear them call down a thousand maledictions on Sir Charles's head, and promise him a bitter revenge for his treatment of them?"

"Where now are the outlaw Hardi-Hoods?" she queried further, pushing her chair nearer the fire as the wind rattled the door-latch and whistled down the chimney.

"Some say they are fled to the Western Isles; others, that they have snugly hid themselves in the fastnesses of the north or east country; but I am not a soothsayer, nor yet a witch"; and he shrugged his shoulders in mild mockery, as he spread his fingers to the fire. "What should I know of them?"

"Holly-berry," said Dame Mistletoe, seriously, "are your brains addled, or why ask you me, 'Where is Ethelred'? The Hardi-Hoods' revenge is this,—they have stolen your young master."

Holly-berry smote his head with both hands.

"Plague take *me* to the Western Isles!" he cried; "of course 't is so, and 't is this that so works upon Sir Charles, for he knows not where they have betaken themselves, nor whether or no they have already slain the little lad. Now, tell me, kind Mistletoe; you who are so learned in the past and present,

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though no soothsayer, you who are so wise, though no witch, tell me, I pray you, how to find these robber Hardi-Hoods—my thoughts run thick as mud."

"In years gone by," she said, smiling kindly at Holly-berry, as she noted his earnest face, "the Charlock house was kind to me and mine. To-day they are as good to me, building this cottage here for me upon this land, exacting no rental, and sending me many a load of wood, cut to fit within my fire-jambs. To-morrow morning I will start out in quest of these Hardi-Hoods, and it is more than perchance I shall fall upon a clue to guide us to their hiding-place. Go you back to Sir Charlock, with not one word of this to him, and in three days bespeak me here again, at this hour."

Holly-berry sprang to his feet. "Good Dame Mistletoe!" he exclaimed, "you go not alone on this search? Let me go too."

"No," she said, shaking her head so emphatically that the tall steeple-crown toppled to one side. "I may have reasons for my refusal you wot not of, and 't will be your place to stay at home, and mind that Sir Charlock brings no further grief to pass through his high-tempered sorrow."

"Kind Dame Mistletoe, I will obey you," said Holly-berry, doffing his cap and bowing gallantly. "I am off at once to do your bidding. Let not the suspense last but three days, and you have my best wishes for safety and success in your undertaking."

With a final wave of his cap in farewell, the little jester was out of sight in a star-twinkle, Jack Frost pinching his cheeks to a rainbow red and decking his doublet with a glitter of frost spangles before he had run the long mile which lay between Charlock castle and the three oaks.

*(To be continued.)*



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# POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

*Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.*

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter III.

### THE DOCTOR GIVES POLLY A PRESCRIPTION.

DAILY as the summer wore away Mrs. Oliver grew more and more languid, until at length she was forced to ask a widowed neighbor, Mrs. Chadwick, to come and take the housekeeping cares until she should feel stronger. But beef-tea and drives, and salt-water bathing and tonics, seemed to do no good, and at length there came a day when she had not sufficient strength to sit up.

The sight of her mother actually in bed in the daytime gave Polly a sensation as of a cold hand clutching at her heart, and she ran for Dr. Edgerton in an agony of fear. But good "Dr. George" (as he was always called, because he began practice when his father, the old doctor, was still living) came home with her, cheered her by his hopeful view of the case, and asked her to call at his office that afternoon for some remedies.

After dinner was over, Polly kissed her sleeping mother, laid a rose on her pillow for good-by, and stole out of the room.

Polly's heart was heavy as she walked into the office where the Doctor sat alone at his desk.

"Good-day, my dear!" he said cordially, as he looked up, for she was one of his prime favorites. "Bless my soul, how you do grow, child! Why, you are almost a woman!"

"I am quite a woman," said Polly, with a choking sensation in her throat, "and you have something to say to me, Dr. George, or you would n't have asked me to leave mama and come here this stifling day; you would have sent the medicine by your boy."

Dr. George put down his pen in mild amazement. "You *are* a woman, in every sense of the word, my dear! Bless my soul, how you do hit it occasionally, you sprig of a girl! Now, sit by that window, and we 'll talk. What I wanted to say to you is this, Polly. Your mother must have an entire change. Six months ago I tried to send her to a rest-cure, but she refused to go anywhere without you, saying that you were her best tonic."

Two tears ran down Polly's cheeks.

"Tell me that again, please," she said softly, looking out of the window.

"She said — if you will have the very words, and all of them — that you were sun and stimulant, fresh air, medicine, and nourishment, and that she could not exist without those indispensables, even in a rest-cure."

Polly's head went down on the window-sill in a sudden passion of tears.

"Hoity-toity! that 's a queer way of receiving a compliment, young woman!"

She tried to smile through her April shower.

"It makes me so happy, yet so unhappy, Dr. George. Mama has been working her strength away so many years, and I 've been too little to know it, and too little to prevent it, and now that I am grown up I am afraid it is too late!"

"Not too late, at all," said Dr. George, cheerily; "only we must begin at once and attend to the matter thoroughly. Your mother has been in this southern climate too long, for one thing; she needs a change of air and scene. San Francisco will do, though it 's not what I should choose. She must be taken entirely



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away from her care, and from everything that will remind her of it; and she must live quietly, where she will not have to make a continual effort to smile and talk to people three times a day. Being agreeable, polite, and good-tempered for fifteen years, without a single lapse, will send anybody into a decline. You 'll never go that way, my Polly! Now, excuse me, but how much ready money have you laid away?"

"Three hundred and twelve dollars."

"Whew!"

"It is a good deal," said Polly, with modest pride; "and it would have been more yet if we had not just painted the house."

"'A good deal!' my poor lambkin!—I hoped it was $1012 at least; but, however, you have the house, and that is as good as money. The house must be rented at once,—furniture, boarders, and all,—as it stands. It ought to bring $85 or $95 a month in these times, and you can manage on that, with the $312 as a reserve."

"What if we should get to San Francisco and the tenant should give up the house?" asked Polly, with an absolutely new gleam of caution and business in her eye.

"Brava! Why do I attempt to advise such a capable little person? Well, in the first place, there are such things as leases; and, in the second place, if your tenant should move out the agent must find you another in short order, and you will live, meanwhile, on the reserve fund. But, joking aside, there is very little risk. It is going to be a great winter for Santa Barbara, and your house is attractive, convenient, and excellently located. If we can get your affairs into such shape that your mother will not be anxious, I hope, and think, that the entire change and rest, together with the bracing air, will work wonders. I shall give you a letter to a physician, a friend of mine, and fortunately I shall come up once a month during the winter to see an old patient who insists on retaining me just from force of habit."

"And in another year, Dr. George, I shall be ready to take care of mama myself; and then

"She shall sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,
And feast upon strawberries, sugar, and cream."

"Assuredly, my Polly, assuredly." The Doctor was pacing up and down the office now, hands in pockets, eyes on floor. "The world is your oyster; open it, my dear, open it. By the way" (with a sharp turn), "what do you propose to open it with?"

"I don't know yet, but not with boarders, Dr. George."

"Tut, tut, child; must n't despise small things!"

"Such as Mr. Greenwood," said Polly, irrepressibly, "weight two hundred and ninety pounds; and Mrs. Darling, height six feet one inch; no, I 'll try not to."

"Well, if there 's a vocation it will 'call,' you know, Polly. I 'd rather like you for an assistant, to drive my horse and amuse my convalescents. Bless my soul! you 'd make a superb nurse, except—"

"Except what, sir?"

"You 're not in equilibrium yet, my child—if you know what I mean. You are either up or down—generally up. You bounce, so to speak. Now, a nurse must n't bounce; she must be poised, as it were, or suspended betwixt and between, like Mahomet's coffin. But thank Heaven for your high spirits, all the same! They will tide you over many a hard place, and the years will bring the yoke soon enough, Polly," and here Dr. George passed behind the girl's chair and put his two kind hands on her shoulders—"Polly, can you be really a woman? Can you put the little-girl days bravely behind you?"

"I can, Dr. George." This in a very trembling voice.

"Can you settle all these details for your mother, and assume responsibilities? Can you take her away, as if she were the child and you the mother, all at once?"

"I can!" This more firmly.

"Can you deny yourself for her, as she has for you? Can you keep cheerful and sunny; can you hide your fears, if there should be cause for any in your own heart? Can you be calm and strong, if—"

"No, no!" gasped Polly, dropping her head on the back of the chair and shivering like a leaf—"no, no; don't talk about fears, Dr. George. She will be better. She will be better very soon. I could not live—"

"It is n't so easy to die, my child, with

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plenty of warm young blood running pell-mell through your veins, and a sixteen-year-old heart that beats like a chronometer."

"I could not bear life without mama, Dr. George!"

"A human being, made in the image of God, can bear anything, child; but I hope you won't have to bear that sorrow for many a long year yet. I will come in to-morrow and coax your mother into a full assent to my plans; meanwhile, fly home with your medicines. There was a time when you used to give my tonics at night and my sleeping-draughts in the morning; but I believe in you absolutely from this day."



POLLY AND THE DOCTOR.

Polly put her two slim hands in the kind doctor's, and, looking up into his genial face with her tearful eyes, said, "Dear Dr. George, you may believe in me—indeed, indeed you may!"

Dr. George looked out of his office window and mused as his eyes followed Polly up the shaded walk under the pepper-trees.

"Oh! these young things, these young things, how one's heart yearns over them!" he sighed. "There she goes, full tilt, notwithstanding the heat; hat swinging in her hand instead of being on her pretty head; her heart bursting with fond schemes to keep that precious mother alive! It 's a splendid nature, that girl's; one that is in danger of being wrecked by its own impetuosity, but one so full and rich that it is capable of bubbling over and enriching all the dull and sterile ones about it. Now, if all the money I can rake and scrape need not go to those languid, boneless children of my languid, boneless sister-in-law, I could put that brave little girl on her feet. I think she will be able to do battle with the world so long as she has her mother for a motive-power. The question is, how will she do it without?"

## Chapter IV.

### THE BOARDERS STAY, AND THE OLIVERS GO.

Dr. George found Mrs. Oliver too ill to be anything but reasonable. After a long talk about her own condition and Polly's future, she gave a somewhat tearful assent to all his plans for their welfare, and agreed to make the change when a suitable tenant was found for the house.

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So Polly eased the anxiety that gnawed at her heart by incredible energy in the direction of house-cleaning; superintending all sorts of scrubbings, polishings, and renovating of carpets with the aid of an extra Chinaman, who was fresh from his native rice-fields and stupid enough to occupy any one's mind to the exclusion of other matters.

Each boarder in turn was asked to make a trip to the country on a certain day, and on his return found his room in spotless order; while all this time the tired mother lay quietly in her bed, knowing little or nothing of her daughter's superhuman efforts "to be good." But a month of rest worked wonders, and Mrs. Oliver finally became so like her usual delicate but energetic self that Polly almost forgot her fears, though she remitted none of her nursing and fond but rigid discipline.

At length something happened; and one glorious Saturday morning in October Polly saddled "Blanquita" (the white mare which Bell Winship had left in Polly's care during her European trip), and galloped over to the Nobles' ranch in a breathless state of excitement.

Blanquita was happy too; for Polly had a light hand on the rein and a light seat in the saddle; she knew there would be a long rest at the journey's end, and that too under a particularly shady pepper-tree, so both horse and rider were in a golden humor as they loped over the dusty road, the blue Pacific on the one hand, and the brown hills, thirsty for rain, on the other.

Polly tied Blanquita to the pepper-tree, caught her habit in one hand, and ran up the walnut-tree avenue to the Nobles' house. There was no one in; but that was nothing unusual, since a house is chiefly useful for sleeping purposes in that lovely climate. No one on the verandas, no one in the hammocks; finally she came upon Margery and her mother at work in their orange-tree sitting-room, Mrs. Noble with her mending-basket, Margery painting as usual.

The orange-tree sitting-room was merely a platform built under the trees, which in the season of blossoms shed a heavy fragrance in the warm air, and later on hung their branches of golden fruit almost into your very lap.

"Here you are!" cried Polly, plunging through the trees as she caught sight of Margery's pink dress. "You have n't any hats to swing, so please give three rousing cheers—the house is rented and a lease signed for a year!"

"Good news!" exclaimed Mrs. Noble, putting down her needle. "And who is the tenant?"

"Whom do you suppose? Mrs. Chadwick herself! She has been getting on very nicely with the housekeeping (part of the credit belongs to me, but no one would ever believe it), and the boarders have been gradually taught to spare mama and accustomed to her, so they are tolerably content. Ah Foy also has agreed



AH FOY—"THE BEST COOK IN SANTA BARBARA."

to stay, and that makes matters still more serene, as he is the best cook in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Chadwick will pay eighty-five dollars a month. Dr. George thinks we ought to get more, but mama is so glad to have somebody whom she knows, and so relieved to feel that there will be no general breaking up of the 'sweet, sweet home,' that she is glad to accept the eighty-five dollars; and I am sure that we can live in modest penury on that sum. Of course Mrs. Chadwick may weary in well-doing; or she may die; or she may even get married—though that 's very unlikely, unless one of the boarders

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can't pay his board and wants to make it up to her in some way. Heigho! I feel like a princess, like a capitalist, like a gilded society lady!" sighed Polly, fanning herself with her hat.

"And now you and your mother will come to us for a week or two, as you promised, won't you?" asked Mrs. Noble. "That will give you time to make your preparations comfortably."

Polly took a note from her pocket and handed it to Mrs. Noble: "Mrs. Oliver presents her compliments to Mrs. Noble, and says in this letter that we accept with pleasure Mrs. Noble's kind invitation to visit her. Said letter was not to be delivered in case Mrs. Noble omitted to renew the invitation; but as all is right I don't mind announcing that we are coming the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, Polly, Polly! How am I ever to live without you!" sighed Margery. "First Elsie, then Bell, now you!"

"Live for your Art with a big A, Peggy,—but it 's not forever. By and by, when you are a successful artist and I am a successful something,—in short when we are both 'careering,' which is my verb to express earning one's living by the exercise of some splendid talent,—we will 'career' together in some great metropolis. Our mothers shall dress in Lyons velvet and point-lace. Their delicate fingers, no longer sullied by the vulgar dish-cloth and duster, shall glitter with priceless gems, while you and I, the humble authors of their greatness, will heap dimes on dimes until we satisfy ambition."

Mrs. Noble smiled. "I hope your 'career,' as you call it, will be one in which imagination will be of use, Polly."

"I don't really imagine all the imaginations you imagine I imagine," said Polly, soberly, as she gave Mrs. Noble's hand an affectionate squeeze. "A good deal of it is 'whistling to keep my courage up.' But everything looks hopeful just now. Mama is so much better, everybody is so kind, and—do you know, I don't loathe the boarders half so much since we have rented them with the house?

> "They grow in beauty side by side,
> They fill our home with glee.

Now that I can look upon them as personal property, part of our goods and chattels, they have ceased to be disagreeable. Even Mr. Greenwood—you remember him, Margery?"

"The fat old man who calls you sprightly?"

"The very same; but he 's done worse since. To be called sprightly is bad enough, but yesterday he said that he should n't be surprised *if I married well—in—course—of—time!*"

(Nothing but italics would convey the biting sarcasm of Polly's inflections, and no capitals in a printer's case could picture her flashing eyes or the vigor with which she prodded the earth with her riding-whip.)

"Neither should I," said Mrs. Noble, teasingly, after a moment of silence.

"Now, dearest Aunty Meg, don't take sides with that odious man! If, in the distant years, you ever see me on the point of marrying well, just mention Mr. Greenwood's name to me, and I 'll draw back even if I am walking up the middle aisle!"

"Just to spite him; that would be sensible," said Margery.

"You could n't be so calm if you had to sit at the same table with him day after day. He belongs at the second table by—by—every law of his nature. But, as I was saying, now that we have rented him to Mrs. Chadwick with the rest of the furniture, and will have a percentage on him just as we do on the piano (which is far more valuable), I have been able to look at him pleasantly."

"You ought to be glad that the boarders like you," said Margery, reprovingly.

"They don't; only the horrors and the elderly gentlemen approve of me. But good-by for to-day, Aunty Meg. Come to the gate, Peggy, dear!"

The two friends walked through the orange-grove, their arms wound about each other, girl-fashion. They were silent, for each was sorry to lose the other, and a remembrance of the dear old times, the then unbroken circle, the peaceful school-days and merry vacations, stole into their young hearts, together with visions of the unknown future.

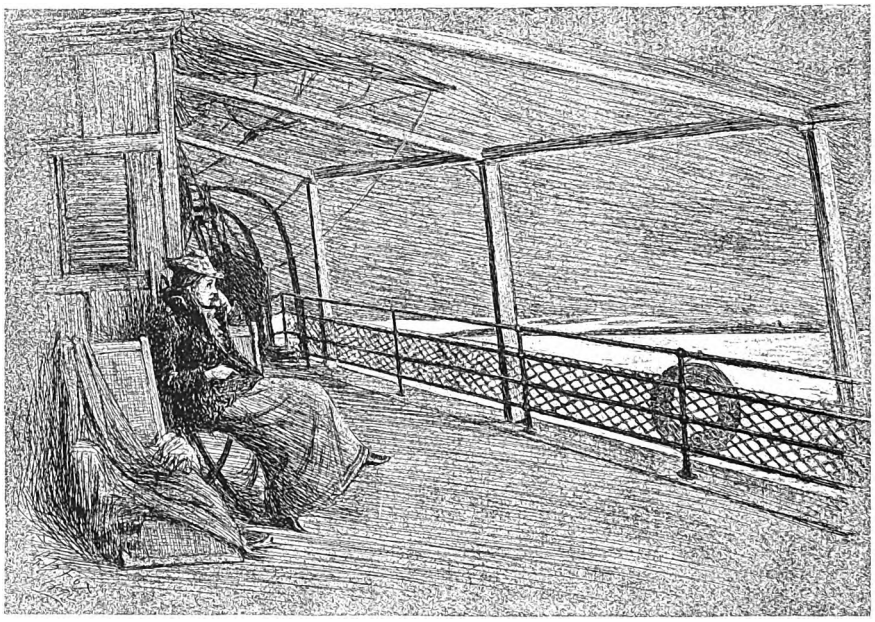
As Polly untied Blanquita and gave a heroic cinch to the saddle, she gave a last searching look at Margery, and said, finally, "Peggy, dear, I am very sure you are blue this morning; tell your faithful old Pollikins all about it."

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One word was enough for Margery in her present mood, and she burst into tears on Polly's shoulder.

"Is it Edgar again?" whispered Polly.

"Yes," she sobbed. "Father has given him



"POLLY SAT THERE ALONE AS THE SUNSET GLOW PALED IN THE WESTERN SKY." (SEE PAGE 103.)

three months more to stay in the university, and unless he does better he is to come home and live on the cattle-ranch. Mother is heart-broken over it; for you know, Polly, that Edgar will never endure such a life; and yet, dearly as he loves books, he is n't doing well with his studies. The president has written father that he is very indolent this term and often absent from recitations; and one of the Santa Barbara boys, a senior, writes Philip that he is not choosing good friends nor taking any rank in his class. Mother has written him such a letter this morning! If he can read it without turning his back upon his temptations, whatever they may be, I shall never have any pride in him again; and oh! Polly, I have been so proud of him,—my brilliant, handsome, charming brother!"

"Poor Edgar! I can't believe it is anything that will last. He is so bright and lovable; every one thought he would take the highest honors. Why, Margery, he is, or was, the most ambitious boy I ever knew; and surely, surely he cannot have changed altogether! Surely he will come to himself when he knows he may have to leave college unless he does his best. I 'm so sorry, dear old Peggy! It seems heart-less that my brighter times should begin just when you are in trouble. Perhaps mama and I can do something for Edgar; we will try, you may be sure. Good-by, dearest; I shall see you again very soon."

Ten days later Polly stood on the deck of the "Orizaba" just at dusk, looking back on lovely Santa Barbara as it lay in the lap of the foot-hills freshened by the first rains. The dull, red-tiled roofs of the old Spanish adobes gleamed through the green of the pepper-trees, the tips of the tall, straggling blue-gums stood out sharply against the sky, and the twin towers of the old mission rose in dazzling whiteness above a wilderness of verdure. The friendly faces on the wharf first merged themselves into a blurred mass of moving atoms, then sank into nothingness.

Polly glanced into her state-room. Mrs. Oliver was a good sailor and was lying snug

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and warm under her blankets. So Polly took a camp-chair just outside the door, wrapped herself in her fur cape, crowded her tam-o'-Shanter tightly on, and sat there alone as the sunset glow paled in the western sky and darkness fell upon the face of the deep.

The mesa faded from sight; and then the lighthouse, where she had passed so many happy hours in her childhood. The bright disk of flame shone clear and steady across the quiet ocean, and seemed to say, *Let your light so shine! Let your light so shine! Good luck, Polly! Keep your own lamp filled and trimmed, like a wise little virgin!* And her heart answered "Good-by, dear light! I am leaving my little-girl days on the shore with you, and I am out on the open sea of life. I shall know that you are shining, though I cannot see you. Good-by! Shine on, dear light! I am going to seek my fortune!"

## Chapter V.

### TOLD IN LETTERS.

*Extracts from Polly Oliver's correspondence.*

San Francisco, Nov. 1, 188–.

Dear Margery: I have been able to write you only scraps of notes heretofore, but now that we are quite settled I can tell you about our new home. We were at a hotel for a week, as long as I, the family banker, felt that we could afford it. At the end of that time, by walking the streets from morning till night, looking at every house with a sign "To Let" on it, and taking mama to see only the desirable ones, we found a humble spot to lay our heads. It is a tiny upper "flat," which we rent for thirty dollars a month. The landlady calls it furnished, but she has an imagination which takes even higher flights than mine. Still, with the help of the pretty things from home, we are very cozy and comfortable. There is a tiny parlor, which with our Santa Barbara draperies, table-covers, afternoon tea-table, grasses, and books, looks like a corner of our dear home sitting-room. Out of this parlor is a sunny bedroom with two single brass bedsteads and space enough to spare for mama's rocking-chair in front of a window that looks out on the Golden Gate. The dining-room just holds, by a squeeze, the extension-table and four chairs, and the dot of a kitchen, with an enchanting gas-stove, completes the suite.

We are dining at a restaurant three squares away at present, and I cook the breakfasts and luncheons; but on Monday, as mama is so well, I begin school from nine to twelve each day under a special arrangement, and we are to have a little China boy who will assist in the work and go home at night to sleep. His wages will be eight dollars a month, and the washing probably four dollars more. This, with the rent, takes forty-two dollars from our eighty-five, and it remains to be seen whether it is too much. I shall walk one way to school, although it is sixteen squares and all up and down hill. . . .

The rains thus far have been mostly in the night, and we have lovely days. Mama and I take long rides on the cable-cars in the afternoon, and stay out at the Cliff House on the rocks every pleasant Saturday. Then we 've discovered nice little sheltered nooks in the sand-dunes beyond the park, and there we stay for hours, mama reading while I study. We are so quiet and so happy; we were never alone together in our lives before. We have a few pleasant friends here, you know, and they come to see mama without asking her to return the calls, as they see plainly she has no strength for society. . . . Polly.

P. S.—We have a remarkable front door which opens with a spring located in the wall at the top of the stairs. I never tire of opening it, even though each time I am obliged to go down-stairs to close it again.

When Dr. George came last week, he rang the bell, and being tired with the long pull up the hill, leaned against the door to breathe. Of course I knew nothing of this, and as soon as I heard the bell I flew to open the door with my usual neatness and despatch, when who should tumble in, full length, but poor dear Dr. George! He was so surprised, and the opposite neighbors were so interested, and I was so sorry, that I was almost hysterical. Dr. George insists that the door is a trap laid for unsuspecting country people.

Nov. 9.

. . . . The first week is over, and the finances did n't come out right at all. I have a system of book-keeping which is original, simple, practical, and absolutely reliable. The house-money I keep in a cigar-box with three partitions (formerly used for birds' eggs), and I divide the month's money in four parts, and pay everything weekly.

The money for car-fare, clothing, and sundries I keep in an old silver sugar-bowl, and the reserve fund (which we are never to touch save on the most dreadful provocation) in a Japanese ginger-jar with a cover. These, plainly marked, repose in my upper drawer. Mama has no business cares whatever, and everything ought to work to a charm, as it will after a while.

But this first week has been discouraging, and I have had to borrow enough from compartment two, cigar-box, to pay debts incurred by compartment one, cigar-box. This is probably because we had to buy a bag of flour and ten pounds of sugar. Of course this won't happen every week. . . .

I wrote Ah Foy a note after we arrived, for he really seems to have a human affection for us. I inclose his answer to my letter. It is such a miracle of Chinese construction that it is somewhat difficult to get his idea; still I think I see that he is grateful for past favors; that he misses us; that the boarders are going on "very happy and joy"; that he is glad mama is better and pleased with the teacher I selected for him. But here it is; judge for yourself:

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Santa Barbara, Nov. 5.

Dear my Frend.

I was much pleased to received a letter from you how are Your getting along and my Dear if your leaves a go We but now I been it is here I am very sorry for are a your go to in San Francisco if any now did you been it is that here very happy and joy I am so glad for your are to do teachers for me but I am very much thank you Dear my frend. Good Bye

Ah Foy.

Nov. 15.

. . . . The first compartment, cigar-box, could n't pay back the money it borrowed from the second compartment, and so this in turn had to borrow from the third compartment. I could have made everything straight, I think, if we had n't bought a feather duster and a can of kerosene. The first will last forever, and the second for six weeks, so it is n't fair to call compartment number two extravagant. At the end of this month I shall remove some of the partitions in the cigar-box and keep the house-money in two parts, balancing accounts every fortnight. . . .

Nov. 24.

. . . . My bookkeeping is in a frightful snarl. There is neither borrowing nor lending in the cigar-box now, for all the money for the month is gone at the end of the third week. The water, it seems, was not included in the thirty dollars for the rent, and compartment three had to pay two dollars for that purpose when compartment two was still deeply in its debt. If compartment two had met only its rightful obligations, compartment three need n't have "failed," as they say down East; but as it is, poor compartment four is entirely empty and will have to borrow of the sugar-bowl or the ginger-jar. As these banks are not at all in the same line of business, they ought not to be drawn into the complications of the cigar-box, for they will have their own troubles by and by, but I don't know what else to do. . . .

Dec. 2.

. . . . It came out better at the end of the month than I feared, for we spent very little last week, and have part of the ten pounds of sugar, can of kerosene, feather duster, scrubbing-brush, blanc-mange mold, tapioca, sago, and spices with which to begin the next month. I suffered so with the debts, losses, business embarrassments, and failures of the four compartments that when I found I was only four dollars behind on the whole month's expenses I knocked all the compartments out, and am not going to keep things in weeks. I made up the deficit by taking two dollars out of the reserve fund, and two dollars out of my ten-dollar gold piece that Dr. George gave me on my birthday.

I have given the ginger-jar a note of hand for two dollars from the cigar-box, and it has resumed business at the old stand. Compartment four, cigar-box (which is perfectly innocent, as it was borrowed out of house and home by compartment three), also had to give a note to the sugar-bowl, and I made the ginger-jar give me a note for my two dollars birthday-money.

Whether all these obligations will be met without lawsuits, I cannot tell; but I know by the masterly manner in which I have fought my way through these intricate affairs, with the loss of only four dollars in four weeks, that I possess decided business ability, and this gives me courage to struggle on.

Dec. 30, 188–.

. . . We are having hard times, dear old Margery, though I do not regret coming to San Francisco, for mama could not bear the slightest noise or confusion, nor lift her hand to any sort of work, in her present condition. At any rate, we came by Dr. George's orders, so my conscience is clear. . . .

Mrs. Chadwick has sent us only sixty-five dollars this month, instead of eighty-five. Some of the boarders are behind in their payments. The darlings have gone away, and "she hopes to do better next month." Mama cannot bear to press her, she is so kind and well-meaning; so do not for the world mention the matter to Dr. George. I will write to him when I must, not before.

Meanwhile I walk to school both ways, saving a dollar and a quarter a month. Have found a cheaper washman; one dollar more saved. Cut down fruit bill; one dollar more. Blacked my white straw sailor with shoeblacking, trimmed it with two neckties and an old blackbird badly molted; result perfectly hideous, but the sugar-bowl, clothing, and sundry fund out of debt and doing well. Had my faded gray dress dyed black, and trimmed the jacket with pieces of my moth-eaten cock's-feather boa; perfectly elegant! — almost too rich for my humble circumstances. Mama looks at me sadly when I don these ancient garments, and almost wishes I had n't such "a wealthy look." I tell her I expect the girls to say, when I walk into the school-yard on Monday, "Who is this that cometh with dyed garments from Bozrah?"

Mama has decided that I may enter a training-school for kindergartners next year; so I am taking the studies that will give me the best preparation, and I hope to earn part of my tuition fees when the time comes, by teaching as assistant. . . .

I go over to Berkeley once a week to talk Spanish with kind Professor Salazar and his wife. They insist that it is a pleasure, and will not allow mama to pay anything for the lessons. I also go every Tuesday to tell stories at the Children's Hospital. It is the dearest hour of the week. When I am distracted about bills and expenses and mama's health and Mrs. Chadwick's mismanagements and little Yung Lee's mistakes (for he is beautiful as an angel and stupid as a toad), I put on my hat and ride out there to the children, poor little things! They always have a welcome for me, bless them! and I always come back ready to take up my trials again. Edgar is waiting to take this to the post-box, so I must say good night. He is such a pleasure to us and such a comfort to mama. I know for the first time in my life the fun of having a brother.

Ever your affectionate, Pollikins.

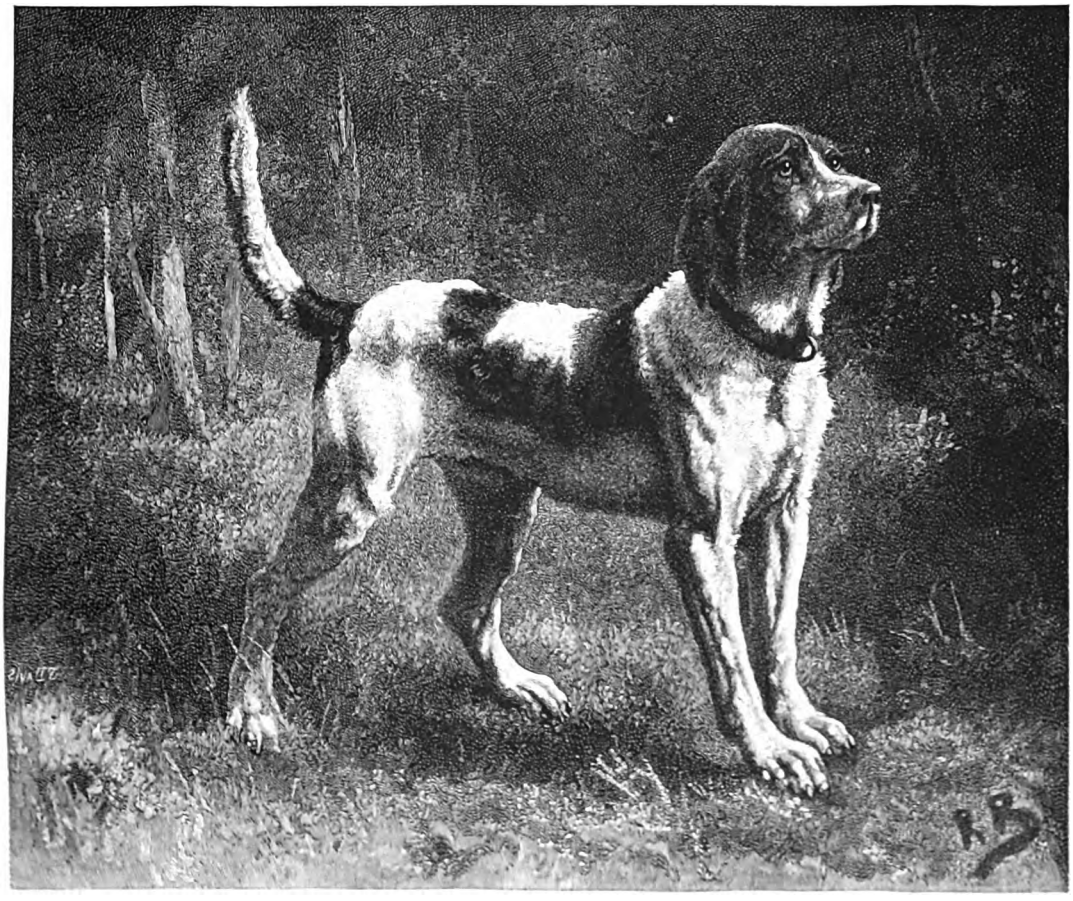
The foregoing extracts from Polly's business letters give you an idea only of her financial difficulties. She was tempted to pour these into one sympathizing ear, inasmuch as she

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kept all annoyances from her mother as far as possible; though household economies, as devised by her, lost much of their terror.

Mrs. Oliver was never able to see any great sorrow in a monthly deficit when Polly seated herself before her cash-boxes and explained her highly original financial operations. One would be indeed in dire distress of mind could one refrain from smiling when, having made the preliminary announcement,—"The great feminine financier of the century is in her counting-room: Let the earth tremble!"—she planted herself on the bed, took pencil and account-book in lap, spread cigar-box, sugar-bowl, and ginger-jar before her, and ruffled her hair for the approaching contest.

*(To be continued.)*



A FRENCH HUNTING-DOG. (FROM A PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR.)

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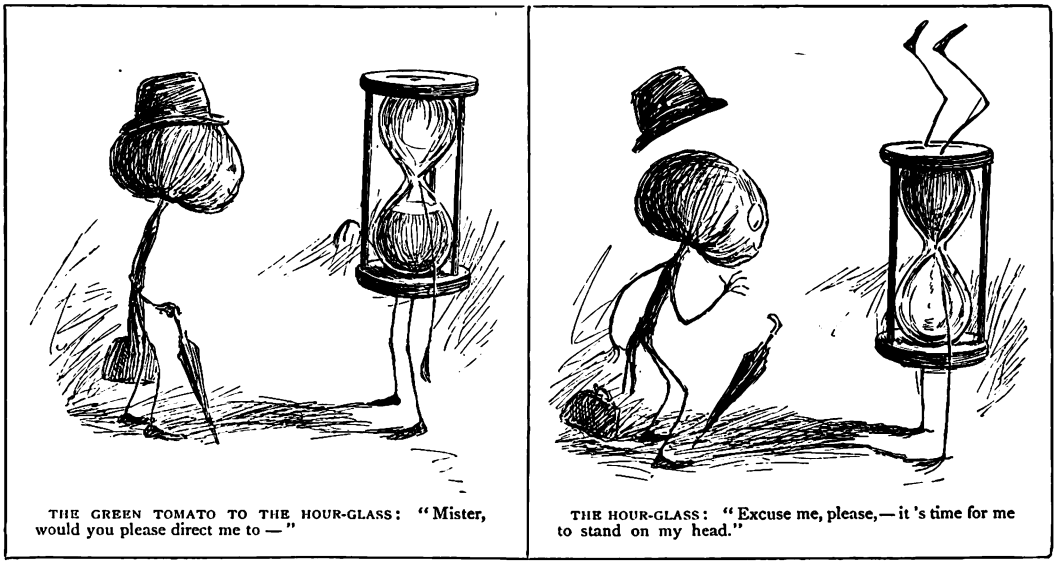
# INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

By P. Newell.



A TEDIOUS UNDERTAKING.

THE SPOOL OF THREAD: "I declare I'd rather sit up all night than to undress."



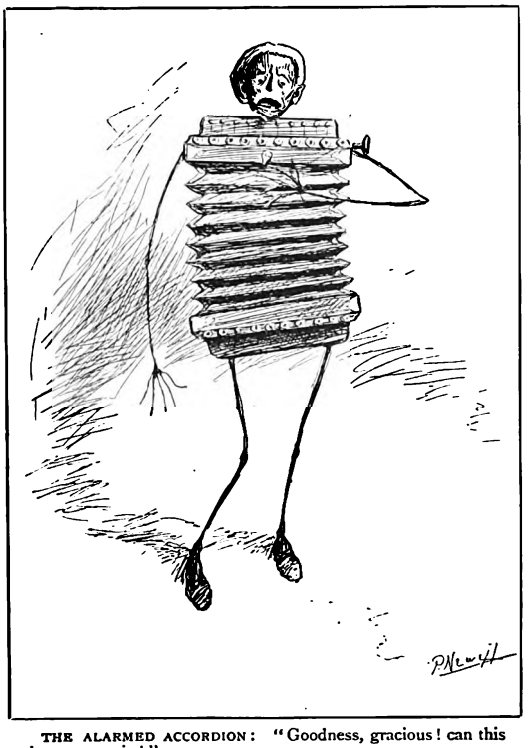
THE GREEN TOMATO TO THE HOUR-GLASS: "Mister, would you please direct me to —"

THE HOUR-GLASS: "Excuse me, please,— it 's time for me to stand on my head."

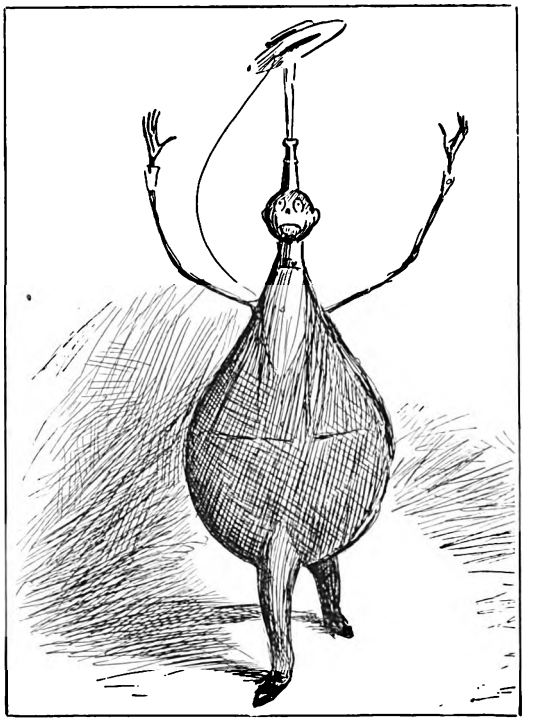
ASTONISHING BEHAVIOR.



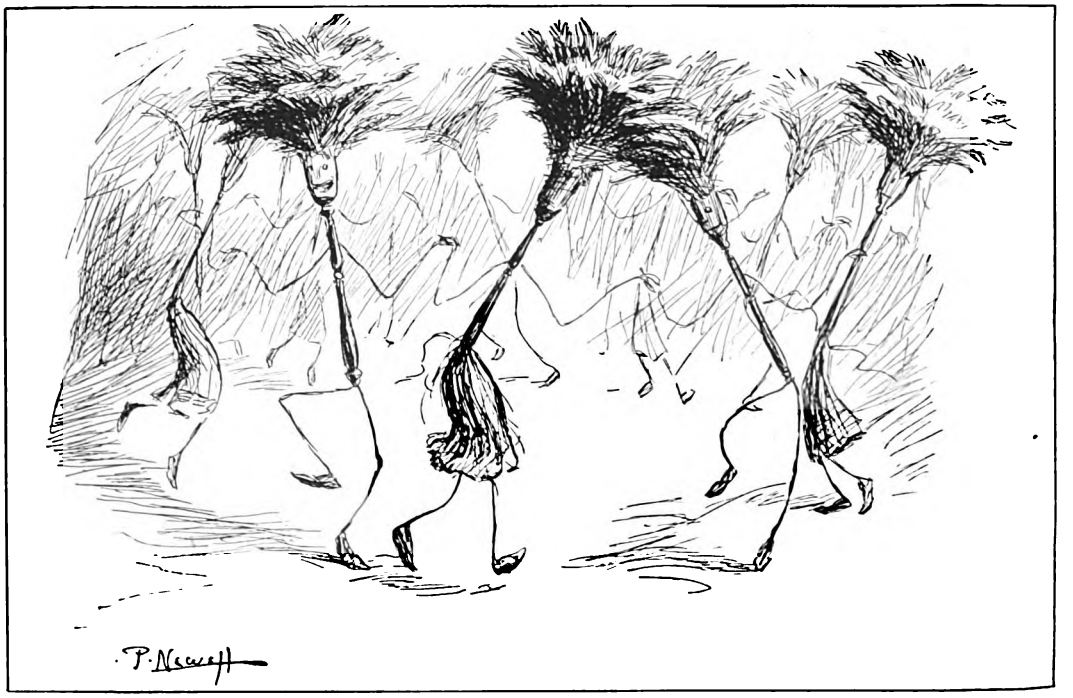
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THE ALARMED ACCORDION: "Goodness, gracious! can this be pneumonia!"



POOR MR. BELLOWS: "It 's no use. I can't wear a hat! every time I take a step my hat blows off!"



AN EXPLANATION.

This is not a Sioux ghost-dance. It is only the Feather Dusters' Annual Ball.



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# MARK TWAIN'S BIG NAMESAKE.

By Frank M. Chapman.

One afternoon of the year 1841, General John Bidwell, then a young lad and a member of a band of pioneers who had crossed the Rockies and were descending the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas of California, in what is now Calaveras County, left his companions and went on a hunting expedition.

His success in securing game is not recorded, but his hunt will be forever memorable as probably the first occasion on which the giant sequoia, or "big-tree," was seen by a white man. The dusk of early evening caused him to hasten back to camp without pausing to examine these



AT WORK ON THE BIG TREE. (SEE PAGE 111.)

before-unheard-of kings of the forest, and the urgency of pressing onward to the coast prevented him from returning to them. He afterward planned an expedition to go to Calaveras County for the express purpose of learning more about the trees of which he had seen only enough to arouse his enthusiasm, but the war and the conquest of California, and, later, the excitement which followed the discovery of gold, caused him for the time to abandon the scheme.

Eleven years passed, and the big-tree, although it had been discovered, was still practically unknown. Then, in the spring of 1852, writes Mr. Shinn, to whom we owe this account, a hunter, while pursuing a wounded grizzly, found the sequoia grove in Calaveras. He evidently stayed long enough to become impressed by the size of the trees, for on returning to his comrades they refused to believe his stories, nor would they go with him to the scene of his alleged discovery.

One morning, a short time afterward, he came into camp, and, reporting that he had shot an enormous grizzly, asked his companions to go out and help him bring it in. Leading them to the sequoia grove, he pointed to the largest tree, and said triumphantly, "There, boys, is my grizzly!"

To-day we know that the home of the big-tree, *Sequoia gigantea* of botanists, extends from Placer County to southern Tulare County, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas, from 4000 to 6000 feet above the sea, and that on the coast, from Monterey County north to northern California, it has a near but smaller relative, the *Sequoia sempervirens*, or redwood.

The big-tree is surpassed in height only by the eucalyptus of Australia, while the redwood may claim the honor of being the third largest tree in the world. The largest known redwood is 366 feet in height and twenty feet in diameter. The big-tree attains a greater diameter, but does not reach a proportionately greater height. Thus there are big-trees recorded hav-



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ing a diameter of forty-one feet, but we have seen none mentioned as being over 400 feet in height.

The height of the largest known eucalyptus tree is stated to be 470 feet, but the diameter is only twenty-seven feet. So while taller than the largest big-tree, if their proportions are the same, the California tree has about twice the bulk of the one which grows in Australia.

It is difficult for one who has not seen trees that tower from 300 to 400 feet into the air to realize their grandeur; and yet when we remember that the torch of the Goddess of Liberty is 305 feet above the waters of New York Bay, and that Trinity Church and Bunker Hill Monument are respectively only 283 and 220 feet in height, we may by comparison gain some idea of the impressiveness of these stupendous columns erected by the hand of nature.

By counting the layers, or rings of wood, one of which a growing tree acquires each year, it has been ascertained that the age of the larger big-trees is about 1200 years. Thus, while Britain was still under Saxon rule, and before Charlemagne had ascended the German throne, these monarchs of the forest had commenced to reign.

The big-tree is an evergreen related to the cedars, and at a distance young trees look not unlike cedars. But as they grow larger the resemblance is lost, and in comparison with their size their foliage is scanty. The leaves, or "needles," are short, and grow from alternate sides of the stem; the cones, for so large a tree, are diminutive, and are about one inch and a half in diameter. The bark is deeply furrowed.



"WITH A ROAR WHICH ECHOED THROUGH THE HILLS, IT FELL PROSTRATE UPON THE LONG TRACK PREPARED TO RECEIVE IT." (SEE PAGE 111.)

It is sometimes three feet in thickness, but is light and porous.

The wood of the big-tree is a valuable article of commerce, and after being sawed into marketable shape it is worth about $30 a thousand feet. It is stated of one tree that it contained 537,000 feet of lumber, and at the value given it would, therefore, be worth $16,110. We need not wonder, then, that the sequoia groves are rapidly disappearing before the ax of the lumberman.

The big-tree has been introduced into the botanical gardens of England and France, and one growing in the former country is nearly seventy feet in height. About thirty years ago,

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YOUNG SEQUOIAS IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

two big-trees were planted in Central Park, New York City, but the climate there is evidently not suited to them, for they are now only thirty-five feet in height and fourteen inches in diameter. They may be seen to the left as one descends the steps from the mall to the lake.

But it is our object to tell of one big-tree in particular, rather than of big-trees in general. In the fall of 1891, the American Museum of Natural History of New York City sent one of its staff, Mr. S. D. Dill, to the Pacific coast in order to obtain there specimens of certain trees which were needed to complete the "Jesup Collection of North American Forestry." Among the trees desired was the big-tree, and I am asked to tell you about the one he procured.

After reaching San Francisco, Mr. Dill was fortunate enough to meet a gentleman who owned a grove of big-trees at Sequoia Mills in Tulare County. This gentleman generously offered to give the museum any tree in his grove which Mr. Dill might select.

There are two sawmills at Sequoia Mills which each day during the summer season cut 130,000 feet of big-tree wood into boards, fence-posts, railway-ties, etc. These are sent to the nearest railway station, distant sixty miles, by means of a "flume." The flume, or trough, is wedge-shaped, with sides about eighteen inches wide, and is supplied with water by reservoirs. After being cut into the proper lengths the lumber is stored until it is partly dried, and then is placed in the flume and started on its sixty-mile float down the mountains, making the entire journey in about twelve hours.

In some of the big-tree groves the larger trees have received names; and often a small board bearing the name is fastened to the trunk of the forest giant.

The tree selected for the museum, of which at least a portion of the trunk was to be saved from the all-devouring mill, was known as the "Mark Twain." The "Mark Twain" was not the largest tree remaining in the grove, but it



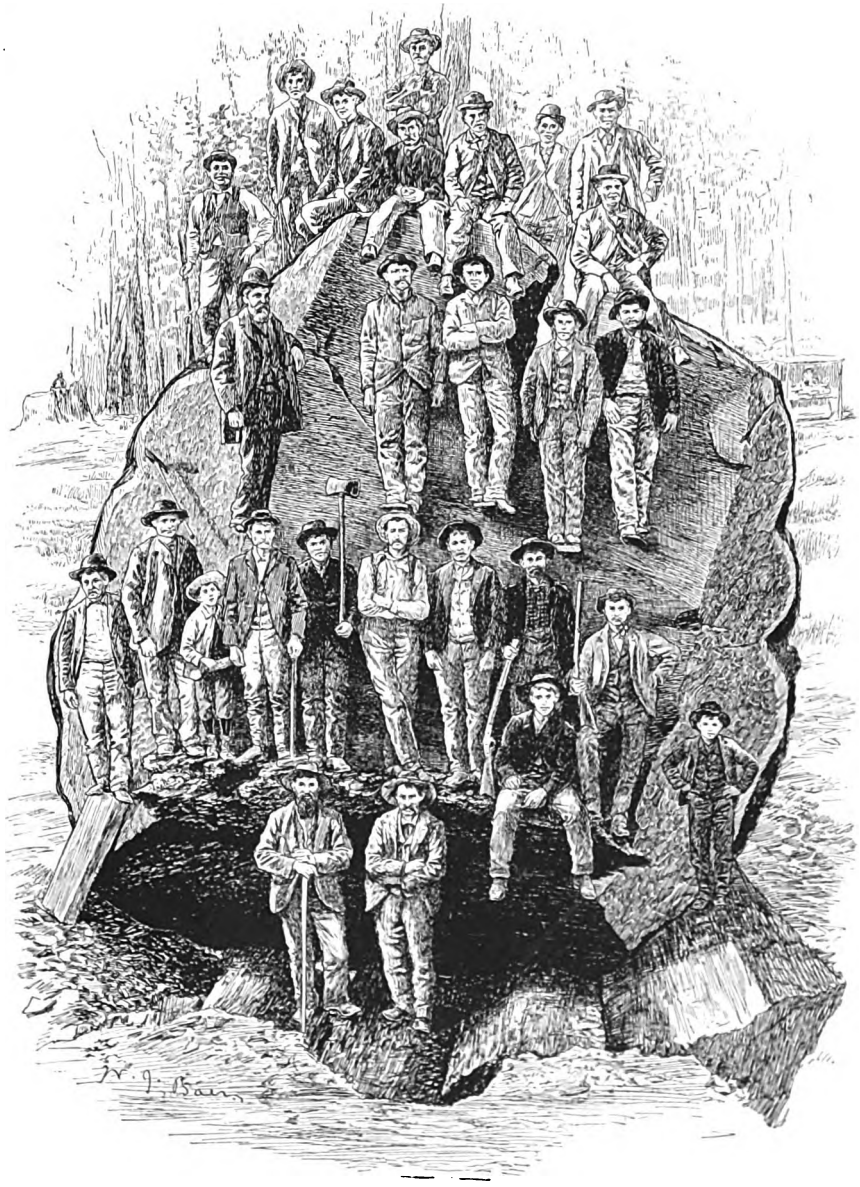
A WEEK'S WORK — ONE THIRD THROUGH THE GREAT TRUNK.

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was one of the most perfect. At the base it was thirty feet in diameter, while for 150 feet its columnar trunk was unmarked by a limb, and its topmost branches were 300 feet above the ground. It was estimated to contain 400,000 feet of marketable lumber.

The ground where the tree was intended to lie was cleared of all opposing obstacles, in order that it might not be injured in its fall. Then a staging was erected on its trunk about twelve feet from the ground, and, mounting this, two axmen commenced the attack. As their labors progressed the staging was lowered, and, after chopping in about one third the diameter of the tree, it was removed to the opposite side, and the operation was repeated. The remaining portion of the trunk was now small enough to admit of the use of a double-handed saw, and after chopping out a small section from the third side to serve as a "shoulder," or hinge, for the tree in its fall, the saw was applied to the fourth side. Wedges were driven in the opening made by the saw, and the tree was thus made to fall in the desired direction.

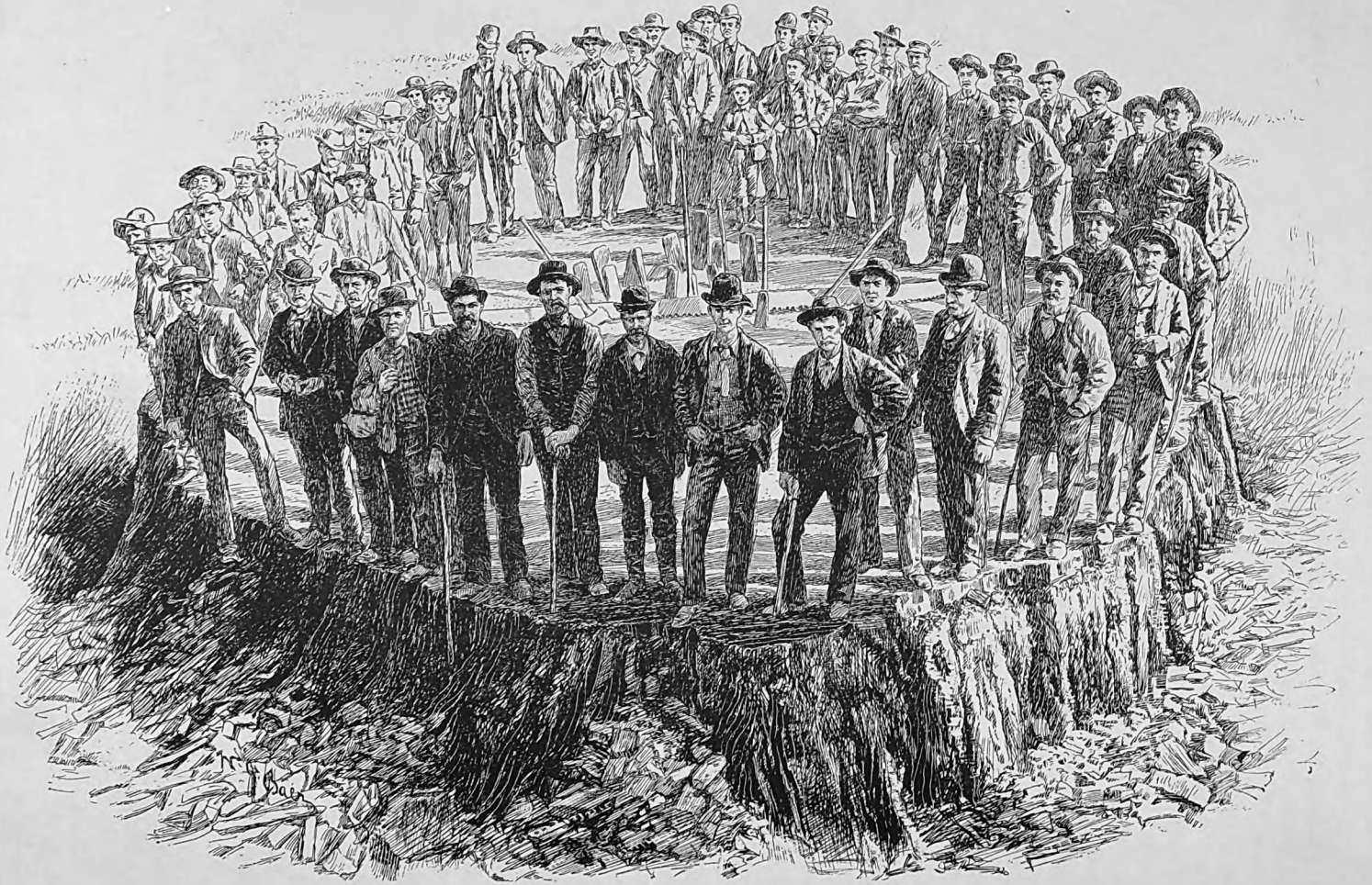
After three weeks of chopping and sawing the giant yielded, and, with a roar which echoed through the hills, it fell prostrate upon the long track prepared to receive it.



"THREE TIERS OF MEN WERE GROUPED, ONE ABOVE THE OTHER, ON THE CUT SECTION OF THE TRUNK."

It was now the end of the lumber season, and before going down to the valleys for the winter, a number of the employees of the mill were photographed on the trunk and also on

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"FIFTY-TWO OF THE MEN FORMED A CIRCLE UPON THE OUTER EDGE OF THE STUMP."



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the stump of the tree. Three tiers of men were grouped one above the other on the cut section of the trunk, while fifty-two formed a circle around the outer edge of the stump.

But the museum did not want an entire big-tree, and in order to obtain the section desired two double-handed saws, each thirteen feet in length, were joined by brazing, and a section four and a half feet long was sawed from the trunk just above the place where the ax-men had commenced to chop. This section is twenty feet in diameter, and weighs about thirty tons. To reduce it to portable size it was split into several smaller pieces. The lumbermen use dynamite for this purpose, but on this occasion iron wedges were employed. It was proposed to cart these specimens to the railway-station at once and ship them eastward to the museum, but a heavy fall of snow prevented their removal, and it was necessary to wait until the following spring.

The government has procured, from the same lumber company which presented this tree to the American Museum, part of an even larger sequoia for exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago. The section which has been obtained measures thirty feet in length, twenty-one and a half feet in diameter at the bottom, and seventeen feet in diameter at the top. This will be cut into two sections each fourteen feet in length, and a third only two feet in length. The largest sections, which are taken from the ends, will be hollowed out, and all three will be cut into pieces small enough to admit of transportation. On reaching Chicago these pieces, each one of which is to be numbered, will be erected in their proper positions, and will thus form a kind of tree-tower consisting of two circular chambers, each fourteen feet in height, while the intervening section, having a thickness of two feet, will constitute the ceiling of the lower chamber and the floor of the upper.

At the present rate of destruction, in less than one hundred years from the time of their discovery the larger big-trees will be known only by their decaying stumps. Nor is the lumberman the big-tree's only enemy. Forest fires, and the herding of cattle which graze on the young trees in the big-tree districts, prove equally destructive. Fortunately several small areas have been reserved by the government as national parks, and it is the duty not alone of every citizen of California, but of every citizen

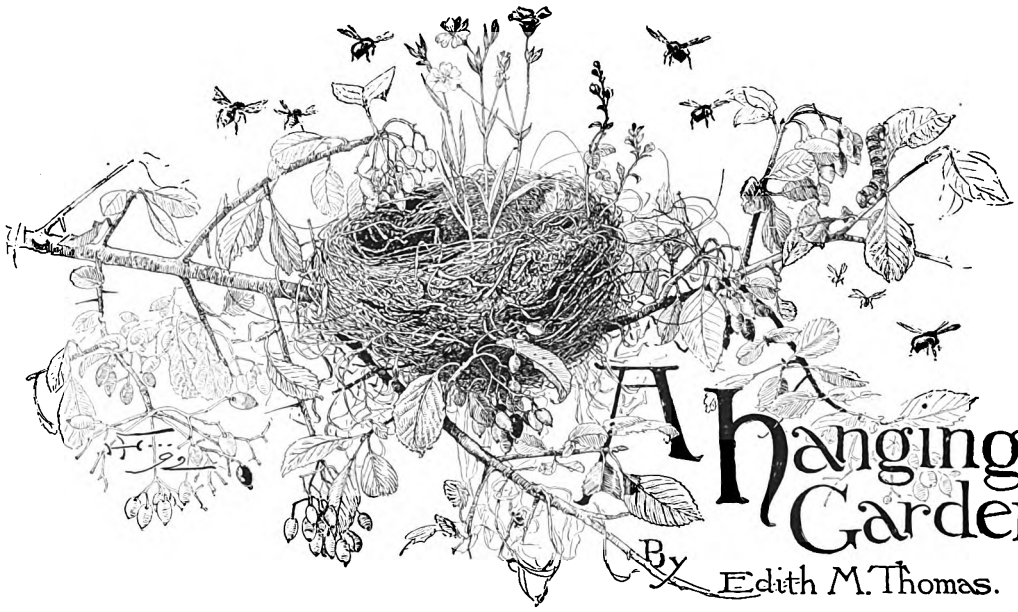


A MONSTER.

of the United States, to see that the laws enacted for the preservation of these parks are rigidly enforced.



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# A Hanging Garden.

By Edith M. Thomas.

It was an empty robins' nest
Left over from last year!
And yet it held a tender guest,
That wept a dewdrop tear.

It turned its eye upon the sky—
The wind the tear brushed off;
And when the sun came out on high,
Its elfin cap 't would doff.

The guest—'t was but a chickweed flower,
The tiniest ever seen—
Made of the robins' nest a bower,
And kept their memory green.

Who knows how there the seedling grew,
With leaves and flowering stem?—
So long ago the robins flew,
You cannot ask of them!

## MOLLY RYAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

By W. J. Henderson.

It was bitter cold on the night before Christmas in latitude 40° 30′ north, longitude 50° west. That lies just south of the southern extremity of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and a wild, melancholy, uneasy part of the Atlantic Ocean it is at the best of times. But on a Christmas eve, with the wind in the northwest, it is a home of desolation. The wind was northwesterly on that particular Christmas eve, and it was blowing what landsmen would call half a gale and a sailor a brisk breeze. But the good steamer "Astoria," from Liverpool for New York, made no account of a wind which served only to increase the draft in her fire-room, and to enable the engineer to squeeze half a dozen more revolutions per minute out of the propeller. She was making a fair nineteen and a half knots per hour.



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When the cold spray came over the weather-bow like a discharge of shot made of ice, and slashed the face of the first officer away up on the bridge, he only pulled his cap down more tightly over his ears, hauled the muffler higher around his neck, squinted at the compass-card and gritted his teeth, for he realized that the mighty machine under his feet was letting the degrees of longitude drop astern at a pace which promised the steamship a splendid winter record.

"If the Captain had only laid the course to the nor'rard," he muttered, "we 'd 'a' broken the record. I don't see wot he 's a-buggaluggin' around here for as if we was in the middle o' summer, with ice on the banks. Keep your eyes in the bowl, you!"

The last remark was addressed to the man at the wheel.

"I thought I seed summat w'en we riz to the last sea, sir," said the man.

"See! Ye could n't see your grandmother's ghost on sich a night, lad. It 's blacker 'n the inside o' a cuttle-fish."

It was black, and no mistake. Little Molly Ryan, who was among the poor steerage passengers with her father and mother, wondered if the ship was sailing on the ocean or just on darkness. Molly ought not to have been on deck, and if any sailor had seen her she would have been quickly sent below. But she was such a little body, and she huddled up so closely under the edge of the poop that no one discovered her. It was so gloomy and close in the steerage quarters, and so many poor women were sick, that Molly had stolen away, while her parents were dozing, to catch a breath of fresh air. The cold wind seemed to pierce through her, but she was fascinated by the darkness; and after a time she climbed up and sat on the rail, looking at the ghostly foam as it hurled itself against the iron side and swept hissing away under the quarter. Molly was in great danger, but she did not know it. She fancied she saw away down there in the black-and-white waters a beautiful Christmas tree loaded with silver toys that came and went with the foam. Molly had never had a Christmas tree, but she had heard about them, and her fondest hope was that some day she might see one. She leaned far out, looking down into the waters, and, of course, she could not know how close the bark "Mary Ellis" was.

But the Mary Ellis was altogether too close. She was flying swiftly along, before the wind, thundering down into the yawning hollows that flung her bows aloft again with terrible force, and her course was diagonally across the bows of the steamer. Now the skipper of the Mary Ellis was a rough, mean man, and he was trying to save oil, so his side-lights were not burning. But those of the steamer were, and the watch on the bark's deck ought to have seen them. But for some reason they did not. So every moment, the two ships kept drawing closer and closer together, and just as a steward happened to catch sight of Molly, and called to her to get down, there was a sudden outbreak of shouts forward.

The first officer immediately called a swift order to the man at the wheel, then sprang to the engine-room telegraph, and signaled the engineer to stop.

A few seconds later there was a jar, a noise of rending wood, and the Astoria struck the Mary Ellis a glancing blow on her port quarter, carrying away a part of her bulwarks. At the same instant Molly Ryan fell off the Astoria's rail into the sea.

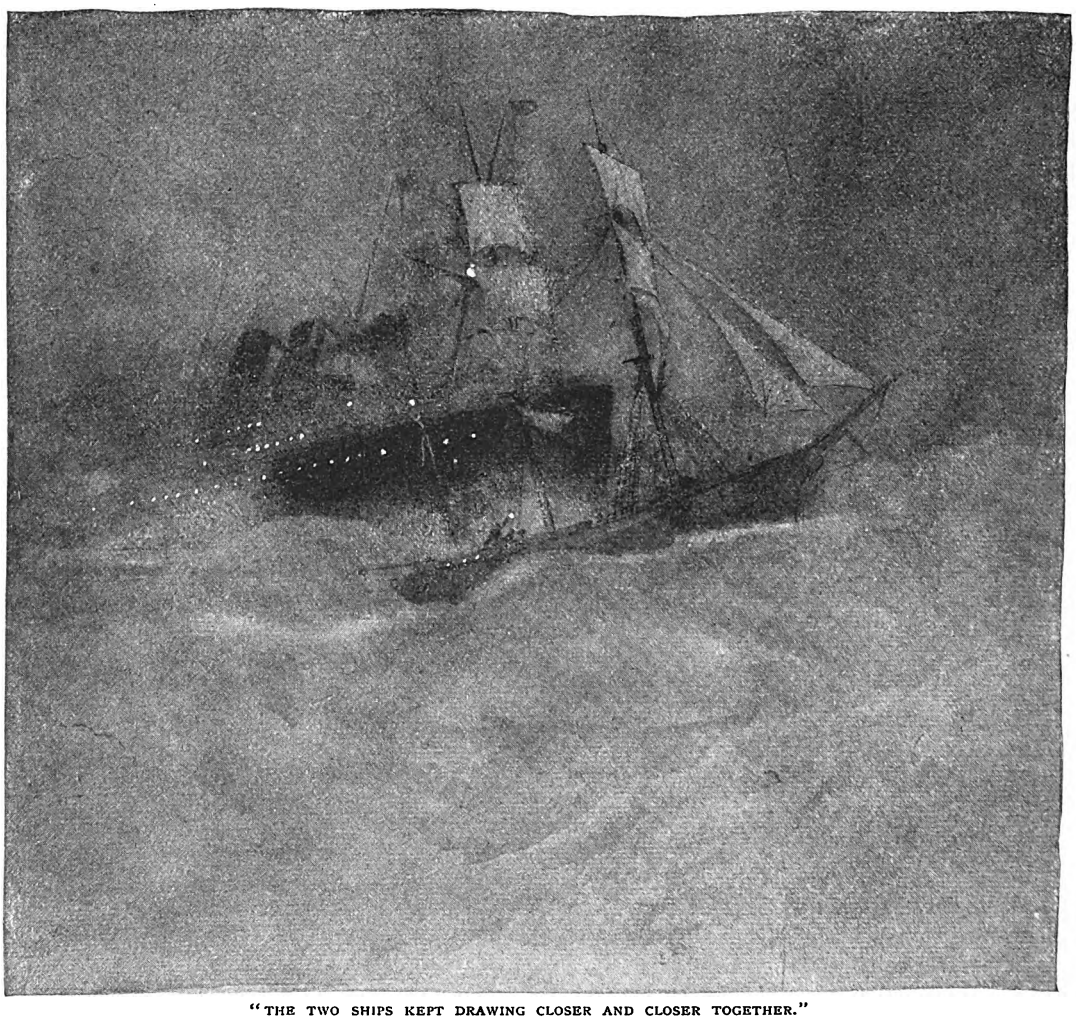
"Man overboard!" screamed the steward, who reached the spot just a moment too late to catch her.

But it takes a long time to stop a steamer going nearly twenty knots an hour, and by the time that the first boat was lowered, the Astoria was far beyond the spot where Molly went over.

Fortunately for Molly, when she came to the surface half strangled, her little hands struck something hard which floated. With the strength of despair she climbed upon it. It was the part of the Mary Ellis's bulwarks knocked off in the collision. Still more fortunately for Molly, the captain of the bark, rushing on deck and hearing the cry, "Man overboard," thought that the words came from some one on his own vessel, and ordered one of his boats lowered away. Groping in the blackness amid the tumbling waters, the crew of this boat found Molly, and took her aboard the bark.

"Wot!" exclaimed the captain; "only a kid?

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"THE TWO SHIPS KEPT DRAWING CLOSER AND CLOSER TOGETHER."

Take her forward, some of you, an' see her looked after."

And having made sure that the bark was not seriously injured, he returned to his cabin to sleep.

"Wal, Han'some," said a long, lean seaman, with a pointed beard, who looked for all the world like a Connecticut farmer, "wot ye goin' to dew with yer wrackage, now ye got her?"

"Thaw her out," said "Handsome," as he was called, carrying Molly into the galley.

The sailors fell into a general discussion as to how Molly should be treated, for the poor little thing was quite unconscious, and her clothes were freezing on her. However, after a while she was undressed, properly and gently "thawed out," and put to bed. The sailor called Handsome mixed a warm drink and poured it between her teeth. She gave a little gasp, opened her eyes, and gazed around.

"Oh," she muttered, "there is n't any Christmas tree after all."

And with that she fainted away again. The sailors looked at one another in solemn silence, till finally one said, in a deep bass voice:

"Well, if she hain't a-'untin' fer trees on the so'therly end o' the Grand Banks!"

"Wal, that 's wot she 's a-lookin' fur, an' that 's wot she 's a-goin fur to get," said Handsome, slapping one huge fist into the other; and then he and the other seamen sat down under the forecastle lamp and conversed earnestly in

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low tones. After several minutes of talk they all arose, and Farmer Joe said:

"Han'some, yeou air consid'ble peert w'en yeou 're peert. But there 's no time to lose. We must get to work right away."

While the rough sailors were at work, little Molly passed from a state of unconsciousness to one of sleep. The big seamen took turns in watching over her. It was not a pretty bedroom that Molly had that night. It was dark and dingy, and full of weird noises of groaning timbers. A swinging lantern threw changeful shadows into all the corners, and showed some very rude bunks in which several sailors off watch were trying to snatch a brief rest. Just behind those bunks against the stout sides of the bark the seas burst in booming shocks, and ever and anon there was a noise of falling water overhead. Up and away the bows would soar and then plunge down again with a sickening rush into the turmoil of foam. But of course the sailors thought nothing of all these things. The forecastle was their home, and they were long ago hardened to its sights and sounds. In spite of everything, Molly slept quite soundly, wrapped in a rough blanket and with a pea-jacket spread over her shoulders, while Handsome and the other sailors were at work with a boathook, some small pieces of wood, oakum, and green paint. Whatever it was that they were making, it was strange enough to look at; but their hearts were in their work, and they conversed earnestly in low tones. At last it was finished and set up in a bucket close against the bulkhead, where the lantern shed its fitful light full upon it.

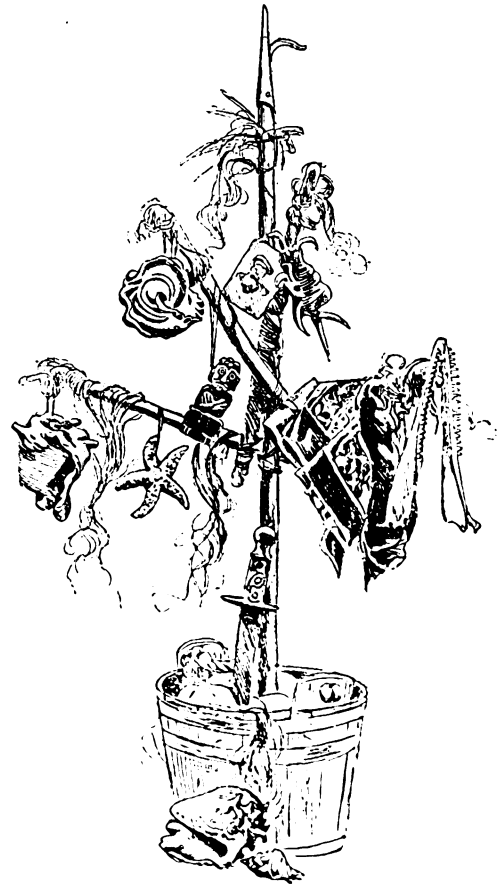
"Werry good, too," said Handsome, gazing at it; "but it won't do unless it 's got somethin' onto it."

And then those sailor-men went rummaging in their chests, and as they had been voyagers in all parts of the globe, they brought forth some curious toys to put upon the wondrous Christmas tree which they had made. Handsome contributed three large shells from the Indian Ocean, a dried mermaid, and a small Hindoo god which answered very well for a dolly. Another produced a South African dagger, Chinese puzzle, and three brass nose-rings from a South Pacific island. Farmer Joe brought out a stuffed marmoset, an Indian amulet, and a tintype likeness of himself. A fourth sailor fished out of his chest a beautiful India silk handkerchief and a string of coral. Handsome gravely hung them on the Christmas tree. When all was done, he stepped back and studied the effect.

"Werry good, too," he said.

"Yas," said Farmer Joe; "I guess yeou could n't get any sech tree as that to haome."

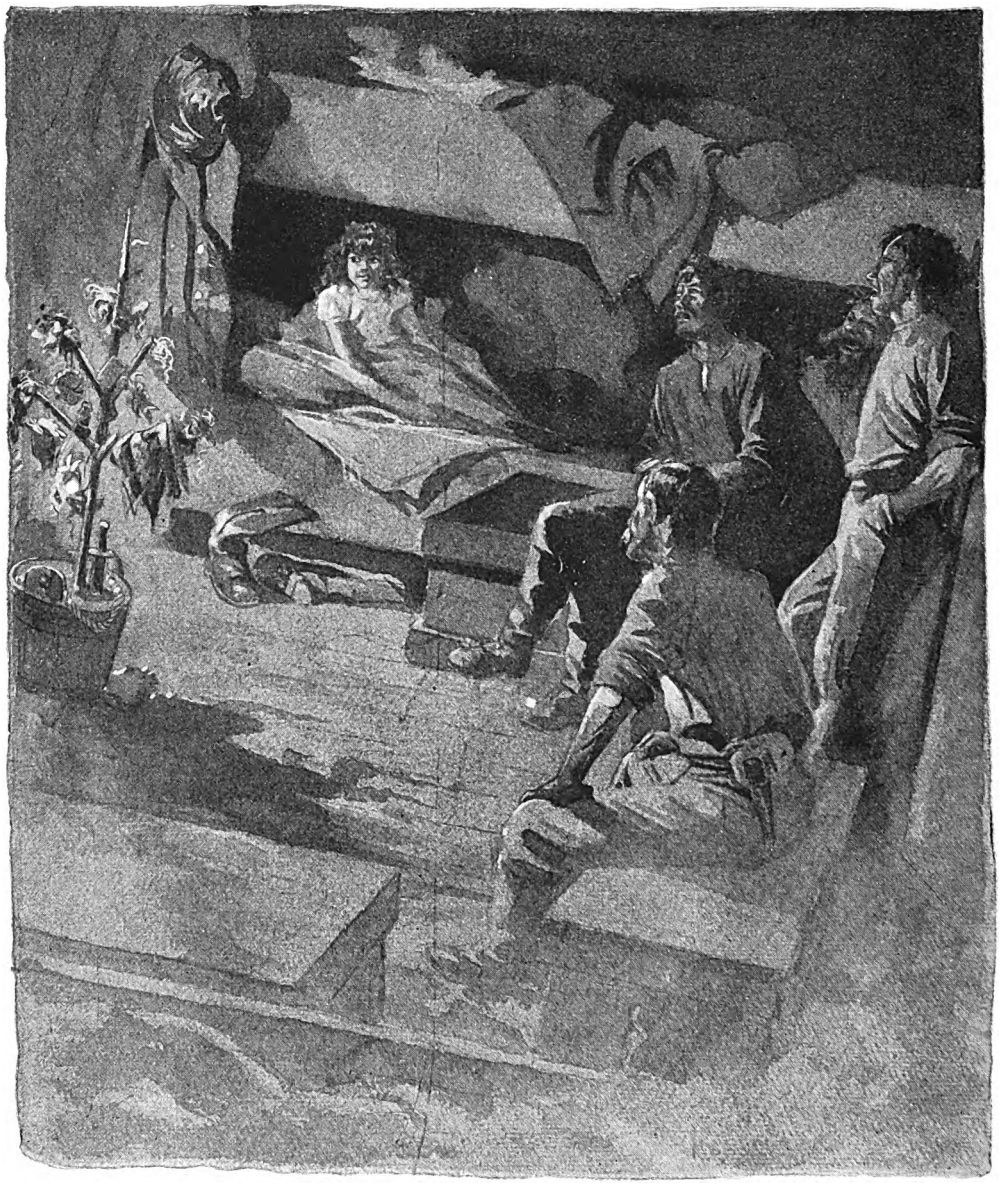
At six o'clock on Christmas morning Molly awoke. It was still dark, and the lantern's light was but dim. The sailors were huddled back in the corner furthest from their wonderful



"HANDSOME'S" CHRISTMAS TREE.

Christmas tree, which was set where the child's eyes were most likely to fall on it as soon as she sat up in her bunk. So when Molly awoke she did sit up and stare straight in front of her with sleepy eyes, trying to collect her thoughts and

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"'IS N'T THAT A CHRISTMAS TREE?' MOLLY ASKED."

make out where she was. Gradually she became conscious of the tree. Her eyes opened wider and wider. She almost ceased to breathe for a few moments. Then suddenly she clapped her hands together and, with a little scream of delight, cried joyously: "Why, it 's a Christmas tree!"

The sailors nudged one another, and Handsome could not restrain a chuckle. Molly heard, and looked around at them. A puzzled expression came over her face, and she studied her surroundings for a minute.

"Is n't that a Christmas tree?" she asked.

"That 's wot it is!" cried English; "an' we also is Santa Clauses."

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly; "what funny Santa Clauses! I always thought there was only one."

"Well, aboard this 'ere bark there is several."

"And oh!" cried Molly, clapping her hands and jumping out of the bunk, "what a lot of

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funny things I 've got for my Christmas! I never got much before. But I think I 'd rather have my father and mother, please." And then she looked as if she were about to cry.

"Don't go fer to cry," said Handsome, "an' I 'll sing ye a song."

"Oh, you *are* a nice Santa Claus!" cried Molly, brightening up.

"All the rest o' you Santa Clauses jine in the chor-i-us," said Handsome, standing up and taking a hitch at his trousers. Then he sang:

Oh, the cook he 's at the binnacle,
The captain 's in the galley,
An' the mate he 's at the foretop,
Wi' Sally in our alley;
An' the steward 's on the bobstay,
A-fishin' hard fer sole;
The wind is up an' down the mast;
So roll, boys, roll.

"CHOR-I-US."

Roll, boys, roll, boys!
Never mind the weather.
No matter how the wind blows,
We 'll all get there together.

Oh, the captain could n't steer a ship,
Because he was a Lascar;
The cook he had to show the way
From France to Madagascar;
The ship she could n't carry sail,
Because she had no riggin';
The crew they had to live on clams,—
'T was werry deep fer diggin'.
Roll, boys, roll, boys! etc.

The cook says: "Let the anchors go!"
The crew says: "We ain't got 'em."
The captain yells: "Then pack yer trunks!
We 'll all go to the bottom."
The steward hove the lead, sirs,
'T was three feet deep, no more;
So every mother's son of us
Got up and walked ashore.
Roll, boys, roll, boys! etc.

The land was full o' cannibals,
W'ich made it interestin'.
We told 'em not to eat us, fer
We was sich bad digestin'.
The king comes down to see us,
An' he sports a paper collar;
An' he says if we 'll clear out o' that,
He 'll give us half a dollar.
Roll, boys, roll, boys! etc.

So we fells an injy rubber tree,
An' makes a big canoe,
About the shape and pattern
Of a number twenty shoe;
The cook he draws a sextant,
An' the captain draws his pistol:
One shoots the sun, an' one the king,
An' off we goes fer Bristol.
Roll, boys, roll, boys, etc.

An' now we 're safe ashore again,
We 're goin' fer to stay.
There 's grub to eat, an' grog for all,
An' wages good to pay.
I 'll cross my legs upon a stool,
An' never be a sailor;
I 'd rather be a butcher, or a
Baker, or a tailor.
Roll, boys, roll, boys!
Never mind the weather;
No matter how the wind blows,
We 'll all get there together.

At the end of the song all the seamen stood up, joined hands, and danced around, roaring out what Handsome called the "chorius," in such tremendous voices that the captain, who had come on deck, ran to the forecastle hatch to see what was going on. He dropped down among his men so suddenly that they all paused in silence, expecting an outbreak of anger. But the captain slowly realized the meaning of the scene upon which he had intruded, and said:

"All right, lads; amuse her and take good care of her. And when we get to New York I 'll make it my business to find her father."

He was as good as his word, and in due time Molly was placed in the arms of her parents, who had been mourning her as dead. It was a joyous reunion, you may be sure. But all the rest of her life Molly remembered her strange Christmas eve at sea, and her wonderful Christmas tree.

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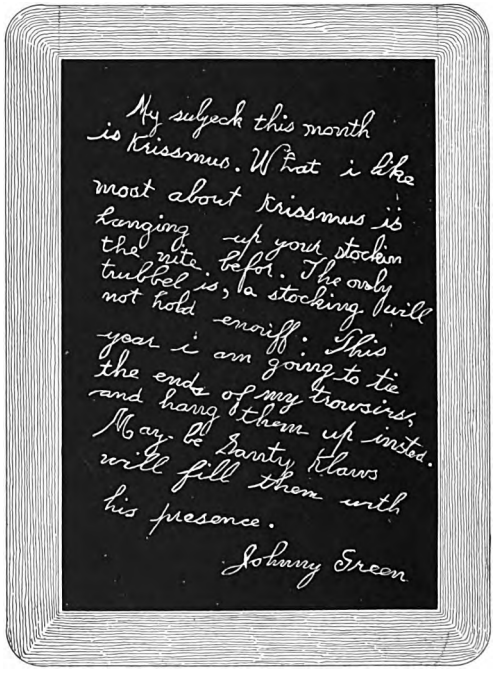
# JUST FOR FUN.

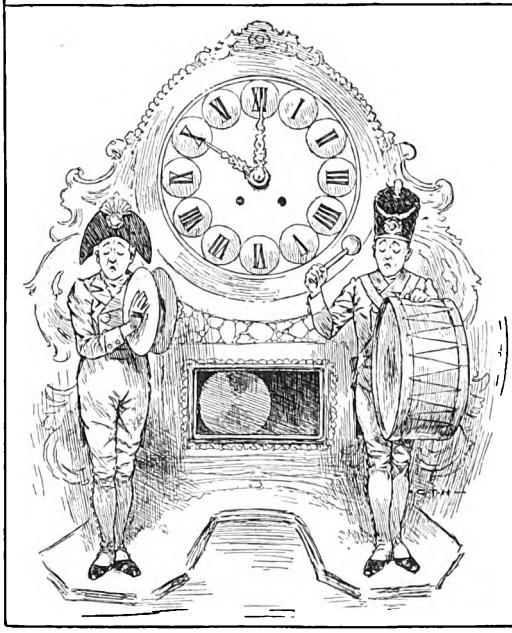
By Malcolm Douglas.



On a fence, a few miles from the village, one day,
A man on the cornet was trying to play.
"This would trouble," he said, "all the neighbors, I fear,
So I come out to practise where no one can hear."
Bless his dear little heart! It 's not often you see
Such a thoughtful, considerate person as he!

## LITTLE JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.



Before a clock two figures stood, with cymbals and a drum,
And one each hour went rub-a-dub, the other tumty-tum;
"These concerts," they would grumble, "are too great a strain, we fear;
Why, we 're giving over eighty-seven hundred in a year!"



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BACK FROM THE CONCERT.

MRS. THOMAS DE CATT—Were any gifts showered on you, after you struck the high C?

MR. THOMAS DE CATT—Nothing of value, my dear; only a bootjack, two bottles, an old shoe-brush, and three tomato-cans.



THE GINGERBREAD BOY.

THE gingerbread boy on the Christmas tree
Looked down from his place with joy;
"There 's always room at the top," said he,
"For a well-bred gingerbread boy."



THE BOASTFUL PUG.

THE boastful pug put on boxing-gloves,
And in a loud tone said he:
"I 'm champion of all the little dogs;
Will any one spar with me?"
And the Maltese cat, from a safe place, said:
"To spar with you I 'll agree."
"Come down on the ground, then," said the pug;
Said the cat: "You come up in the tree!"

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# HAROLD AND THE RAILWAY SIGNALS.

By Kirk Munroe.



When "His Royal Highness" led the final charge that resulted in the utter defeat of the enemy, he had no idea that it was to be his last for that season. Of course not; for this was only the first match-game of foot-ball since the opening of school, and at least a dozen more were dated to be played before Thanksgiving.

H. R. H. in this case stands for Harold Rawlins Holden; but because of his initials he had been called "H. R. H.," or "His Royal Highness," ever since he could remember. When he became captain of the High School foot-ball team, the name seemed more appropriate than ever, for to what higher or more enviable position could a boy attain? As Hal Holden had won it by dint of sheer pluck and hard work, and as he was the most popular fellow in his class in other ways besides, they felt that the title of "His Royal Highness" was well deserved. And when, after leading that superb rush, and plunging headlong into the fierce scrimmage that gave the High School team the deciding touch-down, just as time was called, Hal made a vain effort to rise, and then fell back with a groan, the fellows gathered about him in deep distress. His knee was badly wrenched, and all their rubbings and pullings only seemed to make it worse. So, finally, the brave "center rush" was taken home in a carriage, and carried tenderly up to the room that he was not to leave for some weeks. It was "hard luck": all the fellows said so.

Even they could not realize, though, *how* hard it was to be compelled to lie there day after day, and think sadly of all the games that were being played without him.

The fellows were very good about coming in to see him; the home folk read to him, and amused him all they could, but no one seemed to have any time to spare, and, of course, there were long hours during which he had to amuse himself. He tried to study, but did not succeed in accomplishing much, his knee hurt him so; and reading was uninteresting to one who longed for action. So, at times, there was nothing for him to do but just to listen and think.

The Holdens' homestead was near a railroad, and as Harold lay in his room, listening to all outdoor sounds and trying to determine what they were, he thought the locomotives had never whistled so loudly nor so continuously before. It actually made him nervous, in his weakened condition. What was all that whistling for? It almost seemed as though it were done on purpose to annoy him.

He asked every one who came near him, but no one could tell him much. His mother said she thought they just whistled to keep the track clear. Mr. Holden said that all the whistling was necessary, and meant something, though he did not know just what.

So "His Royal Highness" puzzled over the whistles, and could obtain no satisfactory explanation of their meaning, until one happy day when from down-stairs came joyous shouts of "Hal, Uncle Rawl 's come! Uncle Rawl 's come!"

A few moments later a quick step was heard on the stairs, and then Mr. Rawlins Holden, Hal's favorite uncle, and the one he was named after, entered the room. He was the manager of a great railroad out west. A fresh breeze and a flood of sunshine seemed to come with him, and his cheery greeting, "Well, my battle-



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scarred veteran, what is the meaning of all this, eh?" was received with a warm welcome.

"Oh, Uncle Rawl, I 'm so glad you 're come! I hope you 've come to stay. I have so much to tell you. And there 's one thing that has been bothering me while I 've been shut up here. You are a railroad man—won't you sit down, now, and tell me what the whistles mean?" cried Hal, eagerly.

"The whistles! What whistles?"

"Why, the car-whistles. There 's one now. Does that mean 'Go ahead,' or 'Back,' or what?"

"I think it must have been one of the 'what?' whistles," replied Mr. Holden. "If I caught it rightly, it was a succession of short blasts, asking some one what he was doing on the track ahead of a train, and warning him to get out of the way. If it were a cow, or a horse, or a calf, or any other animal, the same signal would have been used; and out west we sometimes have to sound it to frighten deer from the track; and I have known cases where they refused to budge, and the train had to stop."

"One short blast means 'Stop,' does n't it? What means 'Go ahead'?"

"Two long blasts. But here, seeing that you are so interested in the subject, I 'll mark all the whistle-signals on a bit of paper in long and short dashes, and you can study them at your leisure."

With this the railroad manager took a sheet of paper and jotted down on it the several whistle-signals in common use by all American railroads, accompanying each with a few words of explanation. Then he read as follows:

"One long blast (thus: ——) must be sounded when approaching stations, junctions, or crossings of other railroads.

"Two long and two short blasts (like this: —— —— — —) are sounded just before crossing a wagon-road.

"One short blast (thus: —) is the call for brakes," continued Mr. Holden, "and two long ones (like this: —— ——) orders them to be loosed, or thrown off.

"Two short blasts (thus: — —) is an answering signal, and means 'All right. I understand'; while three short blasts (like this: — — —), to be repeated until acknowledged by the waving of a flag or lantern, means, 'I want to back the train as soon as you are ready.'

"Four long blasts (so —— —— —— ——) calls in any flagman who may have been sent out to the east or north; while four long blasts and one short one (like this: —— —— —— —) calls in a flagman from the west or south.

"Four short blasts (thus: — — — —) is the engineman's impatient call to flagmen, switch-tenders, or trainmen, demanding, 'Why don't you show the signal for me to go ahead?' or, 'What is the matter?'

"When a train is standing, five short blasts (such as these: — — — — —) is the order for a brakeman to run back along the track and display a danger-signal for the next following train."

"What is the danger-signal?" asked Hal, who was beginning to consider these railroad signals almost as important and well worth knowing as those in which he drilled his foot-ball team.

"Red for danger, green for caution, and white for safety: flags by day and lanterns at night," replied the railroad uncle, adding: "I am sure you must have noticed men at road-crossings waving white flags to show that the track was clear, as your train rushed by?"

"Of course I have," answered Hal.

"Or the watchmen on sharp curves and bridges, waving green flags as much as to say: 'You may go ahead, but you must do so with caution'?"

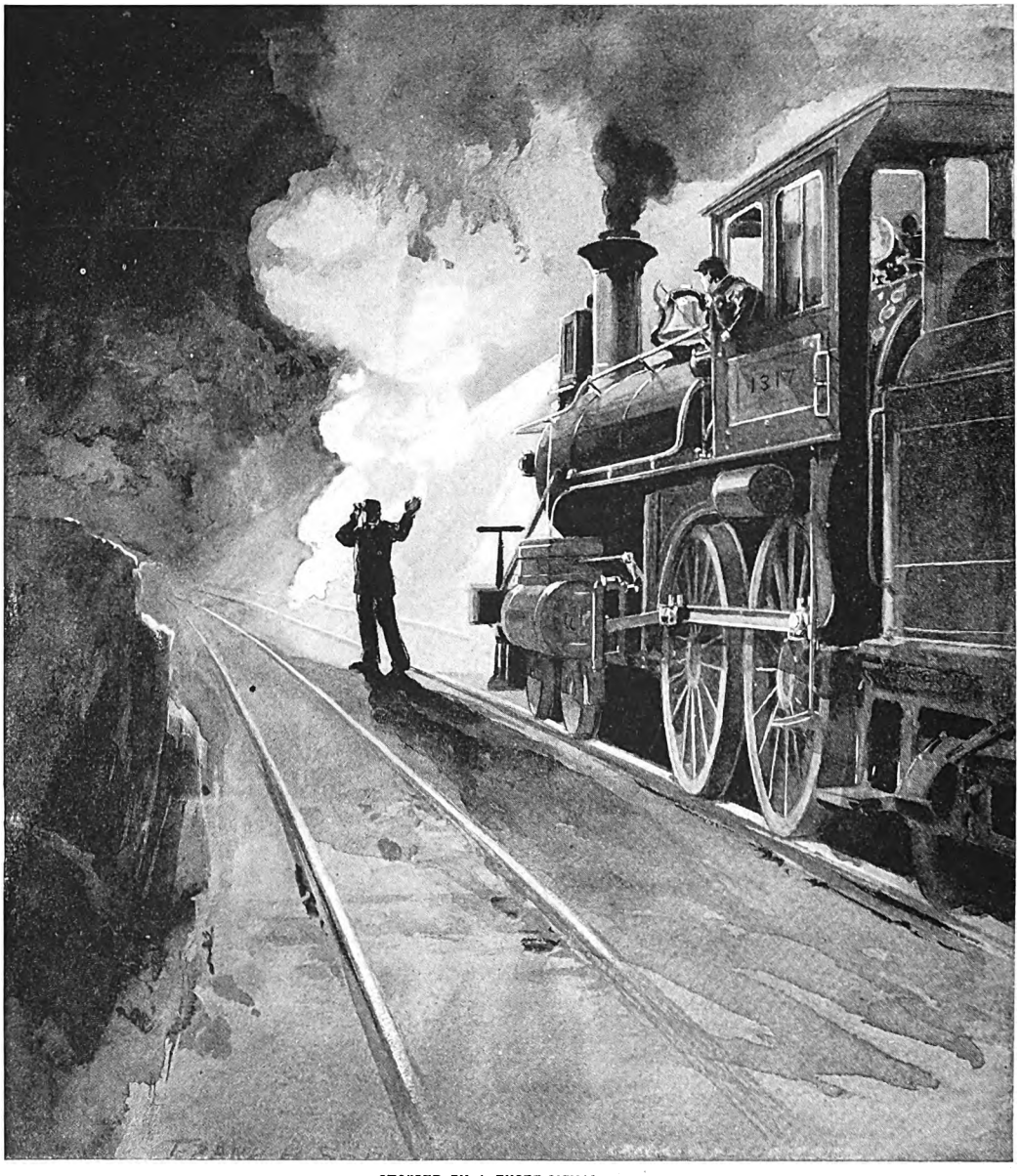
"I don't remember seeing them," responded Hal; "but I 'll look out for the green flags the very next time I go in the cars."

"A red flag or a red light is imperative," continued Mr. Holden, "and means 'Sound the call for brakes and stop at once.' There are other danger and cautionary signals I think you will be especially interested in," added his uncle, "torpedoes and fusees, for instance. A torpedo upon the rail is one of the most used and most reliable of all the danger-signals."

"But I should n't think it would be loud enough," objected Hal. "Why don't you use something louder,—say, cannon-crackers?"

"Oh, you are thinking of the little paper-wrapped torpedoes such as children play with;

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STOPPED BY A FUSEE-SIGNAL.

but they are not the kind I mean. A railroad torpedo is a round tin box, just about the size of a silver dollar, filled with percussion-powder. Attached to it are two little leaden strips that can be bent under the edges of the rail, so as to hold the torpedo firmly in position on top of it. In this position, when a locomotive-wheel strikes it with the force of a sledge-hammer, it explodes with a report, fully as loud as a cannon-cracker, that can be plainly heard above all other sounds of the train. It is a warning sufficient to arouse the engineman, and to render him keenly alert.

"If a train meets with any accident or obstruction that bids fair to cause a delay of more than a few seconds, the engineman sounds five short whistle-blasts (— — — — —). On hearing this signal the rear brakeman must immediately run back a quarter of a mile or so, and place a torpedo on one of the rails that his

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train has just passed over. Then, going back about two hundred yards farther, he places two more torpedoes, a rail's-length apart. He then returns to the first torpedo, and, with his red flag in hand, stands there until the recall signal is sounded from his own train. On hearing this, he picks up and takes with him the single torpedo, but leaves the other two where they are.

"These two torpedoes thus form a cautionary signal; and, translated by the next following engineman, mean 'The train ahead of you has met with a delay. Move cautiously, and keep a sharp lookout.' The single torpedo is an imperative warning to apply the air-brakes, 'Shut off,' and 'Reverse!'—in other words, 'Stop at once; for there is danger immediately ahead.'

"If a train is delayed at night, the rear brakeman sometimes leaves another bit of fireworks behind him when called in. It is a 'fusee,' which is a paper cone containing enough red fire, inextinguishable by wind or rain, to burn exactly five minutes, which is the shortest length of time allowed between two running trains. The engineman of a following train must stop when he comes to a fusee, and not move ahead again until it has burned out; though he can calculate from its condition just about how far ahead the next train is."

"I 'm ever and ever so much obliged, Uncle Rawlins," exclaimed "His Royal Highness," who had been intensely interested in these explanations; "but I hope you 're not too tired to go on; you have n't told me anything about the bell-signals yet."

"The gong-bell in the locomotive-cab is struck by means of a bell-cord that runs the whole length of the train."

"Oh, yes, I know. I have often seen a conductor pull the bell-cord in a car, and when he pulls once it means 'Go ahead,' does n't it?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Holden; "one tap of the bell when the train is standing, is the signal to start.

"Two taps when the train is running, is the signal to stop at once.

"Two taps when the train is standing, means 'Call in the flagmen. We are ready to go ahead.'

"Three taps when the train is running, means 'Stop at the next station.'

"Three taps when the train is standing, is the signal to move back.

"Four taps when the train is running, means 'Go a little slower.'

"When one tap of the bell is heard while the train is running, it is usually a sign that some of the cars have broken loose, and warns the engineman to ascertain immediately whether such is the case."

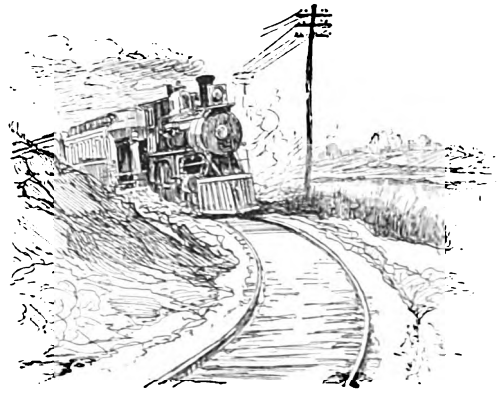
"Well, next, Uncle Rawl, what about the lantern-signals?"

"A lantern swung crosswise means 'Stop!' One raised and lowered means to go ahead. A lantern swung across the track when the train is standing, is the signal to move back; and one swung at arm's-length over the head when a train is running, means that some of the cars have broken loose. A flag, or even the hand, moved in any of these directions, must be obeyed as promptly as though the signal were made with a lantern."

"And now," said Mr. Holden, after finishing these welcome explanations. "While I am away I will try to get you one of the trainmen's book of rules, which, under the headings 'Whistle-Signals,' 'Bell-cord Signals,' 'Lantern-Signals,' 'Torpedoes and Fusees,' will explain the whole matter fully."

Harold warmly thanked his uncle.

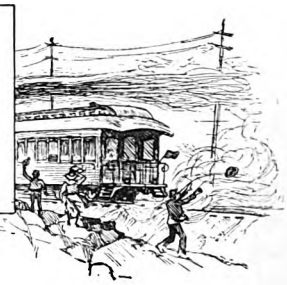
The book was brought home that evening, and Harold found in it enough to interest him until his recovery.



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# From the Postboy to the Fast Mail.



By Elizabeth Satterfield.

While eagerly listening for the postman's ring, or reading the welcome letters that create a pleasant excitement in the home circle, do the St. Nicholas young people ever think of the speedy and ingenious ways by which their dear absent friends are enabled to talk to them?

Perhaps a little chat about the methods and difficulties of conveying letters in bygone days may help you to realize and appreciate the advantages of the present.

We will not go farther back than the latter part of the seventeenth century — about two hundred years ago. And we will imagine ourselves in England.

There were no steamboats and steam-cars to carry travelers to near or distant parts of the country at that time. And as people stayed at home so generally, there was not nearly so much letter-writing as now. We go on frequent journeys, and want to let our dear ones know where we are, what we are doing, and how we are faring. Besides, there were not many post-offices outside of the cities and large towns, and it was only to important places in the vicinity of London that the mail was sent as often as once a day, and towns at some distance had their letters and newspapers but once a week. To remote country places, villages, gentlemen's country residences, and farms, especially during the winter, when the public and private roads were very bad, the mails were very uncertain, being often a fortnight and sometimes an entire month apart.

At that time the bags containing the letters were all carried by horsemen, the mail-carrier jogging along by night and day at the rate of about five miles an hour — in good weather, and in summer-time; for the highways were usually in a very bad condition, so that fast riding was not possible. The postman often ran the risk of being stopped and plundered by mounted highwaymen, at that time a terror to travelers by horseback or coach. They seemed to be on a sharp lookout for any valuables in money, paper, or otherwise that might be sent in the post-bags. They rode the fastest and finest horses, were bold and daring; and when the postman found himself in a lonely road or crossing a dark moor late at night, you may be sure he urged his weary horse forward and joyfully welcomed the first ray of light that shone from the lantern swinging to the sign of the roadside inn.

Hounslow Heath, Finchley Common, and Gadshill, in the neighborhood of London, were celebrated haunts of the highwayman, and the secluded roads of Epping Forest, on the route to Cambridge, were often the scenes of plunder in broad daylight. These desperate robbers at last became so dangerous and the peril of their attacks so serious to travelers of all kinds, as well as to the postmen, that the government passed a law making highway robbery an offense punishable by the death of the criminal and the confiscation of all his property. But robberies still occurred

In 1783, mail-coaches protected by armed guards took the place of postboys. The coaches carried passengers also, and, as these generally carried arms, the mails were better protected; but still daring and oftentimes successful attacks were made upon them.

As I have already told you, writing and re-

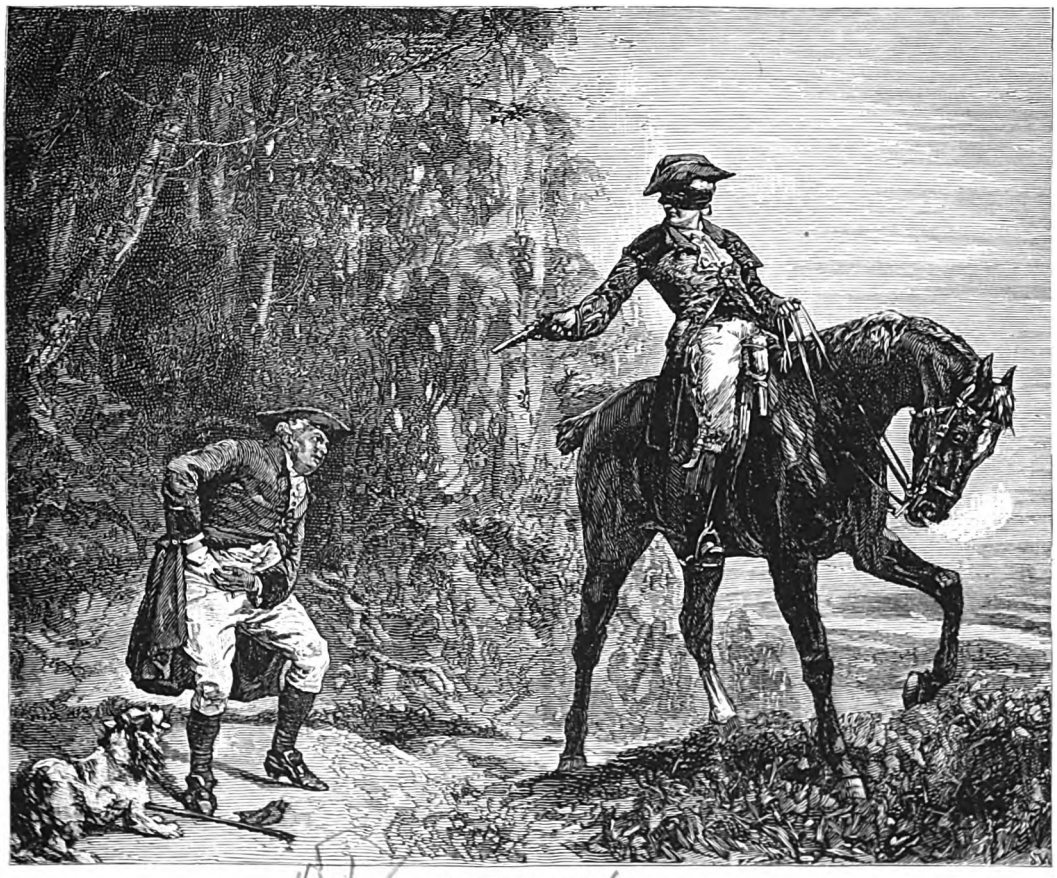


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ceiving letters was not the every-day occurrence that it is with us. Letters to friends were usually written with much pains and formality, and carefully gave all the family news and neighborhood items that were supposed to be interesting to the recipients.

Occasionally a few words would be written on one corner of the folded letter, requesting the postman to forward it to its destination with "all speed."

But the various ways in which the letters of our great-great-*great*-ancestors were written, di-



AN ADVENTURE IN EPPING FOREST.

Stiff, quaint expressions described the quiet, old-fashioned romances, the sorrows, tragedies, and adventures of the entire country-side since the writing of the last letter—perhaps a year before. The sheets of paper were large and parchment-like, the handwriting usually plain and clear. Envelops were unknown. The letters were carefully folded with the blank side of one sheet on the outside, or were wrapped in an unwritten sheet. They were most carefully and formally addressed and safely sealed with wax and taper; sometimes a fine silken cord was tied around them before sealing, and this was secured by the seal.

rected, and sealed would make a story too long to be told here.

The newspapers were an important part of the mail. Such a thing as a daily paper was not dreamed of, as news was circulated so slowly that there would not have been enough to fill a small-sheet daily. The weekly paper was a moderate-sized two-page affair. The few received in remote country places by the prominent residents were passed on, after being read, to the neighbors, to be carefully read by them and returned.

In this country, at the same period, we distributed our letters and newspapers after the

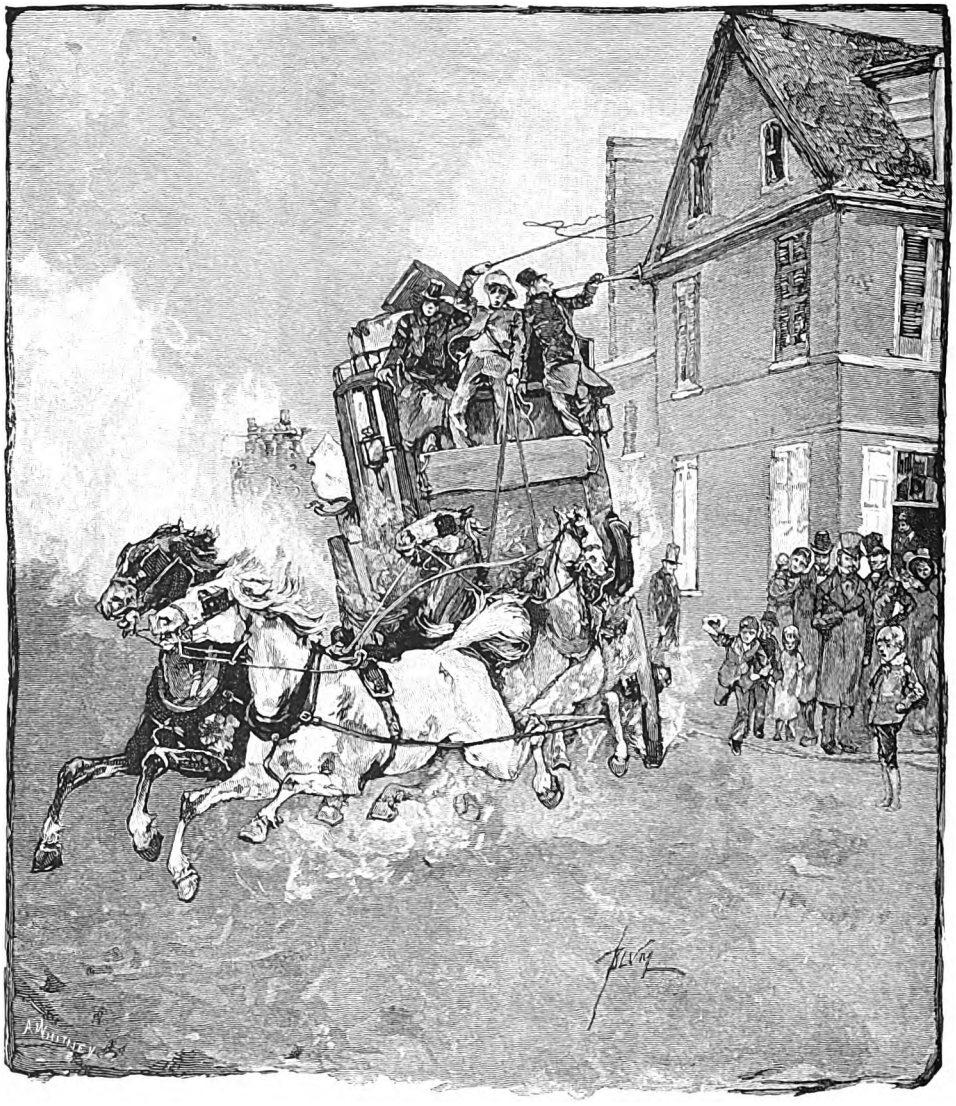
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style of our English relatives; though, perhaps, we were a little more progressive in our methods.

Benjamin Franklin, who was made deputy postmaster-general for the colonies in 1753, was active in spreading and facilitating postal communication. In 1760 he astonished the people by his daring project to run stage-wagons for carrying the mails from Philadelphia to Boston once a week! These wagons were to start from each city on Monday morning and to reach their destinations on Saturday evening.

As years passed the mail service was greatly improved in this country and in Great Britain; but the following extract from Mr. Robert MacKenzie's "The Nineteenth Century" will give you an idea of the way in which the most important and thrilling public and national intelligence was sent through England during the first third of this century. He says:

> Intelligence traveled by a process so slow that it amuses us now to hear of it, although it was but as yesterday since no one dreamed of anything different. When the battle of Waterloo was fought, and the despatches three days after reached London, they were



"LOOK OUT FOR THE MAIL-COACH!"

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AN IMPORTANT STOPPING-PLACE.

printed in newspapers and the newspapers were loaded into mail-coaches. By day and night these coaches rolled along at their pace of seven or eight miles an hour.

At all cross-roads messengers were waiting to get a newspaper, or a word of tidings from the guard. In every little town, as the hour approached for the arrival of the mail, the citizens hovered about the streets, waiting restlessly for the expected news.

In due time the coach rattled into the market-place, hung with branches; the now familiar token that a battle had been fought and a victory gained. Eager groups gathered. The guard, as he handed out his mail-bags, told of the decisive victory which had crowned and completed our efforts.

And then the coachman cracked his whip, the guard's horn gave forth once more its notes of triumph, and the coach rolled away, bearing the thrilling news into other districts. Thus was intelligence conveyed during the first thirty or forty years of the century.

Before the use of postage-stamps various sums were paid for the delivery of letters. The amounts were regulated by the distance, and were collected on the delivery of the letter.

In the early part of this century the postage on a single sheet of paper was eight cents, and over forty miles the rate was increased; so that over five hundred miles a single sheet was twenty-five cents. But after a time these rates were gradually reduced, until in 1845 a letter weighing not over half an ounce was five cents under three hundred miles, and over that distance, ten cents.

Sir Rowland Hill, who was at the head of the Post-office department of England at this time, introduced the use of postage-stamps in 1840, and also lessened the charges for postage. In 1847 the United States adopted the use of the postage-stamp, the lowest-priced one being five cents.

But railways and steamboats had now taken the place of the old-fashioned mail-coaches and postboys; and with the more rapid sending of the mails, the cheaper rates of postage, and the growing population of the country, gradual changes and improvements took place in the post-office system. And here we are, in 1892, receiving our letters from the Pacific coast in



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"PHOEBE."

FROM A PAINTING BY ROBERT W. VONNOH.



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# A RACE WITH AN AVALANCHE.

By Fanny Hyde Merrill.

Over a little town in the heart of the Rocky Mountains floated a heavy cloud. A young girl stood by the window of one of the pretty homes, and watched anxiously the sky above. As she looked, her brother stepped up behind her. "Never mind, Kate," he said, "we 'll have a good Christmas, if it does snow."

Kate frowned. "What is the use of any more snow? It 's four feet deep on the ground now, and all the roads are blocked. We can't get any Christmas mail; the sugar in town is all gone; only one cow to give milk for the children, not an egg to be had; we can't even bake a cake!"

And just then white flakes came floating through the air. Kate's exclamation was a doleful "There it comes! It 's too bad!"

Over near the large stove sat the father. As he heard Kate's distressed voice, he came to the window.



The Doctor was a slender man with kind eyes and gray hair. There were many lines across his forehead, but most of them had been drawn by care and thought, few by age, and none at all by discontent. As he stood and stroked Kate's hair, it was easy to see that the young girl was the pride of his heart.

"Your mother, my dear," her father said slowly, "was always glad when it snowed at Christmas time. She always said, 'A real Christmas should be a white Christmas.'"

Tears stood in Kate's eyes, and Harry turned away his head. He did not wish Kate to know how desolate home had been to him since their mother's death.

Through the gathering snow two heavy figures came toward the house. Harry opened the door, and saw two strong men, with resolute faces.

"Does Dr. Ward live here?" they asked.

The doctor stepped forward. In spite of the storm, the men lifted their caps as they saw his face.



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"There 's a man hurt up at the mines," said the taller of the two men. "Will you come up, Doctor?"

"Certainly," said the doctor, promptly.

The man looked at the two young people. "Doctor," he said, "you know the snow is sliding badly? It 's a deal of risk."

The doctor nodded, and put on his thick coat.

"Oh, papa!" cried Kate, "not to-day! Not you! We can't let you go." In distress she turned to the men: "Can't you get some younger man for such a hard trip?"

The man looked troubled. "I 'm sorry, Miss; we did try. But," his face hardening, "no other doctor will go. And the man is badly hurt."

Poor Kate! Father and brother had hidden their own grief over the mother's death, and striven to make her life bright. Now she could not believe she could be put aside for any other call. She clung to her father, sobbing.

"Kate," he said, as he took her hands, "my work is to *save* lives—"

"But, Papa! your life — so useful — save *that!*"

"My dear, who can tell which life is most needed? Besides, your fears are foolish, dear. There is probably no real danger. I shall come back safely, never fear."

He stopped with his hand on her head. Then, satchel in hand, he went to the door. As he stepped across the threshold he took Harry's hand. "My boy," he said, "you are like your mother. I can trust Kate to you"; and the door closed. The three men plowed their way up the street into the mountain-trail that led to the mines. Kate watched the figures grow small in the distance, till the snow hid them from sight. The mighty hills that shut in the town never looked to Kate so high, so silent, so unmoved as during the long hours of that day. In vain Harry planned diversions; she watched the window with a sorrowful face. Still the storm raged; and, as the twilight gathered, Harry could not keep anxiety from his face and voice. Down in the valley the twilight fades early, and it was dark when a heavy rap brought Harry to the door. There stood twelve men, and in their midst, on a sled, an uncouth mass of snow-covered blankets.

"Where 's father?" gasped Harry, staring at the sled with its heavy burden.

"He said we were to tell you the storm was so bad he 'd stay up at the mine to-night. We 're taking the fellow that was hurt down to the hospital."

"Noble fellows!" cried Harry, with his face aglow, as the men set off again. "Those twelve men have brought that hurt fellow down the mountain on a sled in this storm and darkness, over four feet of snow. They faced death every step of the way, for the snow is sliding all the time."

Kate stared at the fire, but said nothing. Suddenly a veil had been lifted. She saw not only her noble father risking his life for others,— that was no new vision,— but the rough, the faithful miners, twelve of them, risking their lives to carry to greater safety one poor, hurt, perhaps dying, man. And she— all day long she had brooded over her own selfish sorrow and anxiety, letting Harry try to amuse her, but never thinking of his troubles. With a flush of shame she started up.

"Harry," she said, "we 'll practise a little to-night; can't we?"

And Harry brought out his flute and the music with a face of such relief and happiness that Kate's heart gave another throb of remorse.

The morning of the next day dawned clear and cool. Gradually the sun rose over the mountains, each moment touching into new glory the light and shadow, the color and glittering sheen of the vast snow-covered hills. Kate sung over her morning work and thought tenderly of the new comfort she would bring into her father's life from that day forward. Nine o'clock it was before the sunlight touched the town in the valley. Harry began to watch the mountain-trail for his father. All day long the "beauty of the hills" glittered before the longing eyes of Kate and Harry, but no father came down the shining mountain-path. At three o'clock the sun went down, and the tints of sunset glowed upon the snowy heights. Kate bravely struggled through the pretense of a meal; but self-control is not learned in a day, and by evening Harry found her crying softly by herself.

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"Kate," he said, "don't worry; to-morrow I 'll go up the mountain and see if father is still there."

Harry started early next morning, and Kate bravely watched him out of sight.

"We 'll be home for Christmas," he shouted back, for his spirits rose with the prospect of something to do. He climbed to the mines, and found, to his dismay, that his father had started down early the preceding morning, the superintendent having watched him out of sight.

"Well," said Harry, "I must go down and get up a party from town to search for him."

"That is the best way," said the manager.

He said nothing of the danger Harry himself must pass through. Danger was around them all.

Harry was strong, active, and skilful in the use of the "snow-shoes," or "skees," which he wore that day.

The boy's face was saddened by his fears for his father, but a resolute look flashed into his eyes as he made ready for the perilous trip. Just as he shot forward, came the thunder of a blast of dynamite in the mine above him. A shout went up, "A snow-slide!" and a mass of snow, dislodged by the explosion, came crushing past. A corner of the shed containing the men was carried away. The men looked at each other. Their escape had been narrow; where was the boy who had just now shot forward in the very path of the avalanche?

It needed no shout to tell Harry what the result of that report would be. He

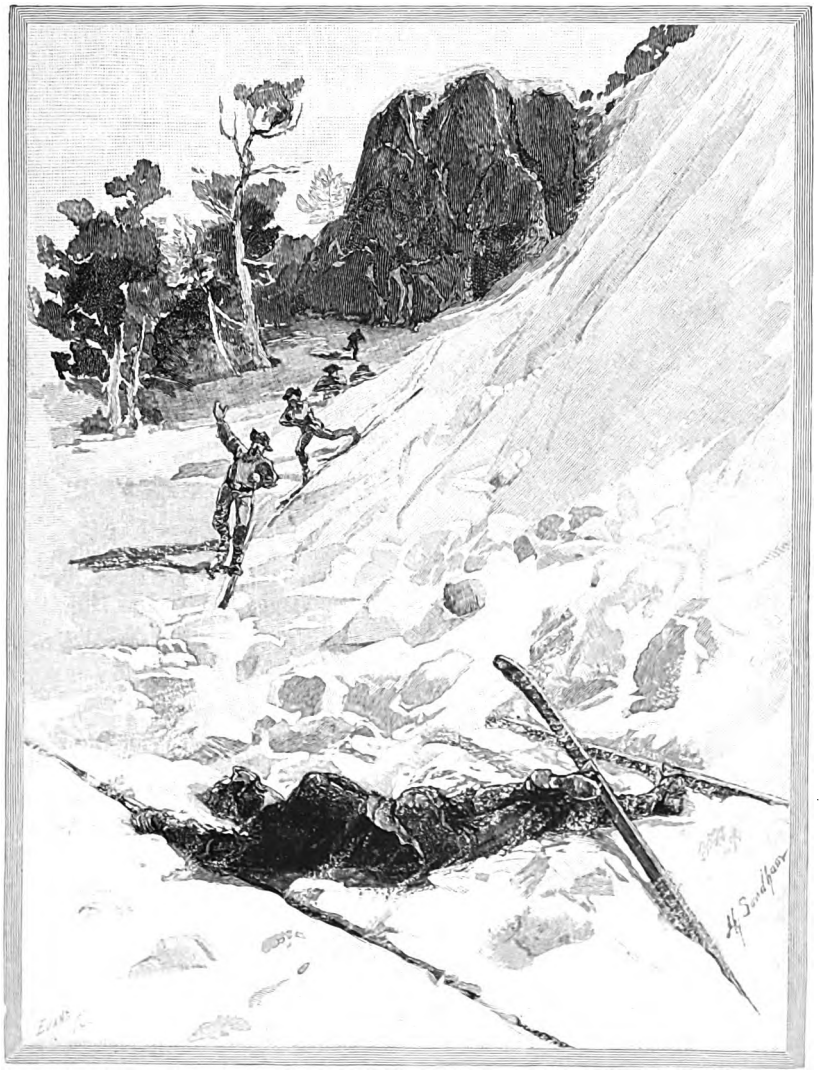


HARRY'S RACE FOR LIFE.

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had started, and almost at that instant the snow was on his track. There was no chance for turn or thought of pause. His only chance for life was to reach the valley before the avalanche.

Over the shortest, steepest descent he flew, the wind cutting his face, all thought merged in one fire of effort to fly faster.



A BAND OF MINERS CAME FLYING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TOWARD HIM.

Faster, faster, he skimmed the glittering snow till he shot like an arrow from a bow into the plain below, and fell headlong covered by the frosty spray at the edge of the spent avalanche. The breath seemed pressed out of his body, and for some minutes he did not move.

Then a shout came through the air, and he lifted himself as a band of miners came flying down the mountain toward him. They came on snow-shoes from the mines above, and were overjoyed to find the boy alive. "He beat the snow-slide!" they ejaculated, and Harry, a hero from that hour, was escorted home in triumph. At the door stood Kate, and back of her the good father, safe and sound. On his way down from the mine, the doctor had been hailed by a man who lived in a little cabin sheltered in the mountain-side. The man's child had broken an arm, and by the time everything was done for his relief, the short day was so far gone that the doctor was obliged to stay all night.

That "Christmas eve," as Kate and Harry and their father stood watching the stars glow and sparkle in the keen mountain air, Kate put her hand on her father's arm as she said, "There won't be much for Christmas, to-morrow; but anything that could come to me would seem very small, after having you and Harry given back to me."

"My dear," said her father, "since the Christmas angels first sang 'Peace on earth, good will toward men,' the best gift that can come to any of us is an unselfish heart."

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# THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.



"WITH LONG FRIGHTENED LEAPS, THE KANGAROOS DASHED FRANTICALLY TOWARD THE NEAREST COVER." (SEE PAGE 138.)

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter III.

### BOOMERANGS.



Several long days after Sir Frederick Parry's excursion-party set out so merrily from The Grampians, the hot December sunlight shone down over the wilderness, and sent its searching rays into many wild-looking places.

One of them was a mountain pass, between gigantic and almost perpendicular walls of rock, which were grandly high, and shattered, and irregular. Only here and there could the sunshine reach the boulder-strewn, natural road at the bottom of the pass. No wagon could have traveled that road, but a horse could do so, or a man; and in and out among the boulders, carefully picking his way, a man was leading a heavily laden horse. The animal was large, and strong, and bony, and so was the man. The horse was black, and looked as if his coat had never known a currycomb or a brush. At intervals, the man cast quick, anxious glances behind him, up the pass.

"They 're after me again," he exclaimed. "I knew they 'd follow me, as soon as I met that fellow Jim. They have n't caught up yet, though; and I 'll beat them, this time, as I have beaten them before. But it won't do to push too fast with such a cargo as this."

He was silent, for a moment, while he helped the horse through a bad place, throwing some fragments of rock out of the way with an ease that suggested a reason why no one man would be likely to stop him. Then he added:



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"I won't have to visit that gulch again. I 've emptied my old hiding-place this time, and I 'm bound to land this cargo in the cave. What I 'll do then I don't know; but I won't let that crew of robbers get it. And they sha'n't get me, either."

In another forest place, there was a long but not very wide level of rich green grass, surrounded by remarkable trees, some of which were enormously tall; and it seemed as if several of them had found themselves too crowded, and had moved out and selected new standing-places in the open prairie. These prairie trees were at considerable distances from each other, and one of them had queer company.

It was a company of four, and they were four-footed animals, but they did not seem to know what to do with their feet. When they sat down, they still appeared to be standing up, and the largest of them, when sitting, held his head as high as that of a man.

They were evidently in their own pasture-ground, for they were feeding; but they kept up the most timid and ceaseless watch in all directions. A hunter would have said that they would prove as difficult to "stalk" as a herd of red deer.

Along the easterly edge of the open pasture ran a line of dense bushes; and completely hidden behind one of these bushes two boys were lying upon the ground.

"Ned, look! I 'm glad we did creep up. There are four kangaroos!"

"Just what we 're after, Hugh," whispered Ned; "but they 're away out of range."

"I don't see how we can get any nearer," said Hugh. "They 're the timidest game! We 'll lose them, I 'm afraid."

"If we don't get one of them we 'll starve!" exclaimed Ned. "I wish I had a rifle instead of this double-barreled gun."

"And buck-shot won't reach them," said Hugh. "Maybe they 'll feed out this way. Wait."

"It 's hard to wait," said Ned. "Not a mouthful to eat since yesterday noon! I 'm fearfully thirsty, too."

"I 'm afraid they have n't any fresh meat in the camp, either," replied Hugh. "I wish we knew where it is. Mother 'll be dreadfully worried about us."

"Keep still," said Ned. "They 're moving!"

Ned and Hugh now stared more and more eagerly out at the group of kangaroos. At a little distance behind the lads, a pair of saddled horses were tethered to a sapling, and behind each saddle was strapped a rolled-up blanket. Each of the boys carried a double-barreled, breech-loading "duck-gun." It was evident that they had wandered from the camp to hunt, and had lost their way.

"We must n't starve!" said Ned.

"If we were on the other side of that cabbage-tree," replied Hugh, "we 'd be within easy range of them."

That was precisely the reason why the cabbage-palm had yet other company, that sunny summer morning in December. Queer company were these, also — as queer as were the kangaroos themselves. Half a dozen dark, almost naked human forms seemed to be making use of the great tree to hide the crouching, creeping, snake-like gliding of their swift approach for a nearer look at the watchful game. They were gaunt and lean, but very muscular men. They were very black, with woolly hair, but they did not have African faces. Their bodies and limbs were marked with singular ridges of welts and scars, but they were not tattooed, and they did not carry any weapons of white men's manufacture. On the other hand, each of them seemed burdened with a curious collection of spears and sticks, although none had a bow.

"Hugh," said Ned, "there are bushes over there, beyond that tree. We could creep close up, if we could get around to that side of it."

"We could get a brace of them!" replied Hugh, excitedly. "Let 's try."

A branch of a bush was just then waving slowly, out at the side of the trunk of the palm. It was as if the wind moved it, and it did not attract any attention from the kangaroos.

But there came, at that moment, a flash of quick and anxious intelligence into the dark, keen eyes of the Yankee boy.

"Lie low, Hugh!" he exclaimed. "Look! There is n't any wind. Something else must be moving that bush. Wait a bit."

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"There it is again," said Hugh; "away out."

But neither of them could see through the dense foliage of the handful of twigs which waved up and down against the cabbage-palm. Eyes on the opposite side could see better than theirs, however, and a large, rolling, eager pair of very black eyes were using that green branch as a mask.

The black man watched the kangaroos intently for a moment, and he seemed to be taking a kind of measurement of their distance from the foot of the palm. Then he drew back, and a second black man took his turn at looking, with the bush-branches for a screen, and he also drew back. He put down the twigs, and the two seemed to be studying. Two men who could neither count nor measure, as civilized men count and measure, were in reality counting and measuring as accurately as if they had been a pair of surveyors with perfect instruments. They had dropped their spears and sticks before peeping out at the kangaroos, and now each of them stooped and picked up a queer crooked club. All the other black men lay flat in the grass, while these two went on with their puzzling operations. Neither of them could see any part of a kangaroo through the trunk of the tree. Each stood and balanced himself, leaning forward, with his bit of curved wood held in his right hand by one end. Those crooked sticks were not much over two feet long, perhaps not more than two or three inches wide at the center, the widest part, and were made to taper at each end. They were curved on one face and flat on the other and sharp at the edges. You would have said great pains had been taken to shape those sticks so that it would be impossible for anybody to throw them straight or make them hit any object they were thrown at.

Each black man held his dark, heavy-looking, wooden weapon with the flat side down, until he had finished his balancing and calculating, and then he suddenly drew back and hurled it from him, with a peculiar, jerking twist of his wrist. Almost at the same moment, each of them stooped and picked another and threw it, and then a third. As the third cast was made, each uttered a loud, screeching yell, the two harsh cries bursting forth at almost the same second, followed by yells from all the rest of the party as they sprang from the grass, seized their spears and sticks and bounded forward.

Ned and Hugh had noted every movement of the green mask by the palm, and the kangaroos also must have begun to suspect danger, for all of them had ceased feeding, sat upright, and pricked their ears and turned their pretty heads inquiringly. The largest of them was in the very act of rising for a forward bound when something struck him upon the neck, just above the shoulder.

There had been a faint whizzing and whirring in the air. It began behind the cabbage-palm and went out sidewise and upward, through the air, while something dimly visible flashed away in a wide, sweeping curve. Up, up, up, went the whiz and whirl, and then down, down, after a strange, mysterious fashion, closely accompanied by another, just like it. Then there was a thud, thud,—and the great kangaroo did not make his leap. He rolled over and over in the grass, for one of those wonderful missiles had actually broken his neck. And another kangaroo had fallen also.

"Hugh! Hugh!" exclaimed Ned, in a tone of intense excitement. "Boomerangs!"

"Boomerangs!" responded Hugh. "Oh, Ned! They must have been thrown by blackfellows! Everybody thinks there are none of them around here!"

"We must n't let 'em know *we* are here," said Ned.

"What if they find the camp!" gasped Hugh.

"Look," replied Ned. "Here come the other two kangaroos!"

"Don't shoot!" said Hugh, for Ned was raising his gun. "The bushmen will know we 're here."

But for all that he also cocked both hammers of his gun.

There was no time for cool counsel, but the boys might not have fired if it had not been for the reckless conduct of those escaping kangaroos.

With long, flying, frightened leaps, the unhurt pair dashed frantically toward the nearest cover—the very bushes where Ned and Hugh were hiding.

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"They are coming right for us!" said Hugh. "The blackfellows will find us, anyhow."

The kangaroos were thinking only of getting away from the yelling black dangers that sprang out from behind the cabbage-palm. Near as they now came to the boys, they were not easy marks for any one but a very good shot. Crash, crash, crash, they came dashing into the dense barrier of the bushes and underbrush.

Bang, bang, went the ringing reports of two guns, for Hugh followed Ned's excited example.

"We 've bagged 'em both!" said Ned.

but Ned interrupted him suddenly, in a tone of intense anxiety:

"No, they won't! See the tops of that grass quiver, out yonder? One of them 's playing snake. You and I must get out of this, and be quick about it!"

"That 's so," exclaimed Hugh; "but as Bob McCracken 's been saying ever since we left the Grampians, you 're a born scout. I 'd never have noticed that grass."

"Don't you see?" said Ned. "He 's snaking toward these bushes. As soon as he gets



"HE SUDDENLY DREW BACK AND HURLED THE BOOMERANG."

"Yes," said Hugh, "we have them. But now those black cannibals know we are here."

"They don't know how many there are of us," said Ned. "Look at them."

The foremost black men had been almost upon their game when the gun reports reached their ears; and it looked as if all but one of them had been instantly killed, so suddenly did they drop into the grass where they stood, and lie still.

"Let 's get away," said Ned, "while our chance is good. Why! they have vanished like magic!"

The undulating level of rich grass did not seem to have one living creature upon its surface.

"They will lie there a while," began Hugh, under cover he 'll come after us. Come along! We must move quickly!"

The boys were in a perfect tremble of excitement. Each slipped a fresh cartridge into his gun, and the horses were unhitched and led up to where the two kangaroos lay. They were smaller than the pair that had fallen under the boomerangs, for the black hunters had taken their choice. Still, it was a heavy lift for the boys to raise their unexpected prizes and to fasten them on the horses.

Hugh's rosy face, as he did so, wore only a look of boyish exuberance, without a shadow of fear; but he exclaimed: "Now, Ned, they 'll follow us. Anyhow, we 've seen how the blackfellows throw their boomerangs!"

Ned's movements seemed to be a trifle

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quicker than Hugh's, and he also appeared warier and cooler.

"We can get away," he said, "while that fellow in the grass is working around to find out about us. What would n't I give to know where the camp is!"

"It can't be so very far," said Hugh; and then the smile left his face as he added, "Our people don't dream of there being any blackfellows in this neighborhood. It 's awful that we can't go in and warn them."

"They have the dogs," said Ned, as he urged his horse forward. "They can't be surprised. *We* are in a fix, though."

"We have something to eat, now, anyway," said Hugh. "We won't starve if we *are* lost in the bush."

"With blackfellows ready to spear us," said Ned, "as soon as we stop anywhere long enough to cook and eat!"

"We can fight any small squad of them," said Hugh, combatively.

"I 'd rather fight blackfellows than so many American Indians," replied Ned. "I guess they can't do much with boomerangs in the woods."

"They can use them pretty well," said Hugh, "and they can skulk around and throw spears and clubs."

"We must push right along," said Ned. "Keep in the open places. We 'll beat them."

The quivering motion in the tops of the prairie-grass had indeed been made by the snake-like passage of a savage body. It was altogether remarkable, too, how rapidly that short, bony, emaciated blackfellow could crawl; but he could not keep pace with a man walking, much less a nimble-footed Australian horse. He reached the line of bushes, at some distance from the spot where the boys had been lurking, and then he sprang to his feet. He could go faster after that, but he advanced with noiseless caution, for he had no idea how many enemies might be near him, besides the two who had been firing. It was only a few minutes, however, as he drew nearer to the exact spot, before his black eyes began to glisten with a strange, fierce light; his lips drew back, disclosing the rows of large, white teeth; and his whole body quivered, as those of the two boomerang-throwers had quivered just as they were making their casts. He felt much as a wild beast feels when about to spring. He made no sound until, as he peered fiercely out from behind a bush, it flashed upon his keen, instinctive intelligence that the men who had fired the guns were gone. He darted out of his bushy cover. Swift and searching were the glances of his glittering eyes, and they did not miss a token that Ned or Hugh had left. He noted the footmarks; the bloody ground where the kangaroos had fallen; the trail made by the two horses as they went away; and then he raised his head.

A sound went out through the air and floated toward the cabbage-palm. It sounded as if it might have been the cry of a distant bird. It might almost have been the sigh of a wind among the trees; but it must have had some peculiar meaning, for the blackfellows who had been lying hidden in the grass, out in the prairie, were instantly upon their feet, racing swiftly to join their comrade in the bushes.

At that very moment but several miles away, a very different kind of sound seemed to be hunting, hunting, hunting around among the trees. It came from different human voices, and in all of them it was both inquiring and plaintive.

"Coo-ee-e? Coo-ee-e? Coo-ee-e?"

The several voices were not answering one another, apparently, but each was asking the whereabouts of some one who did not as yet hear or answer. They grew more and more anxiously questioning, as the deeper or shriller-toned "coo-ee-es" vainly rose and fell among the silent shadows of the endless forest.

"Coo-ee-e — Oh, Aunt Maude! I can't call any more! But hear the men. I wish the boys could hear them!"

"Helen! Your pony!"

He was a spirited, handsome little fellow, and while Helen's earnest blue eyes searched among the trees the pony's forefeet left the ground and he made a sudden leap over a fallen tree.

"Helen! Be careful!"

There was apparently no need for her aunt to caution her, for she followed every movement of the pony as if she had been part of him. So did Lady Parry keep her own place,

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in the saddle of the larger and more powerful animal which carried her over the same barrier. On horseback, or anywhere else, she was always a very stately, self-possessed, and dignified lady.

"Keep right on, Helen," she said. "I must know what they are going to do next. We *must* find those boys!"



"HELEN'S PONY MADE A SUDDEN LEAP OVER A FALLEN TREE."

"Oh, it is dreadful!" replied Helen.

They both looked pale, pained — almost frightened, as they rode on, and they were all the while peering intently through the spaces of the forest, and listening.

"No, no," remarked Lady Maude, again and again; "there is no answer."

Only a short ride beyond them there was a vast, frowning wall of granite rock, rising almost perpendicularly, hundreds of feet above the tallest trees. At the foot of this wall, there rolled and tumbled and gurgled a torrent of clear water. Across the stream and against the rock went call after call; and they were thrown back among the tree-tops as if the very mountain was taking an interest in the matter and was shouting: "Coo-ee-e? Coo-ee-e?"

A moment later, a man on horseback rode out under the trees at the water's edge. It was Sir Frederick Parry, and he called to one of his men, near by:

"I can't coo-ee-e any more, but I wish those boys would turn up. Do you think we 're getting nearer to them, Bob?"

"Yes, sir," replied a very respectful voice, a little behind him. "Yes, sir. They 'll turn up before long, sir. Had n't we better go into camp, sir? We 've had a pretty long march, since morning, sir."

"Right away, Bob. We 'll camp here."

"Coo-ee-e!" called Bob, as he dropped lightly from his horse. He raised his voice once more, in a different kind of cry, well known to the herdsmen, but he did not have to repeat it. Replies came at once from several other directions, as well as from the echoing mountain.

*(To be continued.)*

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# IN A RING OF FIRE.

By F. H. Kellogg.



"ALL THAT WAS VISIBLE WAS TWO HORSES' HEADS, AND TWO MEN APPARENTLY SEATED ON THE WATER."

For years I had hoped to visit the Indian Territory before the rush of homesteaders had settled the country to such an extent as to put an end to the native wildness of the region and people. My opportunity came at last, and during a certain September vacation the trip was made. The experience of the first day was enough to convince me that the place was still wild enough to satisfy any one in search of the uncivilized.

With an Indian trader, his wife, and little boy, I left Arkansas City one morning at about ten o'clock. After an hour's ride we alighted from the train at Ponca, a station on the Ponca reservation. There we expected to find a light wagon in which to finish our journey; for our destination, Kama-hatsa (Gray Horse), was about thirty miles from this, the nearest railroad-station. After a wait of an hour longer, our friend arrived with the conveyance, and just at noon we started on our ride across the country. Soon we reached the Arkansas River. Although recently swollen, it was apparently fordable, and we started to cross. Had not our driver been well acquainted with the river our trip would have abruptly terminated there. We drove up, then down, then across. At times the water ran into the body of the wagon; again we were in a quicksand, and the horses plunged and staggered. The wheels would grind and grate over the sand, the wagon would roll and toss until we were almost



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thrown out, and then, with a sudden lurch, all would come right side up again, and we would move on.

We had just reached the opposite bank when, looking back, we saw two men in a wagon rather smaller than the one in which we were riding and drawn by a team of little Indian ponies. They had just struck the deep channel, and the horses, all covered but their heads, were struggling along, sometimes swimming, sometimes just getting a foothold. Their wagon also was covered, so that all that was visible was two horses' heads, and then, just behind them, the two men apparently seated upon the water. We soon forgot our former fright in watching them; for, though we sympathized with them, it was really a ludicrous sight.

Driving across the bottom-land, we passed through seas of grass which was higher than our heads, even as we sat in the wagon. The sudden gusts of wind set the grass to bowing and bending; the tall sunflowers welcomed us with polite "salaams," but the long whip-like lashes of the wire-grass gave stinging cuts across our faces.

A dim haziness spreading over the sky now attracted our attention, and I felt a sudden sinking of the heart as I remembered that this was the season when the great prairie-fires are common. In such a place as that a fire meant certain death. The haze assumed a reddish tinge, the air seemed oppressive and stifling, and we knew that danger was near. We hoped we might avoid the direct path of the flames, but the hope was a faint one, for the whole country seemed to be ablaze. As



"WE DASHED THROUGH THE LINE OF FLAME." (See page 144.)

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far as the eye could see, dense columns of smoke showed the presence of the fire, in all directions.

We whipped up the horses and drove toward the upland, thinking thus to escape the greatest danger. We reached the high ground before meeting any flame, and we were greatly rejoiced to see that much of the grass was still fairly green here, though thickly bestrewn with patches of longer grass that was dry.

The fierce flames now approached, rushing along with furious speed, crackling and snapping — the sound alone being sufficient to strike terror to the stoutest heart. Galloping along the line of fire, we found that where it crossed a little ravine the flames were not so high, for the grass was quite green there. We dashed through the line of flame, suffering brief tortures of suffocation, and a severe stinging and smarting of our eyes, caused by the intense heat and pungent smoke.

Once through, we congratulated ourselves on the hope that we should yet escape; for, going in this direction, right in the teeth of the wind, we could travel more rapidly than the pursuing flames.

While passing through the fire, I recalled the proverb "It 's an ill wind that blows nobody good," for just in advance of the line of flame clouds of swallows darted here and there, catching the hosts of insects started up by the heat of the burning grass.

We now heard galloping hoofs, and we soon saw two Indians (Osages) approaching through the smoke. "Where are you going?" they asked, in their own language. "To Gray Horse," our driver replied, in the same tongue. They told him that the prairie was a mass of flame in that direction, and that we must go back. We responded that all was flame in *that* direction. Notwithstanding the indifference to danger usually ascribed to redskins, these Indians showed unmistakable signs of terror. Some further quick conversation informed us that they, like ourselves, had seized an opportunity to penetrate the line of flame, thinking thus to escape.

We all were now inclosed in a gradually narrowing ring of fire. To clear the space around us by burning off the grass — to start a "back-fire," as it is called — was our only chance for safety; and this we attempted. A large space was cleared before the oncoming fire reached us. We hoped to escape with but singed eyebrows, and a few moments of suffocation; and this we would have considered a fortunate deliverance. But we found our last chance failing us. The back-fire we had started against the wind had burned only the dry grass, and in doing this had served as a furnace to dry the greener grass. Thus the prairie-fire, reaching our burned district, found the greener grasses killed and dried, and hence had almost as much fuel as outside.

The fire was now close around us. The varying currents of air heated by the flame whirled and rose, and gusts of cold air, rushing in to replace the hot air, caused a whirlwind, and a great well of smoke and flame was thus formed. Within this well we stood, as yet unharmed and with a constant supply of cool air, but expecting death.

It was a dreadful moment: the mother and child were crying, the Indians, with uplifted arms, were calling upon the Great Spirit, in a weird chant.

Suddenly we felt an unusually strong rush of cold air from one side, and looking up, I saw a strange and welcome sight. A long tongue of flame had run toward and into our circular prison from the main fire, and had burned a lane from the outlying burnt area in to us. Through this lane, formed by walls of fire, came rushing in a current of cold, clear air. This kept the smoke blown away, and we saw plainly the path of escape thus providentially afforded us, when all hope seemed gone.

Our horses had been paralyzed with fear, and had hardly moved a muscle after the near approach of the flames. Now they could not be induced to move. But quicker than thought each Indian cast off his blanket, and enveloped his horse's head. Then they grasped the bridles, jumped upon the horses' backs, and dashed out through the avenue of escape that had opened before us. We followed, with a rush, and soon found ourselves in safety.

The Indians rode rapidly away, staying for neither thanks nor presents. It was with

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# THE PERSIAN COLUMBUS.

(*An Oriental Fantasy.*)

By Jack Bennett.

One sultry summer evening in the eight hundred and seventieth year of the Mohammedan era, the renowned Caliph Haroun Al Huck-El-Berri, of Bagdad, sat frowning amid his magnificence.

The royal divan was fashioned of ruddy gold, thick-studded with virgin pearls. Overhead was an exquisite carved dome of ivory and ebony, radiant with the rosy glow of swaying brazen lamps and tall wax candles. Rich carpets of silk and velvet were scattered over the jasper floor, which reflected the alabaster columns. Tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl were spread with rare and aromatic viands, while the shimmering breezes were cooled and faintly perfumed by fountains of rose-water.

But, in spite of all this surrounding splendor, the Caliph of Bagdad was unmistakably as cross as two sticks, and champed his teeth savagely.

Through the open windows stole the silvery song of the nightingale and the sleepy trill of the belated bulbul in the orange-grove beyond the courtyard; and from the high gallery entrancing strains of music swept, above which arose the mellow snore of the Grand Vizir, snoozing among the damask cushions, with a copy of the Bagdad *Herald* over his face.

And yet, with a fierce frown upon his pale brow, the Caliph pored over the dog-eared pages of his primary geography.

Suddenly he closed the book with a bang.

"By the six white hairs upon the tail of the Prophet's mule!" quoth he, "these be strange tales indeed that the unlettered giaours of the West are telling the wise men of the East! Can it be possible that the whole Persian system of eclectic geography is in error? I must investigate this matter. Selim!" he cried imperiously to the Grand Vizir, who scrambled to his sleepy feet with a frightened start, "summon the Seven Sages of Bagdad and the Commissioner of Public Schools!"

The Sages were summoned instantly.

"Bah! You high-salaried indolents!" sternly hissed the Caliph, "I 've a great notion to discharge you all! Are n't you ashamed to let the pale-faced Franks of Spain get ahead of you?"

"Illustrious Sun of the Noonday!" faltered the oldest among them, "what means this sudden tempest out of a clear sky? The Frankish philosophers do not know even the things that we have forgotten. They are but followers in our footsteps. We have taught them all they know."

"Oh, have you?" roared the Caliph. "Perhaps, then, ye knew that the world is round?"

"Oh, your Majesty!" gasped the Sages in chorus, hurriedly endeavoring to restore their paralyzed faculties with their smelling-salts, "what sort of a fairy-tale is this?"

"Fairy-tale!" roared the Caliph. "Marry, come up! Don't ye ever read the newspapers? Have ye not heard that there has arisen in the West a wild, strange, white-haired man who saith that the world is round like an orange or a ball? If ye did not know it, why have ye not found it out long ago? And if ye did know it, why have ye not told me of it before this? Tell me," cried the Caliph in an awful, blood-curdling tone, "tell me, ye ignoramuses, is the world round or flat?"

The Sages fell prostrate upon the gleaming floor, and bumped their aged heads against the tiles in despair. This riddle was too much for them; they had to give it up.

With a cruel glitter in his eagle eye the Caliph cried to the Chief Chamberlain: "Hassan, lock these gentlemen up in the pantry instantly, and be very careful that not one escapes. I will give them fifteen minutes in which to tell me positively whether the world be round or flat, or give some immediately practicable method of finding out."



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The massive, burnished copper door closed with a dismal clang upon the unfortunate and despairing Sages; while the School Commissioner, arriving just in time to hear the latter part of the conversation from the hall-door, took to his heels, and did not stop until he was three miles beyond the city limits and hidden under a haystack.

Then the court waited in ominous silence, as the sand in the hour-glass trickled out the swiftly passing moments. The horizon began to look very squally for the Seven Sages of Bagdad.



"TELL ME, YE IGNORAMUSES," SAID THE CALIPH, "IS THE WORLD ROUND OR FLAT?"

The Caliph sat sullenly upon the divan, playing with an orange. Suddenly he gave a start, and an immense white smile illuminated his swarthy features. "Selim!" he called, "look here, my boy! If this world be indeed round, as this imaginative mariner from Genoa declares, it will not be so difficult to prove, methinks."

The Vizir eyed the Caliph with suspicion.

"If I begin here," continued the Caliph, placing his index finger upon the orange, "and move onward, my finger soon passes completely around the orange and returns to the point whence it started. Dost thou see?"

"Verily, your majesty, I am not blind!" said the Vizir, warily refusing to commit himself further. "I see clearly."

"Well then?" said the Caliph, expectantly, looking at Selim.

"Well then?" said Selim, dubiously, looking at the Caliph, and edging toward the door.

"Pshaw! Thou dolt! Dost thou not see that if this world be indeed round like this orange, a man may ride around it and return whence he started? Bismillah! I have solved the problem myself! Aha! I will fool these laggard, hesitating Franks; and while King Ferdinand hesitates to furnish funds for a fleet, I will show this audacious Christoval Colon that he is but a semicolon after all. I will ride about the world myself, this very night, and thou shalt go with me, Selim; thou shalt go with me, and we will ride around the world! Make haste, and call up the camels. Hurrah! We are going around the world!"

"Oh, we are, are we?" muttered Selim, with chattering teeth, as he hurriedly shuffled down the back stairs to the stable, to harness up the royal equipage. "Around the world, indeed? Who wants to fall over the edge into nothing? Not Selim! Well, I should say not! Not if Selim knows it!"

Then followed a scene of wild excitement,

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some hurrying hither and thither, some scurrying backward and forward, some running round and round, and some running nowhere at all; while hoarse voices shouted, camels snorted, horses neighed, and countless dogs barked until the whole city was in an uproar. Drums beat, spears swayed madly overhead, standards flapped frantically upon their swaying staves, dark faces gleamed with savage excitement from under snowy turbans. And then came a wilder clang from the deafening cymbals, a louder fanfare from the brazen-throated trumpets, and a mighty shout from the throats of the excited populace. "Hail to the Caliph! Hail, all hail! For he is going around the world!"



"IF THE WORLD BE INDEED ROUND, A MAN MAY RIDE AROUND IT!"

The royal band then struck up "Marching Through Persia," the small boys turned cart-wheels along the gutter, and the procession moved on through the streets of Bagdad.

Beyond the city gates the caravan halted.

"Your royal highness," asked Selim the Vizir, "which way shall we start—north, east, south, or west?"

"Hum—m—m!" mused the Caliph, stroking his beard thoughtfully, and getting out his railroad map of the Eastern Hemisphere.

"Hum—m—m!" resumed the Caliph, after a short study, "we will not go to the west; for Ferdinand and Isabella would be sure to see us marching past their house, and I want to surprise them by getting all the way around before they know anything about it. And we will not go to the east, because we should get too close to the sun when it rises in the morning, and might perhaps be sunstruck. And if we go to the south we shall have to ford the Indian Ocean. But I don't like to wade, and the stones hurt my bare feet, so I think we won't go south. Hum—m—m! That leaves only one other direction to go! Well then, we will go in that direction. Ho, Gaifar!" he called with a ringing voice to the drum-major at the head of the procession, "March straight for the North Star!"

Then he went sound asleep, as Gaifar tossed his baton high in the air, caught it as it fell, gave a triple flip-flap to the right, a double flub-dub to the left, and thirteen twirls around his little finger. The band struck up, and the cavalcade headed across the broad, sandy plain, straight for the North Star.

As the hills along the horizon drew nearer and nearer, the Grand Vizir broke into a cold perspiration. As he stood erect, craning his long neck above the clouds of dust, he could see the far sky curve down, down, down on the other side of those purple mountain-peaks. "Ugh—h—h!" he gasped, with a shudder of terror. "Something must be done, and right away, too! There is the end of the world, and we 'll all fall off and be smashed, sure!"

Galloping in palpitating haste to the side of the drum-major, he whispered with terrible impressiveness, "Gaifar, what do you know about astronomy?"

"I? Nothing!" said Gaifar, surprised.

"Oo—oo—ooh!" groaned the Vizir, pull-

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ing a long face, "I should not like to be in your shoes when the Caliph wakes!"

"Why not?" cried Gaifar, anxiously.

But the crafty Vizir made no reply.

"Gaifar," he whispered sepulchrally again, "did you ever study bacteriology?"

"N—no," gasped Gaifar, with startled eyes.

The Vizir groaned again in such an awful tone that it chilled the very marrow of the poor drum-major's bones.

"Oo-oo-oo-ooh!" groaned the Vizir, until Gaifar fairly shook in his buckled shoes. "You will never be able to keep us all from falling off the under side of earth into nowhere when we go over the edge!"

"What can I do?" moaned Gaifar, piteously.

"Humph!" chuckled the Vizir. "Just give me your baton, and go climb up into the band-wagon and help beat the bass-drum. I will lead this procession myself."

With a sigh of relief Gaifar slunk out of sight, and the Vizir waved the baton aloft with a crafty look in his eye. Tramp, tramp, tramp, went the horses' hoofs. Puff, puff, puff, strode the cushioned camels through the sand. But the Caliph slept like a top through it all. He was not going to let a little thing like riding around the world interfere with his regular sleep. Not he! But the sly Vizir, ever wildly waving his baton, shouting, "Onward, en avant, vorwärts!" and inciting haste, until every one behind him in the procession was utterly blinded by the choking dust, swept out of the beaten track in a great curve, round and round, so gradually, so very gradually, that not one noticed it—round and round until, after describing an immense semicircle through the plain, the caravan again faced the North Star, and, from the other side of the city, was actually marching straight back into Bagdad.



"THE VIZIR WAVED THE BATON ALOFT."

At this juncture the first-cornet player of the band stubbed his toe. In his excitement he blew a blast so loud, so shrill, and so discordant that it pierced the ears of the Caliph. Waking with a start, he looked about him, dazed. Then perceiving the minarets of the city, he called furiously for the Grand Vizir, who answered on a gallop.

"Thou dog, why hast thou dared to disobey my command?" thundered the Caliph.

"Disobey thy command, Sire? What dost thou mean?" exclaimed the Vizir, with well-simulated amazement.

"What do I mean? What do I mean?" screamed the Caliph. "Why are we marching toward Bagdad, you villain?"

"Bagdad? Bagdad?" said the Vizir, looking at the Caliph as if in great surprise at the question. "Why, your royal highness, we sighted Bagdad a good three hours ago. We must be pretty nearly around the world!"

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"Goodness gracious me!" cried the Caliph, in a fever of excitement. "You don't say so? Why did n't you wake me up when we were down on the under side? I might have fallen and disarranged some of the stars! Why, Selim," he exclaimed enthusiastically, looking at his watch, "we shall be back to Bagdad in time for breakfast!"

"Indeed?" said the Vizir, with a smile that meant as much as four ordinary smiles. "Why, that is so! Even now, methinks, I hear the Bagdad town-clock striking four o'clock in the morning."

As he spoke the far-away boom of the great bell tolled across the plain, and the roosters began to crow in the barn-yards along the way.

Just as day dawned in the East the head of the procession entered the great gate of Bagdad in triumph, the Caliph and the Grand Vizir riding in state, behind snow-white palfreys; while far in advance ran heralds shouting in stentorian voices, "Make way for the Caliph! For the world is round, and he has ridden around it! Way for the Caliph!"

And the townspeople, wakened out of their sound slumbers by the sound of the shouting, plunged into their trousers in fright, threw up their windows, hurled back the shutters, and asked where the fire was, until, learning the cause of the uproar, all Bagdad joined in a mighty shout of acclaim, "Hail to the Caliph! Hail! For the world is round, and he has ridden around it!"

Instantly, upon reaching the palace, the Caliph in exultation called for his swiftest messengers and despatched them to the geography publishers with the amazing tidings. "Tell them," said he, "that the world is round and ridgy like a muskmelon; and that Persia runs completely around it in one direction, and pretty nearly around it in the other!"



THE RETURN TO BAGDAD.

"Now," sighed the Caliph, with a satisfied smile, "we will have our breakfast."

"And, your royal highness," murmured the Vizir, "perhaps it might not be a bad idea, as a celebration of your achievement, to let the Seven Sages out of the pantry, so that they may hear that the world is round."

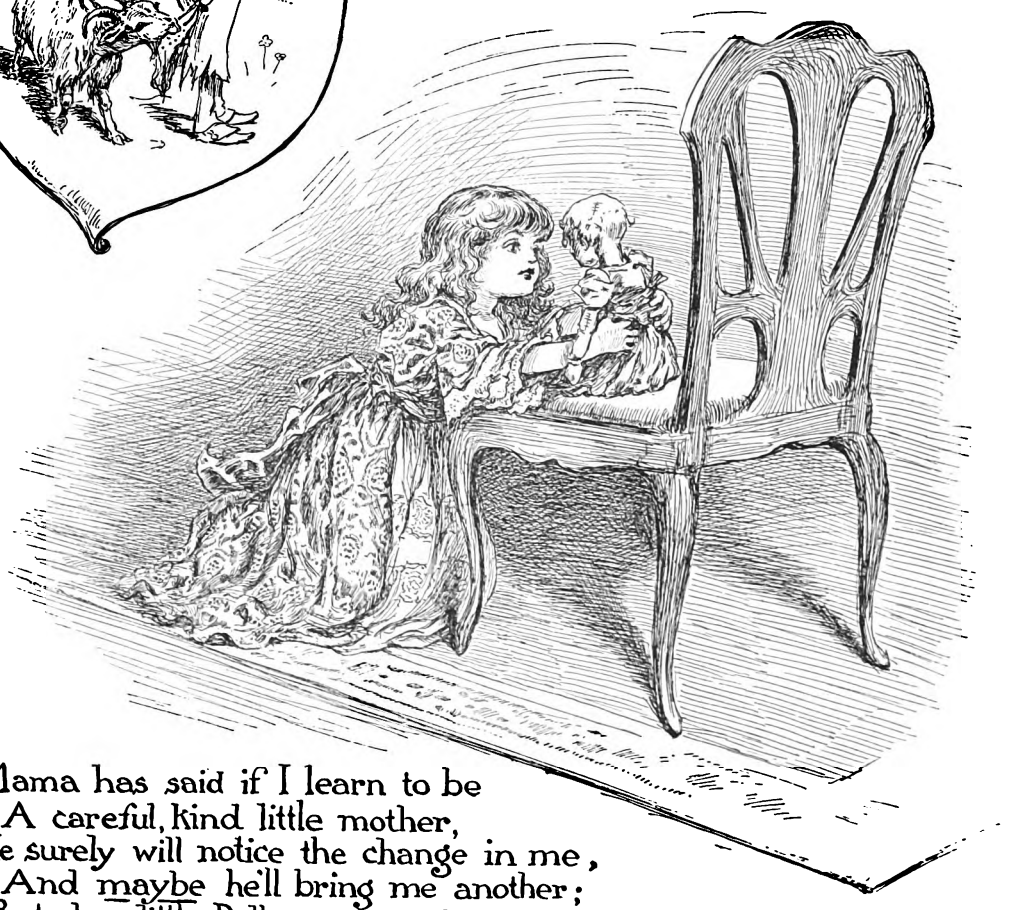
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# A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.




Doctor Mama knows what to do
When girls and dollies are troubled;
With needle and thread and a bottle of glue
My Dolly's strength she has doubled.
But she never can make her new and bright;
I'm almost ashamed to show her.—
If Santa Claus could see her to-night
I don't suppose he would know her.

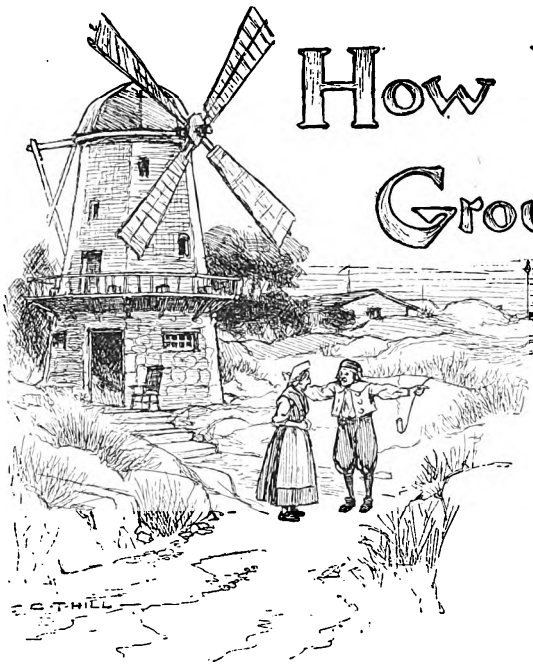


Mama has said if I learn to be
A careful, kind little mother,
He surely will notice the change in me,
And maybe he'll bring me another;
But, dear little Dolly, you need not care
Nor be jealous one bit if I get her,
For tho' you may never be quite so fair,
I'll only love you the better.



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# How Hinkadepenk Ground the Corn.



*(A Dutch Child-song.)*

I.

HINKADEPENK
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*
He came to the windmill. "Wife," said he,
"No wind comes over the Zuyder Zee;
Go up and whirl the mill-wheel round
Till the corn is ground—the corn is ground."
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*

II.

Then up she went, the wheels went round,
The corn was ground—the corn was ground;
The night came on, the day was done,
Still round and round the mill-wheel spun,
And Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*





III.

She ground all night, she ground all day—
In piles around the meal-sacks lay;
And none of all the folks could tell
How she ground so fast, and ground so well.
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy tekaras denk.*

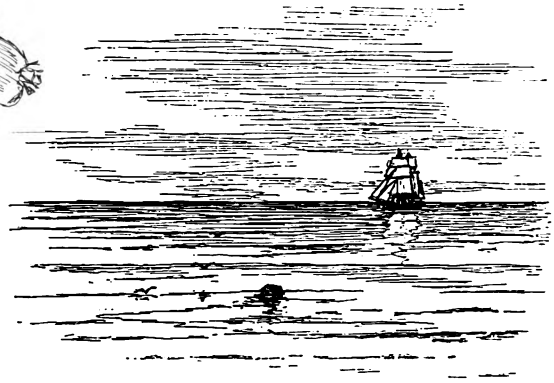


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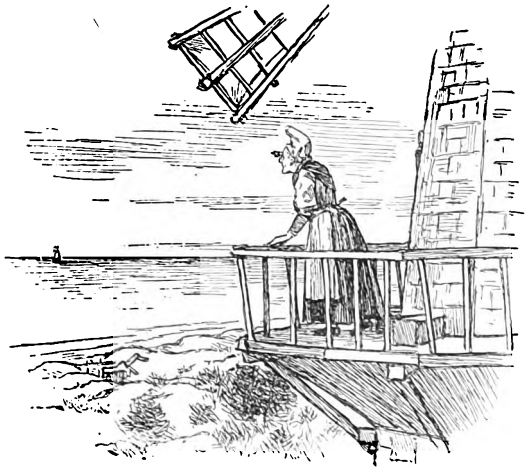
IV.

He sat at ease by the windmill door,
And smoked his meerschaum o'er and o'er:
"Wife! look over the Zuyder Zee—
What do you see—what do you see?"
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*



V.

"I see a ship like a little speck;
A gallant Prince is on the deck.
The sea is still—there is no blast,
Yet the ship sails fast—the ship sails fast."
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*



VI.

On the sandy beach, so bare and brown,
The Prince leaped down—the Prince leaped down;
He came and stood by the windmill door,
And Hinkadepenk was frightened sore.
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*



VII.

For the Prince in a voice of anger spoke—
"You sit and smoke! You sit and smoke!
From morn till night, from night till morn,
Your poor old wife grinds all the corn!"
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*

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VIII.

Then Hinkadepenk he took by the hand,
And danced him a jig through all the land;
From Rotterdam to the far Voornè—
Like the wind went he—like the wind went he.
And Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*





IX.

He danced him up and he danced him down,
Through Haarlem town and Zaandem town—
Over the meadows and over the sand,
From land to sea and from sea to the land.
And Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*



X.

And he fell down flat on the wooden floor,
When the Prince led him back to the windmill door.
His pipe was broken, his coat was torn,
His face forlorn—his face forlorn—
Then Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*

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XI.

"Go up," said the Prince, "and grind for your life,
And give some rest to your poor old wife!
If ever again I come to the mill,
You 'll take a journey longer still!"
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*





XII.

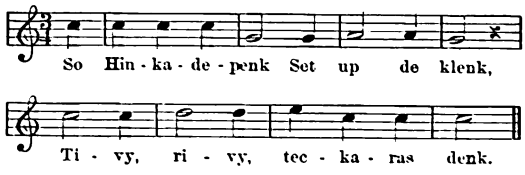
His wife, an easy life leads she,
As she sits and looks on the Zuyder Zee—
For Hinkadepenk went up in the mill
To grind the corn, and he 's grinding still.
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*

XIII.

From morn till night, from night till morn,
He is grinding corn — he is grinding corn;
He fears to stop forevermore,
Lest the Prince should come to the windmill door.
So Hinkadepenk
Set up de klenk—
*Tivy rivy teckaras denk.*




CHORUS.




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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"Don't you think December 's
Pleasanter than May?"

THE Little Schoolma'am says a well-known poet, Mr. T. B. Aldrich by name, has put this question to you young folk in some cheery verses, and left you to settle it for yourselves. Answer it as pleases you, my dears,—not forgetting that if May has the bloom o' the year and the flowers, and the rosy blossoms glowing in the sun, December has the gleaming frost, the snow and ice, and the beautiful Christmas-tide—the one great Day of all days; the season when the joy of giving illumines everything and everybody. Happy, indeed, should be the month that holds Christmas in its heart.

But, as to that question of May and December, my birds have something to say, I find. Here is a little confab about it between the bluebird and the sparrow, faithfully reported for you—and in verse, too—by our friend, Margaret Vandegrift:

### A WINTER RESORT.

"ARE N'T you going South?" said the bluebird to the sparrow.
"Winter 's almost here, and we 're clearing up to go.
Not a seed is left on the goldenrod or yarrow,
And I heard the farmer say, 'It feels like snow!'
I can recommend it, the place to which we 're going;
There 's a rainy season, to be sure, but what of that?
Not a bit of ice, and it never thinks of snowing,
And the fruit so plentiful one can't help getting fat!"

"Yes, I 've heard about it," to the bluebird said the sparrow;
"And it 's quite the fashion to go traveling, I know;
People who don't do it are looked upon as 'narrow.'
Bless you! I don't care! And I 'm not afraid of snow.
When it comes the first time, I so enjoy my feathers;
After that I 'm used to it, and do not mind at all.
One can fly about, and keep warm so in all weathers;
I 've a snuggery, too, in the ivy on the wall.

"When the seeds are gone—and they 're not before December—
I can still find spiders and flies on sunny days;
And I 've all the lovely summer to remember;
My old friends are here, and they know my little ways.
Just as soon as ever the ground is frozen tightly,
All those nice kind creatures in the houses throw us crumbs.
One forgets it 's winter, when the sun is shining brightly.
I 'm content to stay here, and take it as it comes."

### CHOOSE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT.

DEAR JACK: Here is a picture that may be used to discover what your friends would like for Christmas, without letting them know that you have found out their preferences.

Copy upon separate cards this series of names:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jewel-case, 1. | Gold watch, 1. | Cologne, 1. |
| Cane, 2. | Pocket-book, 2. | Driving-gloves, 2. |
| Fishing-tackle, 3. | Air-gun, 3. | Bat and ball, 3. |
| Hoop, 4. | Wax doll, 4. | Set of toy furniture, 4. |
| Rattle, 5. | Flannel rabbit, 5. | Milk-pitcher, 5. |
| Velocipede, 6. | Toy boat, 6. | Tin sword, 6. |
| Jack-straws, 7. | Battledore and shuttlecock, 7. | Cup and ball, 7. |
| Rocking-horse, 8. | Whip, 8. | Roller-skates, 8. |
| Lawn-tennis set, 9. | Writing-desk, 9. | Box of water-colors, 9. |
| Air-balloon, 10. | Blow-gun, 10. | China doll, 10. |
| Inkstand, 1. | Diary, 1. | Brooch, 1. |
| Foils, 2. | Boxing-gloves, 2. | Shot-gun, 2. |
| Foot-ball, 3. | Camera, 3. | Box of tools, 3. |
| Doll's carriage, 4. | Play-house, 4. | Kaleidoscope, 4. |
| Lace cap, 5. | Little bracelets, 5. | Necklace, 5. |
| Belt, 6. | Marbles, 6. | Tops, 6. |
| Dissected map, 7. | Paper dolls, 7. | Toy piano, 7. |
| Picture-book, 8. | Toy soldiers, 8. | Wagon, 8. |
| Opera-glasses, 9. | Smelling-bottle, 9. | Lace handkerchief, 9. |
| Drum, 10. | Elastic ball, 10. | Funny little toy monkey, 10. |
| Umbrella, 1. | Ear-rings, 1. | Gloves, 1. |
| Silk hat, 2. | Ulster, 2. | Blacking outfit, 2. |
| Printing-press, 3. | Canoe, 3. | Skates, 3. |
| Doll's tea-set, 4. | Scarf, 4. | Sewing-case, 4. |
| Silver spoon, 5. | Baby jumper, 5. | Little chair, 5. |
| Kite, 6. | Rubber boots, 6. | Helmet, 6. |
| Skipping-rope, 7. | Toy stove, 7. | Tricycle, 7. |
| Bow-gun, 8. | Humming-top, 8. | Bicycle, 8. |
| Parasol, 9. | Chatelaine, 9. | Toilet set, 9. |
| Goat, 10. | Hobby-horse, 10. | India-rubber toys, 10. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Card-case, 1. | Noah's ark, 6. |
| Dress-suit, 2. | Pug-dog, 7. |
| Story-book, 3. | Roller-skates, 8. |
| Doll's wardrobe, 4. | Fan, 9. |
| Baby carriage, 5. | Jumping-jack, 10. |

Take a set of ten envelops and mark them A, B, C, and so on up to J—one letter to each envelop.

Now your friend selects a card that contains the name of the present he prefers, places the card in the envelop marked with the initial of the last present named on that card, and places the envelop on the picture with a corner touching that stocking which is in the same order (from left to right) as his chosen present is in the list on the card he has selected.

Thus, there are on each card 10 presents, and there are 10 stockings. If he has chosen the third present he puts the envelop touching the third stocking; fifth present, fifth stocking.

The second series of cards, which here follows,

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jewel-case. | Cane. | Fishing-tackle. |
| Gold watch. | Pocket-book. | Air-gun. |
| Cologne. | Driving-gloves. | Bat and ball. |
| Inkstand. | Foils. | Foot-ball. |
| Diary. 1. | Boxing-gloves. 2. | Camera. 3. |
| Brooch. | Shot-gun. | Box of tools. |
| Umbrella. | Silk hat. | Printing-press. |
| Ear-rings. | Ulster. | Canoe. |
| Gloves. | Blacking outfit. | Skates. |
| Card-case. | Dress-suit. | Story-book. |
| Hoop. | Rattle. | Velocipede. |
| Wax doll. | Flannel rabbit. | Toy boat. |
| Set of toy furniture. | Milk-pitcher. | Tin sword. |
| Doll's carriage. | Lace cap. | Belt. |
| Play-house. 4. | Little bracelets. 5. | Marbles. 6. |
| Kaleidoscope. | Necklace. | Tops. |
| Doll's tea-set. | Silver spoon. | Kite. |
| Scarf. | Baby jumper. | Rubber boots. |
| Sewing-case. | Little chair. | Helmet. |
| Doll's wardrobe. | Baby carriage. | Noah's ark. |
| Jack-straws. | Dissected map. | Skipping-rope. |
| Battledore and shuttlecock. | Paper dolls. | Toy stove. |
| Cup and ball. | Toy piano. | Tricycle. 7. |
| | | Pug-dog. |
| Rocking-horse. | Lawn-tennis set. | Air-balloon. |
| Whip. | Writing-desk. | Blow-gun. |
| Roller-skates. | Box of water-colors. | China doll. |
| Picture-book. | Opera-glasses. | Drum. |
| Toy soldiers. 8. | Smelling-bottle. 9. | Elastic ball. |
| Wagon. | Lace handkerchief. | Funny little toy monkey. 10. |
| Bow-gun. | Parasol. | Goat. |
| Humming-top. | Chatelaine. | Hobby-horse. |
| Bicycle. | Toilet set. | India-rubber toys. |
| Roller-skates. | Fan. | Jumping-jack. |

is your secret key. The stocking chosen tells you which key card to consult, and the envelop letter tells you which on that card has been chosen,—A being 1; B, 2; and so on. Envelop G, near the sixth stocking, would mean seventh present on sixth card, and so on. You need not explain the trick, but can tell your friends mysteriously that Santa Claus will know what they want if they will only follow directions. Yours truly, J. C. BEARD.



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# THE LETTER-BOX.

In the September number of ST. NICHOLAS the picture on page 824, entitled "Hickory Dickory Dock," was wrongly credited in the Contents to Mrs. Dorothea Lummis. At Mrs. Lummis's request we gladly correct the error, and give the credit to Miss Lucie B. Salter, of Portsmouth, N. H., who made the original photograph from which our picture is engraved.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of twelve years old, who lives 'way out in Russia. I am an American, not a Russian. We have lived here in St. Petersburg for seven years, but we are going home next autumn.

We have n't very many pets, but some of them are very funny. We have got a dog, but he is very old now; he used to be great fun. Then we have two young rabbits, two guinea-pigs, and three birds.

We have taken you for a very long time, and I have only once seen a letter from St. Petersburg, and that was written by my brother.

In summer we live out of town, and have very good boating, bathing, and driving.

I don't go to school, but have lessons at home with a governess, and learn four languages: Russian, German, French, and English; but Russian is by far the hardest.

I have been collecting stamps over two years, and have got nearly a thousand.

I remain your loving reader, A. R——.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, twelve years old, and my father is in the army.

This is a very beautiful place, and a great many people visit here in summer. Some of the objects of interest are the library, riding-hall, and gymnasium. There is also a little point containing trophies of the wars, which is called Trophy Point. From our house we have a beautiful view of the Hudson and Constitution Island, where Miss Warner lives.

I am your constant reader, HELEN L. K——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a page in the Senate, and am on duty at the Capitol from 9 A. M. until the Senate adjourns, which is about 5 or half-past 5 P. M., or earlier when there is not much business on hand.

From a few minutes after 9 until 12 noon, there is nothing much for us to do, but after 12, which is the hour the Senate meets, until it adjourns, we have plenty of work attending to the Senators' wants and going on errands.

A good many of the pages — there are fifteen — are getting autograph-books filled, for themselves or friends; and just before the session — we cannot get them after the Senate meets — you can see the boys, with books big as themselves, sometimes, going round to the Senators to get them to write in them.

A good while ago some of us organized a mock senate, and we used to go up behind the "document-room," where all the books and papers of the Senate are kept. We used to hold sessions and make speeches without number up there among the documents, until at last we grew tired of it, and adjourned it "sine die," or forever.

Please receive the best wishes from

Your devoted reader, "V."

U. S. LIGHTHOUSE-TENDER "LILY,"
ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you so long now, I do not think I could get along without you. Papa gave you to me for Christmas when I was a wee girl, and now I am fourteen, and wherever we go I have my ST. NICHOLAS. Just before we left the Norfolk Navy-yard two years ago I wrote you a letter, and when papa came out here as Lighthouse Inspector, my ST. NICHOLAS was forwarded to me and my letter was in it, and papa and mama were so surprised, for they did not know I had written. We expect to be out here one year more. I spend my vacations on the "Lily"—the lighthouse-tender. Did you know that all but two or three of the tenders are called after the different flowers? The "Lily" goes from Cairo, Ill., to St. Paul, Minn., and from St. Louis to Kansas City, and St. Louis to La Salle, Ill., so we go over about eighteen hundred miles of river, including the Mississippi, Missouri, and Illinois rivers. We see some very queer people and funny places. I am at boarding-school from September until June. We still have our parrot and canary I wrote about two years ago, and now a mocking-bird. We start for St. Paul the day after to-morrow, and it will take us just about a month or a little over to make the trip, as we always have to move, paint, and repair the lights or beacons. Does it not seem ridiculous that a lighthouse should be nothing but a pole stuck in the ground and made firm with three sticks or braces, and a pair of steps to reach a small shelf that holds the lantern, which is lighted each night by the keeper? The keepers get from eight to fifteen dollars per month; some of the keepers are intelligent men, while others are very ignorant; but they are all glad to get the money for keeping the lights.

Your devoted reader, N. V. W.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second time I write to you, to say how much I like your journal, it is so full of pretty stories and pictures. I like the story of "Two Girls and a Boy" more than I can say. I like also to read the letters of your little subscribers, they are so well written. Indeed, I have no book or "review" so interesting and amusing as yours.

Each time I receive ST. NICHOLAS, it is in the middle of my English lesson; so I can't open it just at that moment; but I cannot express my joy when sometimes my mistress permits me to open it as a reward; so pleased I am when I have this permission. Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Your little subscriber,

MADELEINE G——.



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# THE RIDDLE-BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Yodel. 2. Opera. 3. Depot. 4. Erode. 5. Latex.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Beethoven.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. First row, starts; middle row, dative; last row, meddle. Cross-words: 1. Stadium. 2. Treacle. 3. Abutted. 4. Repined. 5. Trivial. 6. Steeple.

ANAGRAM. Thomas Babington Macaulay.

ZIGZAG. "Sage of Monticello." Cross-words: 1. Sole. 2. rAid. 3. saGo. 4. mazE. 5. plOd. 6. aFar. 7. Maul. 8. bOnd. 9. faNg. 10. griT. 11. brIg. 12. aCts. 13. Even. 14. eLse. 15. baLk. 16. polO.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE. I. 1. R. 2. Lad. 3. Laden. 4. Radical. 5. Decay. 6. Nay. 7. L. II. 1. G. 2. Mew. 3. Minor. 4. General. 5. Worry. 6. Ray. 7. L. III. 1. Salad. 2. Anise. 3. Limit. 4. Aside. 5. Deter. IV. 1. T. 2. Net. 3. Negus. 4. Tegular. 5. Tulip. 6. Sap. 7. R. V. 1. T. 2. Orb. 3. Odium. 4. Trivial. 5. Build. 6. Mad. 7. L.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, declare; 1 to 3, deposit; 2 to 4, exalted; 3 to 4, thyroid; 5 to 6, scooper; 5 to 7, spangle; 6 to 8, regress; 7 to 8, emblems; 1 to 5, dais; 2 to 6, Emir; 4 to 8, dubs; 3 to 7, tame.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Justice is often pale and melancholy; but Gratitude, her daughter, is constantly in the flow of spirits and the bloom of loveliness."

PI.

Dear autumn days, so calm, so sweet,
Like a bright, welcome memory you seem;
So full of tremulous and hazy light,
So soft, so radiant, so like a dream.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Jupiter; finals, Neptune. Cross-words: 1. Jacobin. 2. Unaware. 3. Parsnip. 4. Implant. 5. Tableau. 6. Erasion. 7. Restore.

RHOMBOIDS. I. 1. Opera. 2. Award. 3. Endor. 4. Total. 5. Repay. II. 1. Meter. 2. David. 3. Redan. 4. Renew. 5. Sewer. Two first words, operameter.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Paul Reese — Maude E. Palmer — "Xelis" — G. B. Dyer — Grace V. Morris — Mama, Katie, and Jamie — Josephine Sherwood — Jo and I — Uncle Mung — Adele, Jack, and George A. — A. W. A., S. W. A., W. W. A., and A. P. C. A. — "December and May" — "Wareham" — No Name, Minneapolis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from "Hieroglyphics," 11 — "Bald Head," 1 — Rosalie Bloomingdale, 11 — Matilda W. Bailey, 1 — "Berkshire," 2 — M. and L., 2 — Elaine S., 1 — Marion and Carrie C., 1 — "The McG.'s," 11 — Helen A. Ely, 3 — Adele Wohnlich, 1 — Edith Totten, 1 — Jamsie A. M. and Mama, 4 — Arthur B. Cook, 1 — Gertrude Kerr, 1 — Sadie R. S., 3 — "Chestnut," 5 — Evelyn de Zouche, 2 — L. H. K., 1 — Clara W., 1 — May Martin, 1 — Louise and Helen Freeman, 1 — Charlie D. Harmon, 1 — Marion Alice Perkins, 4 — "Crew of the Sunshine," 1 — Coody and Katharine Van Coughnet, 1 — Mama and Harry, 5 — E. M. G., 10 — Evelyn de Zouche, 1 — "Bubbles," 4 — Nellie Archer, 4 — Willie H., 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — "V.," 2 — N. J. Borden, 3 — Melville Hunnewell, 3 — Nellie L. Howes, 8 — Ida C. Thallon, 11 — M. Elizabeth Breed, 1 — A. C. H., 1 — "Clifford St. Girls," 10 — Blanche and Fred, 11 — Miriam Bingay, 1 — Chester B. Sumner, 9 — "Maro," 3 — Laura M. Zinser, 4 — L. Hutton and V. Beede, 10 — Jessie Chapman, 8 — Charlotte C. Moses, 11 — Julia Johnson, 1 — Dora F. Hereford, 7 — "Highmount Girls," 7 — Ethel Wright, 1 — Agnes C. Leaycraft, 2 — Ella B. Lyon, 2 — "May and '79," 7 — H. H. and L. O., 5 — "Infantry," 11 — "We Girls," 8 — Mama and Lillie, 2 — Rachel Greene, 1.

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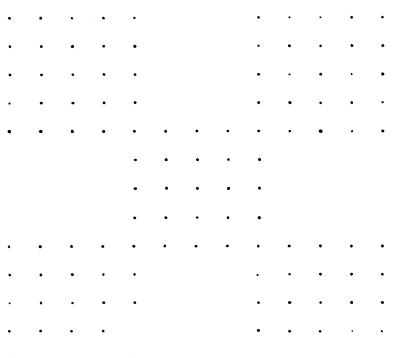
### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name one of the Fates, and my finals, the wife of Orpheus.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Unrestrained. 2. Farewell. 3. To provide food. 4. A masculine name. 5. Finished. 6. A famous mountain. 7. A masculine name. 8. To allay.

"CLIO."

### CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A junto. 2. A large South American serpent. 3. Makes a round hole through. 4. A catkin. 5. Remains.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To speak foolishly. 2. A large bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. Concise. 5. To be admitted to.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A valley or low place. 2. Something that Otway says was made "to temper man." 3. To modify in any way for the better. 4. A spear carried by horsemen. 5. A finisher.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Speed. 2. One of the Mohammedan nobility of Afghanistan and Scinde. 3. A smoker's delight. 4. To annoy. 5. Deviated from the true course.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An animal allied to the civet. 2. Benefit. 3. Satisfied. 4. A continued attempt to gain possession. 5. Prior in years.

F. S. F.

### ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell four words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Hydromel. 2. Predilection. 3. A small, flat-bottomed rowboat. 4. To fix firmly. 5. Circulates rapidly. 6. The culmination. 7. To course with hounds. 8. A prismatic play of colors. 9. To leave undone. 10. To proceed without hindrance or opposition. 11. The one and the other. 12. An Arabian military commander. 13. A cooper's tool. 14. An island. 15. To satisfy the appetite. 16. An air sung by a single voice. 17. A deep trench around the rampart of a castle. 18. One united to another by treaty. 19. A stroke with a whip.

O. B. G.



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### THE ST. NICHOLAS PUZZLE.

DIVIDE this picture in four parts so that each part will contain three magazines and will be identical in shape and size. You must not draw through any of the magazines. If you solve the puzzle correctly you will have four pieces of paper of the same shape and size, and each piece will have on it three magazines in perfect condition. It is possible to solve the puzzle in two ways.

To show the solution, make a tracing of the picture on thin paper. This can be cut, and the four pieces inclosed with answers to other puzzles.

### WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To imprint. 2. A number. 3. Tapestry. 4. Intended. 5. Nuisances.

II. 1. MUSICAL instruments. 2. To reverence. 3. A bird. 4. Conceited fellows. 5. Meaning.

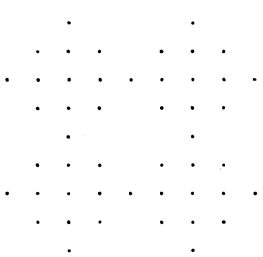
"WEE 3."

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous man who was born on Christmas Day, two hundred and fifty years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A man noted for his wisdom. 2. To incite to action. 3. To wander without restraint or direction. 4. A celebrated Greek epic poem. 5. A number. 6. A projecting or sharp corner. 7. To do away with. 8. A man of coarse nature and manners. 9. Pertaining to the back. 10. A bird remarkable for its strength, size, and graceful flight. 11. To diminish by constant loss. 12. A small drum used as an accompaniment to a fife. 13. One of several species of European thrushes. 14. One of a race that has no fixed location. M. O. G.

### HOLLOW ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shovel. 2. To indite. 3. A goddess. 4. A fruit of certain trees. 5. In shovel.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shovel. 2. An adversary. 3. To whistle. 4. To instigate. 5. In shovel.

III. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shovel. 2. A metal vessel. 3. A feminine name. 4. A short sleep. 5. In shovel.

IV. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shovel. 2. To plan. 3. The nether world. 4. A wooden pin. 5. In shovel.

A. P. C. A.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XX. JANUARY, 1893. NO. 3.

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## ON NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

ROSE-RED, upon the threshold swaying,
With eager looks and cheeks aglow,
Half blames her elders for delaying
To breathe the air of morn and snow.

Though fireside nooks be close and cozy,
Though table-talk be kind and gay,
Outdoors the rising smoke is rosy,
The sky swept clean for New Year's Day.

The pigeons wheel around the steeple,
Against the azure, pure and cold:
How can it be that grown-up people
Don't care about the morning's gold?

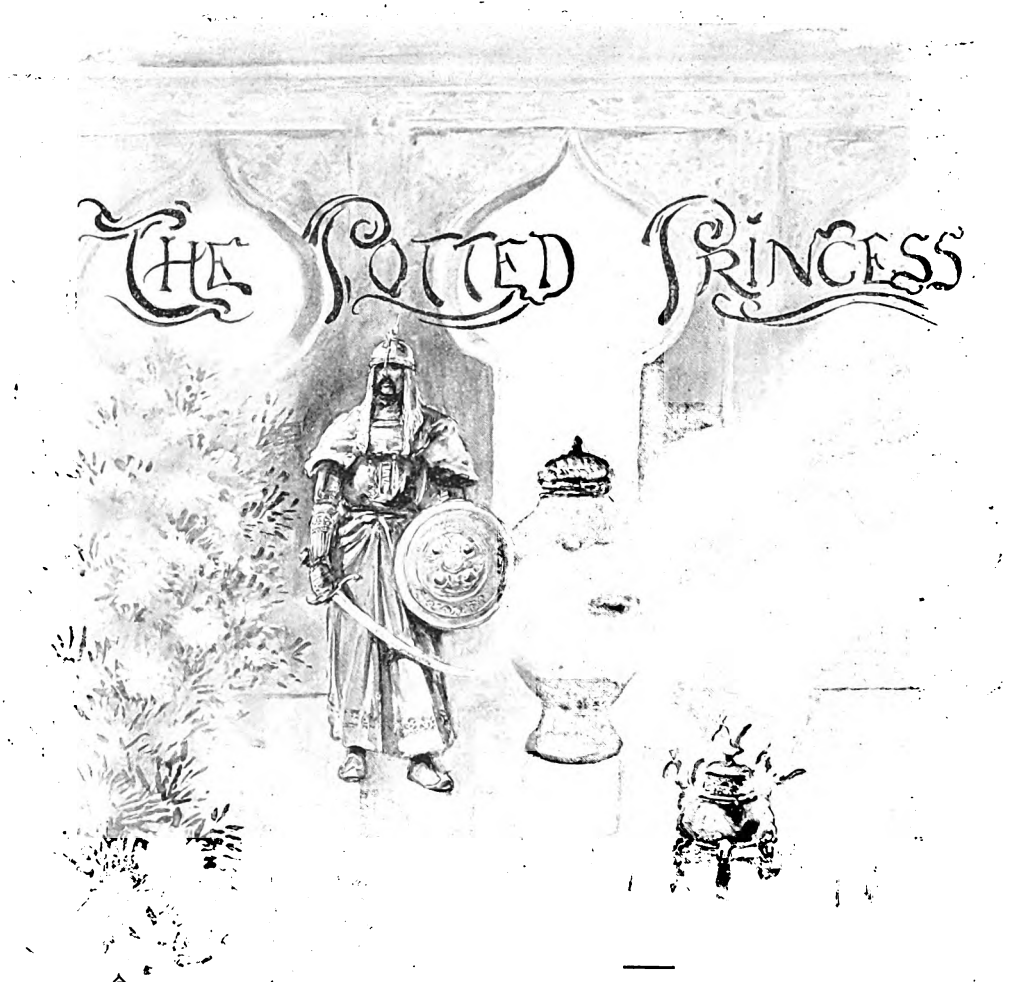
Run on, Rose-Red, the keen light facing
With eyes of welcome, brave and clear;
With winds and wingéd shadows racing
To meet and greet the young New Year!

And tell him, Sweet, that we refused to;
For we were only partly glad:
We liked the Old Year we were used to,
But sent him *you*—the best we had!



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# The Potted Princess



By Rudyard Kipling.

NOW this is the true tale that was told to Punch and Judy, his sister, by their nurse, in the city of Bombay, ten thousand miles from here. They were playing in the veranda, waiting for their mother to come back from her evening drive. The big pink crane, who generally lived by himself at the bottom of the garden because he hated horses and carriages, was with them too, and the nurse, who was called the ayah, was making him dance by throwing pieces of mud at him. Pink cranes dance very prettily until they grow angry. Then they peck.

This pink crane lost his temper, opened his wings, and clattered his beak, and the ayah had to sing a song which never fails to quiet all the cranes in Bombay. It is a very old song, and it says:

> Buggle baita nuddee kinara,
> Toom-toom mushia kaye,
> Nuddee kinara kanta lugga
> Tullaka-tullaka ju jaye.

That means: A crane sat by the river-bank, eating fish *toom-toom*, and a thorn in the river-bank pricked him, and his life went away *tullaka-tullaka*—drop by drop. The ayah and Punch



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and Judy always talked Hindustani because they understood it better than English.

"See now," said Punch, clapping his hands. "He knows, and he is ashamed. *Tullaka-tullaka, ju jaye!* Go away!"

"*Tullaka-tullaka!*" said little Judy, who was five; and the pink crane shut up his beak and went down to the bottom of the garden to the cocoa-nut palms and the aloes and the red peppers. Punch followed, shouting "*tullaka-tullaka!*" till the crane hopped over an aloe hedge and Punch got pricked by the spikes. Then he cried, because he was only seven, and because it was so hot that he was wearing very few clothes and the aloes had pricked a great deal of him; and Judy cried too, because Punch was crying, and she knew that that meant something worth crying for.

"Ohoo!" said Punch, looking at both his fat little legs together, "I am very badly pricked by the very bad aloe. Perhaps I shall die!"

"Punch will die because he has been pricked by the very bad aloe, and then there will be only Judy," said Judy.

"No," said Punch, very quickly, putting his legs down. "Then you will sit up to dinner alone. I will not die; but, ayah, I am very badly pricked. What is good for that?"

The ayah looked down for a minute, just to see that there were two tiny pink scratches on Punch's legs. Then she looked out across the garden to the blue water of Bombay harbor, where the ships are, and said:

"Once upon a time there was a Rajah." "Rajah" means king in Hindustani, just as "ranee" means queen.

"Will Punch die, ayah?" said Judy. She too had seen the pink scratches, and they seemed very dreadful to her.

"No," said Punch. "Ayah is telling a tale. Stop crying, Judy."

"And the Rajah had a daughter," said the ayah.

"It is a new tale," said Punch. "The last Rajah had a son, and he was turned into a monkey. Hssh!"

The ayah put out her soft brown arm, picked Judy off the matting of the veranda, and tucked her into her lap. Punch sat cross-legged close by.

"That Rajah's daughter was very beautiful," the ayah went on.

"How beautiful? More beautiful than mamma? Then I do not believe this tale," said Punch.

"She was a fairy princess, Punch baba, and she was very beautiful indeed; and when she grew up the Rajah her father said that she must marry the best prince in all India."

"Where did all these things happen?" said Punch.

"In a big forest near Delhi. So it was told to me," said the ayah.

"Very good," said Punch. "When I am big I will go to Delhi. Tell the tale, ayah."

"Therefore the King made a talk with his magicians—men with white beards who do *jadoo* (magic), and make snakes come out of baskets, and grow mangos from little stones, such as you, Punch, and you, Judy baba, have seen. But in those days they did much more wonderful things: they turned men into tigers and elephants. And the magicians counted the stars under which the Princess was born."

"I—I do not understand this," said Judy, wriggling on the ayah's lap. Punch did not understand either, but he looked very wise.

The ayah hugged her close. "How should a baby understand?" she said softly. "It is in this way. When the stars are in one position when a child is born, it means well. When they are in another position, it means, perhaps, that the child may be sick or ill-tempered, or she may have to travel very far away."

"Must I travel far away?" said Judy.

"No, no. There were only good little stars in the sky on the night that Judy baba was born,—little home-keeping stars that danced up and down, they were so pleased."

"And I—I—I! What did the stars do when I was born?" said Punch.

"There was a new star that night. I saw it. A great star with a fiery tail all across the sky. Punch will travel far."

"That is true. I have been to Nassik in the railway-train. Never mind the Princess's stars. What did the magic-men do?"

"They consulted the stars, little impatient, and they said that the Princess must be shut up in such a manner that only the very best

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of all the princes in India could take her out. So they shut her up, when she was sixteen years old, in a big, deep grain-jar of dried clay, with a cover of plaited grass."

"I have seen them in the Bombay market," said Judy. "Was it one of the *very* big kind?" The ayah nodded, and Judy shivered, for her father had once held her up to look into the mouth of just such a grain-jar, and it was full of empty darkness.

"How did they feed her?" said Punch.

"She was a fairy. Perhaps she did not want food," the ayah began.

"All people want food. This is not a true tale. I shall go and beat the crane." Punch got up on his knees.

"No, no. I have forgotten. There was plenty of food — plantains, red and yellow ones, almond curd, boiled rice and peas, fowl stuffed with raisins and red peppers, and cakes fried in oil with coriander seeds, and sweetmeats of sugar and butter. Is that enough food? So the Princess was shut up in the grain-jar, and the Rajah made a proclamation that whoever could take her out should marry her and should govern ten provinces, sitting upon an elephant with tusks of gold. That proclamation was made through all India."

"We did not hear it, Punch and I," said Judy. "Is this a true tale, ayah?"

"It was before Punch was born. It was before even I was born, but so my mother told it to me. And when the proclamation was made, there came to Delhi hundreds and thousands of princes and rajahs and great men. The grain-jar with the cover of the plaited grass was set in the middle of all, and the Rajah said that he would allow to each man one year in which to make charms and learn great things that would open the grain-jar."

"I do not understand," said Judy again. She had been looking down the garden for her mother's return, and had lost the thread of the tale.

"The jar was a magic one, and it was to be opened by magic," said Punch. "Go on, ayah. I understand."

The ayah laughed a little. "Yes, the Rajah's magicians told all the princes that it was a magic jar, and led them three times round it, muttering under their beards, and bade them come back in a year. So the Princes, and the Subedars, and the Wazirs, and the Maliks rode away east and west and north and south, and consulted the magicians in their fathers' courts, and holy men in caves."

"Like the holy men I saw at Nassik on the mountain? They were all *nungapunga* (naked), but they showed me their little gods, and I burned stuff that smelt in a pot before them all, and they said I was a Hindu, and —" Punch stopped, out of breath.

"Yes. Those were the men. Old men smeared with ashes and yellow paint did the princes consult, and witches and dwarfs that live in caves, and wise tigers and talking horses and learned parrots. They told all these men and all these beasts of the Princess in the grain-jar, and the holy men and the wise beasts taught them charms and spells that were very strong magic indeed. Some of the princes they advised to go out and kill giants and dragons, and cut off their heads. And some of the princes stayed for a year with the holy men in forests, learning charms that would immediately split open great mountains. There was no charm and no magic that these princes and subedars did not learn, for they knew that the Rajah's magicians were very strong magicians, and therefore they needed very, very strong charms to open the grain-jar. So they did all these things that I have told, and also cut off the tails of the little devils that live on the sand of the great desert in the north; and at last there were very few dragons and giants left, and poor people could plough without being bewitched any more.

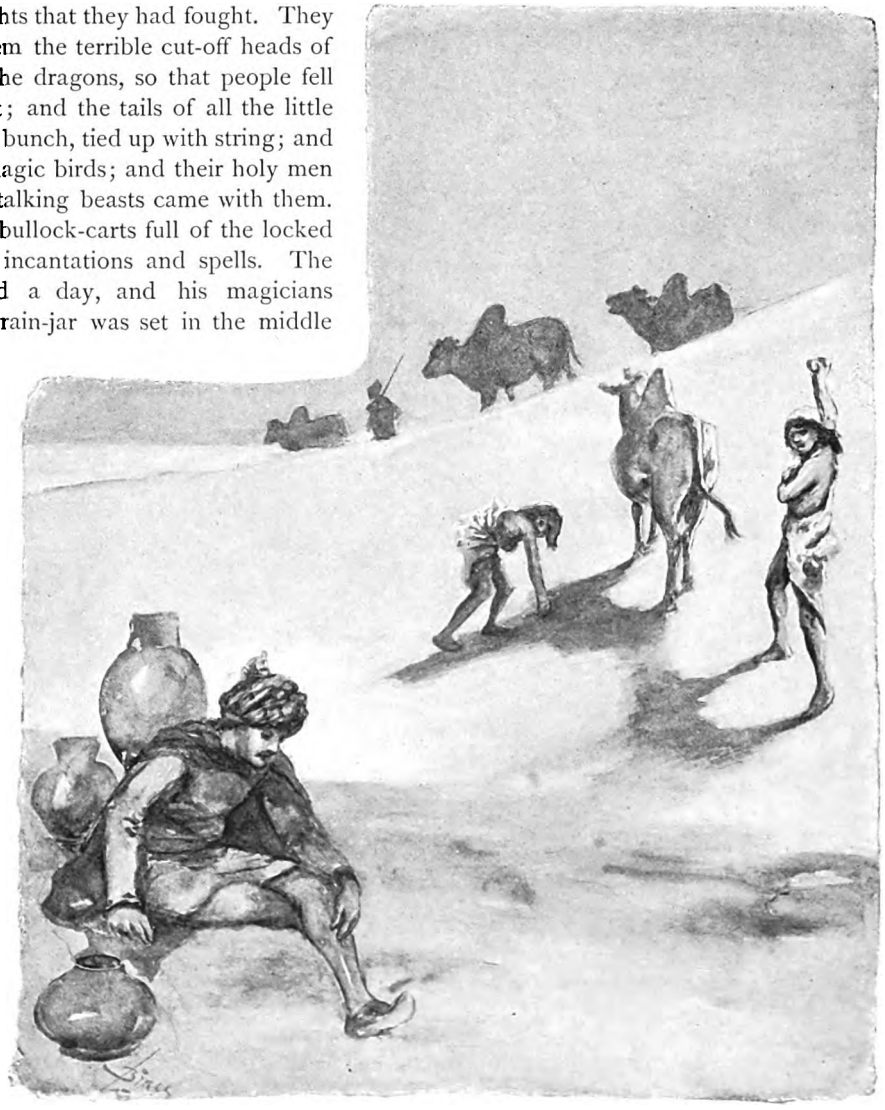
"Only there was one prince that did not ride away with the others, for he had neither horse nor saddle, nor any men to follow him. He was a prince of low birth, for his father had married the daughter of a potter, and he was the son of his mother. So he sat down on the ground, and the little boys of the city driving the cattle to pasture threw mud at him."

"Ah!" said Punch, "mud is nice. Did they hit him?"

"I am telling the tale of the Princess, and if there are so many questions, how can I finish before bedtime? He sat on the ground, and

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presently his mother, the Ranee, came by, gathering sticks to cook bread, and he told her of the Princess and the grain-jar. And she said: 'Remember that a pot is a pot, and thou art the son of a potter.' Then she went away with those dry sticks, and the Potter-prince waited till the end of the year. Then the princes returned, as many of them as were left over from the fights that they had fought. They brought with them the terrible cut-off heads of the giants and the dragons, so that people fell down with fright; and the tails of all the little devils, bunch by bunch, tied up with string; and the feathers of magic birds; and their holy men and dwarfs and talking beasts came with them. And there were bullock-carts full of the locked books of magic incantations and spells. The Rajah appointed a day, and his magicians came, and the grain-jar was set in the middle of all, and the princes began, according to their birth and the age of their families, to open the grain-jar by means of their charm-work. There were very many princes, and the charms were very strong, so that as they performed the ceremonies the lightning ran about the ground as a broken egg runs over the cook-house floor, and it was thick, dark night, and the people heard the voices of devils and djinns and talking tigers, and saw them running to and fro about the grain-jar till the ground shook. But, none the less, the grain-jar did not open. And the next day the ground was split up as a log of wood is split, and great rivers flowed up and down the plain, and magic armies with banners walked in circles—so great was the strength of the charms. Snakes, too, crawled round the grain-jar and hissed, but none the less the jar did not open. When morning came the holes in the ground had closed up, and the rivers were gone away, and there was only the plain. And that was because it was all magic charm-work which cannot last."



"THE BOYS DRIVING THE CATTLE TO PASTURE THREW MUD AT HIM."

"Aha!" said Punch, drawing a deep breath.

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"I am glad of that. It was only magic, Judy. Tell the tale, ayah."

"At the very last, when they were all wearied grain-jar's cover and he lifted it up, and the Princess came out! Then the people said, 'This is very great magic indeed'; and they



THE INCANTATION.

"THE PEOPLE HEARD THE VOICES OF DJINNS AND TALKING TIGERS, AND SAW THEM RUNNING TO AND FRO ABOUT THE GRAIN-JAR TILL THE GROUND SHOOK."

out and the holy men began to bite their nails with vexation, and the Rajah's magicians laughed, the Potter-Prince came into the plain alone, without even one little talking beast or wise bird, and all the people made jokes at him. But he walked to the grain-jar and cried, 'A pot is a pot, and I am the son of a potter!' and he put his two hands upon the began to chase the holy men and the talking beasts up and down, meaning to kill them. But the Rajah's magicians said: 'This is no magic at all, for we did not put any charm upon the jar. It *was* a common grain-jar; and it *is* a common grain-jar such as they buy in the bazar; and a child might have lifted the cover one year ago, or on any day since that day. Ye are

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too wise, O Princes and Subedars, who rely on holy men and the heads of dead giants and devils' tails, but do not work with your own hands! Ye are too cunning! There was no magic, and now one man has taken it all away from you because he was not afraid. Go home, princes, or, if ye will, stay to see the wedding. But remember that a pot is a pot.'"

There was a long silence at the end of the tale.

"But the charms were very strong," said Punch, doubtfully.

"They were only words, and how could they touch the pot. Could words turn you into a tiger, Punch baba?"

"No. I am Punch."

"Even so," said the ayah. "If the pot had been charmed, a charm would have opened it. But it was a common, bazar pot. What did it know of charms? It opened to a hand on the cover."

"Oh!" said Punch; and then he began to laugh, and Judy followed his example. "Now I quite understand. I will tell it to mama."

When mama came back from her drive, the children told her the tale twice over, while she was dressing for dinner; but as they began in the middle and put the beginning first, and then began at the end and put the middle last, she became a little confused.

"Never mind," said Punch; "I will show." And he reached up to the table for the big eau-de-cologne bottle that he was strictly forbidden to touch, and pulled out the stopper and upset half the scent down the front of his dress, shouting, "A pot is a pot, and I am the son of a potter!"



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BOSTON IN 1757. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

# BOSTON.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.



SUCCORY, OR CHICORY.

The summer traveler who approaches Boston from the land side is apt to notice a tall and abundant wayside plant, having a rather stiff and ungainly stem, surmounted by a flower with soft and delicate petals, and of a lovely shade of blue. This is the succory (*Cichorium Intybus* of the botanists), described by Emerson as "succory to match the sky." But it is not commonly known in New England by this brief name, being oftener called "Boston weed," simply because it grows more and more abundant as one comes nearer to that city. When a genuine Bostonian (which the present writer is not, being only a suburban), returning to his home in late summer, sees this fair blossom on an ungainly stem assembled profusely by the roadside, he begins to collect his bags and bundles, knowing that he approaches his journey's end.

The original Boston, as founded by Governor John Winthrop in 1630, was established on a rocky three-hilled peninsula, in whose thickets wolves and bears were yet harbored, and which was known variously as Shawmut and Trimountain. The settlement itself was a sort of afterthought, being taken as a substitute for Charlestown, where a temporary abode had been founded by Winthrop's party. There had been much illness there, and so Mr. Blackstone, or Blaxtone, who had for seven years been settled on the peninsula, urged the transfer of the little colony. The whole tongue of land then comprised but 783 acres — an area a little less than that originally allotted to the New York Central Park. Boston now includes 23,661 acres — about thirty times the original extent of the peninsula.

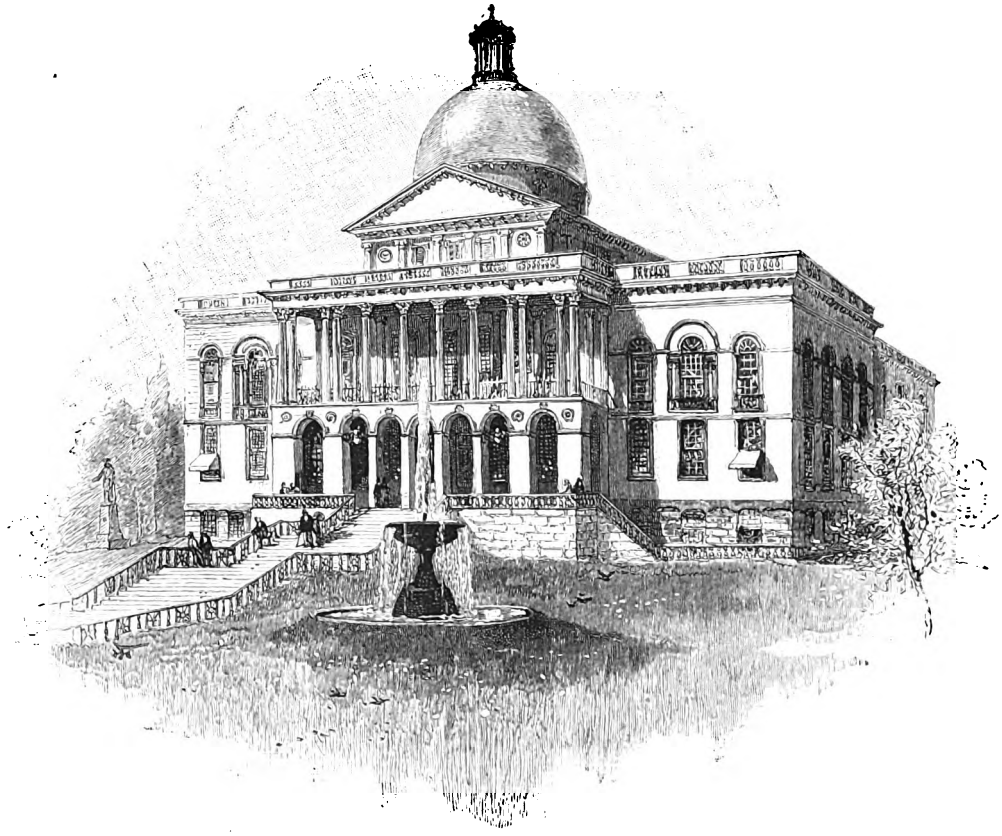
It has a population of about 500,000 — the census of 1890 showing 448,477 inhabitants. By that census it was the sixth in population among American cities, being preceded by New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and St. Louis. In 1880 it ranked fifth, St. Louis having since outstripped it. In 1870 it was only seventh, both St. Louis and Baltimore then preceding it. As with most American cities, this growth has been partly due to the annexing of suburbs; but during the last ten years, with a growth of 85,642, there has been no such annexation, showing the increase to be genuine and intrinsic. But the transformation in other ways has been more astonishing than the growth. Of the original three hills, one only is now noticeable by the stranger. I myself can remember Boston, in my college days, as a pear-shaped peninsula, two miles by one, hung to the mainland by a neck a mile long and only a few



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yards wide, sometimes actually covered by the meeting of the tide-waters from both sides. The water almost touched Charles street, where the Public Garden now is, and it rolled over the flats where the costliest houses of the city at present stand.

And the changes of population and occupation have been almost as great as of surface. The blue-jacketed sailor was then a figure as familiar in the streets as is now the Italian or the Chinese; and the long wharves, lined with great vessels, two or three deep, and fragrant with spicy Oriental odors, are now shortened, reduced, and given over to tugs and coasters. Boston is still the second commercial port in the country; but its commerce is mainly coastwise or European only, and the picturesque fascination of the Chinese and India trade has passed away. Even on our northwest Pacific coast the early white traders, no matter whence they came, were known by the natives as "Boston men." The wealth of the city, now vastly greater than in those days, flows into other channels — railways, factories, and vast land investments in the far West — enterprises as useful, perhaps more lucrative, but less picturesque. It is a proof of the vigor and vitality of Boston, and partly also of its favorable situation, that it has held its own through such transformations. Smaller cities, once powerful, such as Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth, have been ruined as to business by the withdrawal of their foreign trade.

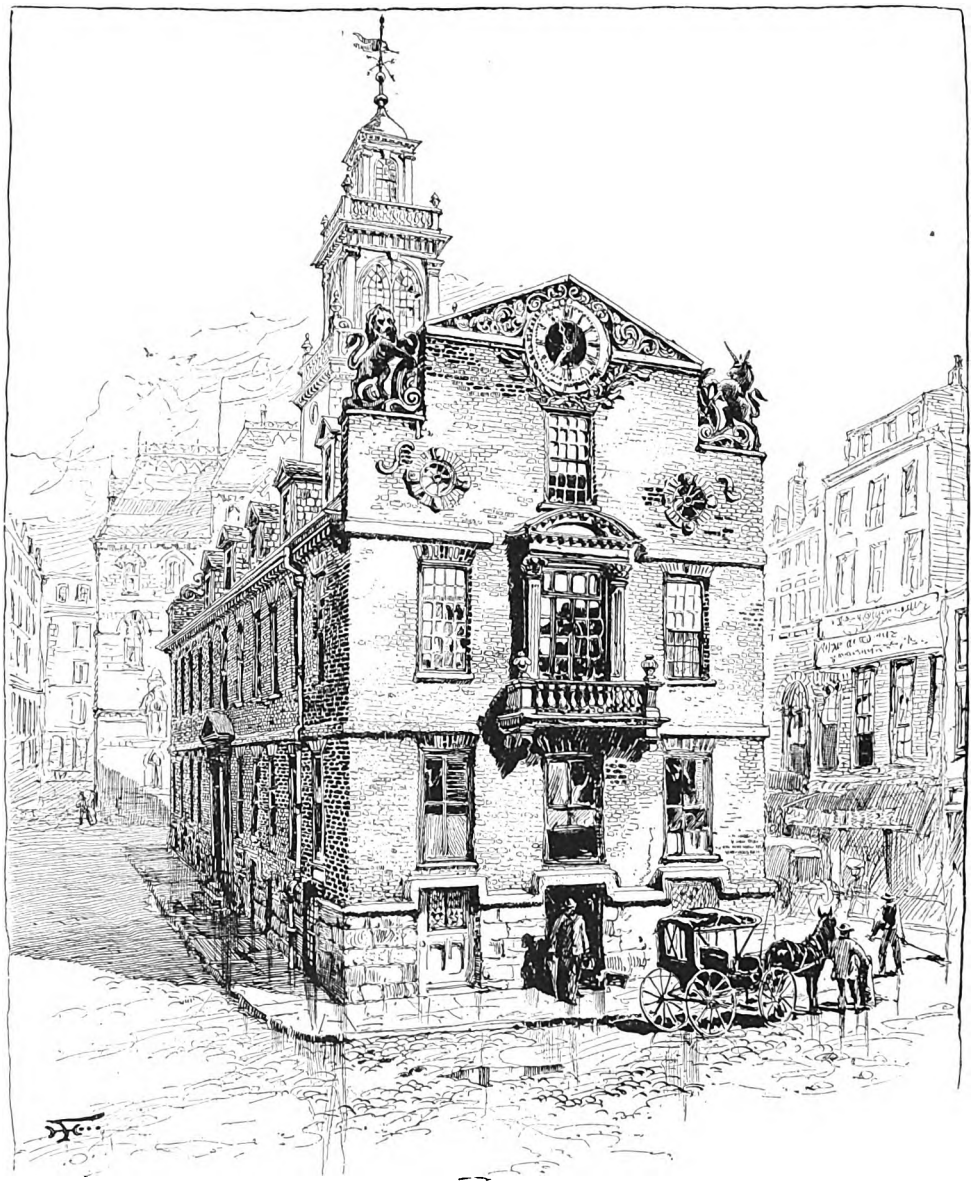


THE BOSTON STATE HOUSE.

Boston has certainly stood, from an early time, in the history of the country for a certain quality of combined thrift and ardor which has made it to some extent an individual city. Its very cows, during its rural period, shared this attribute, from the time when they laid out its streets by their devious wanderings, to the time

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when "Lady Hancock," as she was called, helped herself to milk from the cows of her fellow-citizens to meet a sudden descent of official visitors upon her husband the governor. From the period when Boston was a busy little colonial mart—the period best described in Hawthorne's "Province House Legends" and "My Kinsman Major Molineux"—through the period when, as described in Mrs. Quincy's reminiscences, the gentlemen went to King's Chapel in scarlet cloaks, down to the modern period of transcontinental railways and great manufacturing enterprises, the city has at least aroused a peculiar loyalty on the part of its citizens. Behind all the thunders of Wendell Phillips's eloquence there lay always the strong local



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

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pride. "I love inexpressibly," he said, "these streets of Boston, over which my mother held up my baby footsteps; and if God grants me time enough, I will make them too pure to be trodden by the footsteps of a slave." He lived to see his dream fulfilled. Instead of the surrendered slave, Anthony Burns, marching in a hollow square formed by the files of the militia, Phillips lived to see the fair-haired boy, Robert Shaw, riding at the head of his black regiment, to aid in securing the freedom of a race.

During the Revolution, Boston was the center of those early struggles on which it is now needless to dwell. Faneuil Hall still stands—the place where, in 1774, a letter as to grievances was ordered to be sent to the other towns in the State; the old State House is standing, where the plans suggested by the Virginia House of Burgesses were adopted; the old South Church remains, whence the disguised Indians of the Boston Tea-party went forth, and where Dr. Warren, on March 5, 1775, defied the British officers, and when one of them held up warningly some pistol-bullets, dropped his handkerchief over them and went on. The old North or Christ Church also remains, where the two lights were hung out as the signal for Paul Revere's famous ride, on the eve of the battle of Lexington.

So prominent was Boston during this period that it even awakened the jealousy of the other colonies; and Mr. Thomas Shirley of Charleston, South Carolina, said to Josiah Quincy, Jr., in March, 1773: "Boston aims at nothing less than the sovereignty of this whole continent. . . . Take away the power and superintendence of Britain, and the colonies must submit to the next power. Boston would soon have that."

One of the attractions of Boston has long been that in this city, as in Edinburgh, might be found a circle of literary men, better organized and more concentrated than if lost in the confusion of a larger metropolis. From the point of view of New York, this circle might be held provincial, as might Edinburgh from London; and the resident of the larger community might at best use about the Bostonian the saying attributed to Dr. Johnson about the Scotchman, that "much might be made of him if caught young." Indeed, much of New York's best literary material came always from New England; just as Scotland still holds its own in London literature. No doubt each place has its advantages, but there was a time when one might



OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

easily meet in one Boston book-store in a day such men as Emerson, Parker, Longfellow,

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Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Sumner, Agassiz, Parkman, Whipple, Hale, Aldrich, and Howells; with such women as Lydia Maria Child and Julia Ward Howe. Now, if we consider how much of American literature is represented by these few names, it is evident that if Boston was never metropolitan, it at least had a combination of literary ability such as no larger American city has yet rivaled.

I remember vividly an occasion when I was required to select a high-school assistant for the city where I then lived (Newport, Rhode Island), and I had appointed meetings with several candidates at the book-store of Fields and Osgood and sister about this! Up in Peacham we think a great deal of authors!" Certainly a procession of foreign princes or American millionaires would have impressed her and her correspondents far less. It was like the feeling that Americans are apt to have when they first visit London or Paris and see—in N. P. Willis's phrase—"whole shelves of their library walking about in coats and gowns"; and, strange as it may seem, every winter brings to Boston a multitude of young people whose avowed sensations are very much like those felt by the inhabitants of our Atlantic cities when they visit London or Paris.



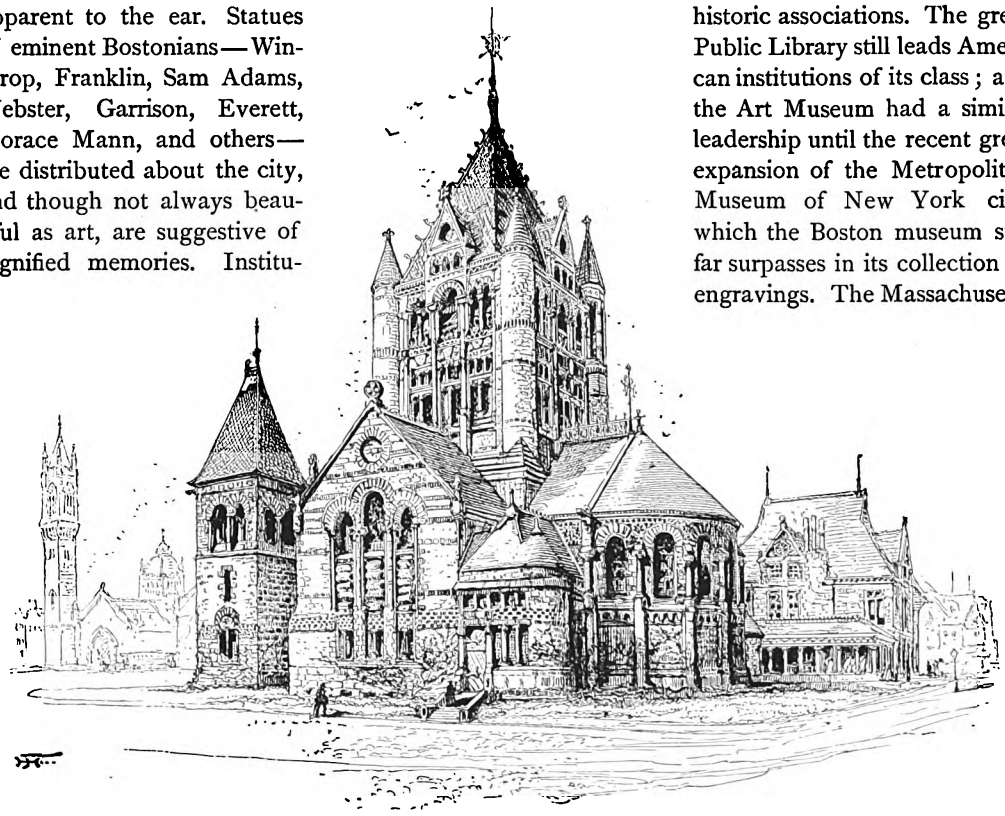

THE OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE.

at Boston. While I was talking with the most promising of these — the daughter of a clergyman in northern Vermont — I saw Dr. O. W. Holmes pass through the shop, and pointed him out to her. She gazed eagerly after him until he was out of sight, and then said, drawing a long breath, "I must write to my father

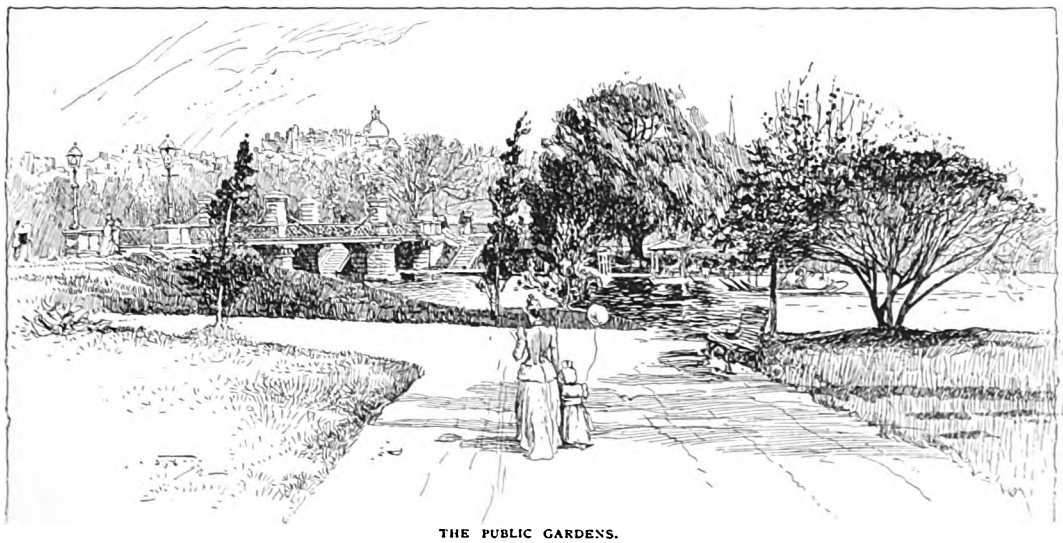
The very irregularity of the city adds to its attraction, since most of our newer cities are apt to look too regular and too monotonous. Foreign dialects have greatly increased within a few years; for although the German element has never been large, the Italian population is constantly increasing, and makes itself very

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apparent to the ear. Statues of eminent Bostonians—Winthrop, Franklin, Sam Adams, Webster, Garrison, Everett, Horace Mann, and others—are distributed about the city, and though not always beautiful as art, are suggestive of dignified memories. Institutions of importance are on all sides, and though these are not different in kind from those now numerous in all vigorous American cities, yet in Boston they often claim a longer date or more historic associations. The great Public Library still leads American institutions of its class; and the Art Museum had a similar leadership until the recent great expansion of the Metropolitan Museum of New York city, which the Boston museum still far surpasses in its collection of engravings. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the New England Conservatory of Music educate large numbers of pupils from all parts of the Union; while Boston University and Boston College hold an



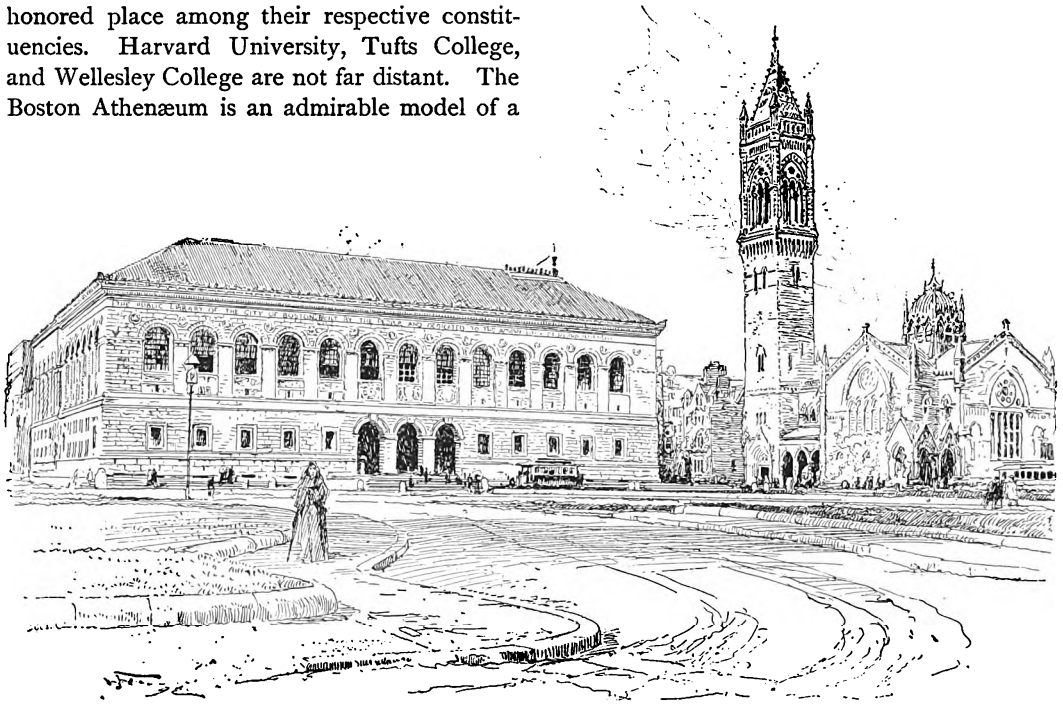
TRINITY CHURCH.



THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

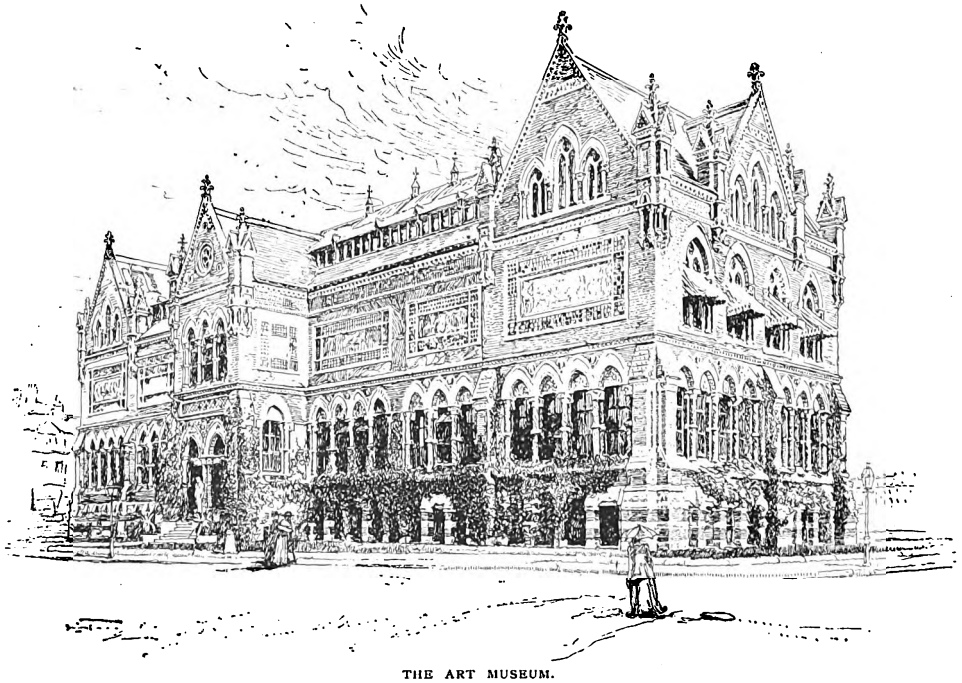
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honored place among their respective constituencies. Harvard University, Tufts College, and Wellesley College are not far distant. The Boston Athenæum is an admirable model of a



THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

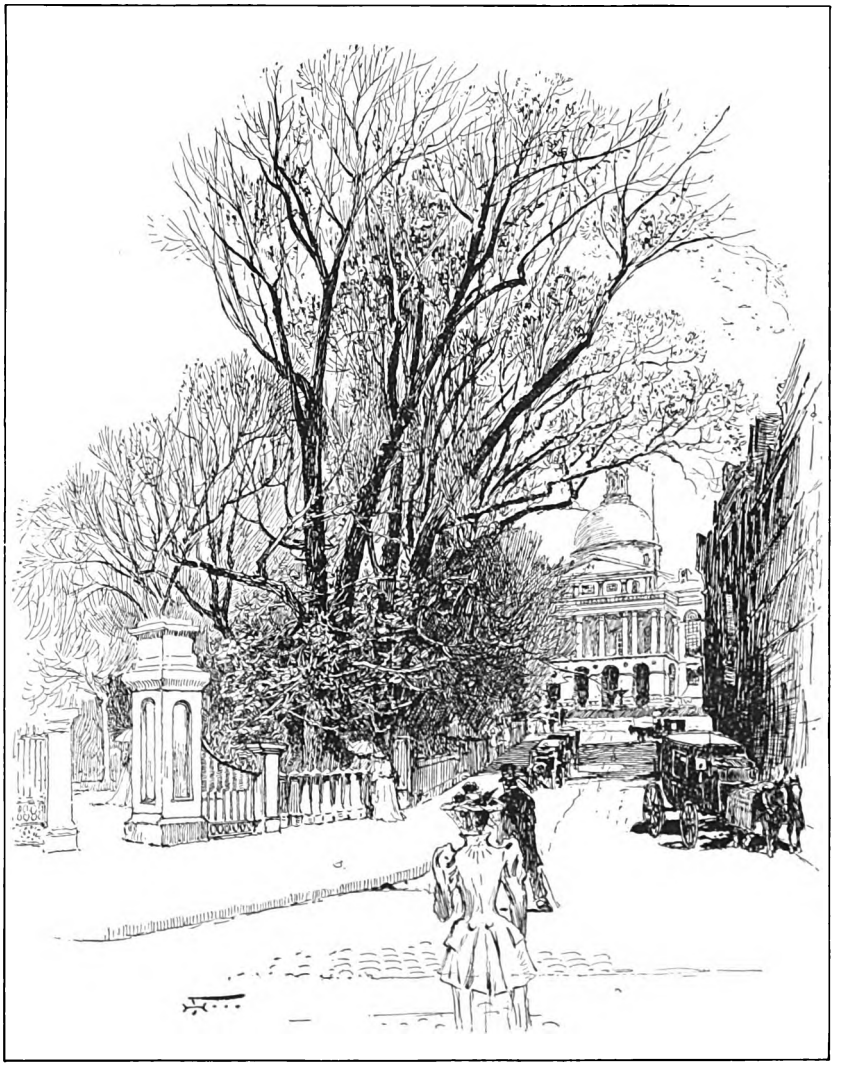
society library. The public-school system of Boston has in times past had great reputation, and still retains it; though it is claimed that the newer systems of the Western States are



THE ART MUSEUM.

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in some degree surpassing it. The Normal Art School of the State is in Boston; and the city has its own Normal School for common-school teachers. The free lectures of the Lowell Institute are a source of instruction to large numbers every season; and there are schools and classes in various directions, maintained from the same foundation. The great collections of the Boston Society of Natural History are open to the public; and the Bostonian Society has been unwearied in its efforts to preserve and exhibit all memorials of local history. The Massachusetts Historical Society includes among its possessions the remarkable private library of Thomas Dowse, which was regarded as one of the wonders of Cambridge fifty years ago, and it possesses also the invaluable manuscript collections brought together by Francis Parkman when preparing his great series of histories. The New England Historic-Genealogical Society has a varied store of materials in the way of local and genealogical annals; and the Loyal Legion has a library and museum of war memorials.



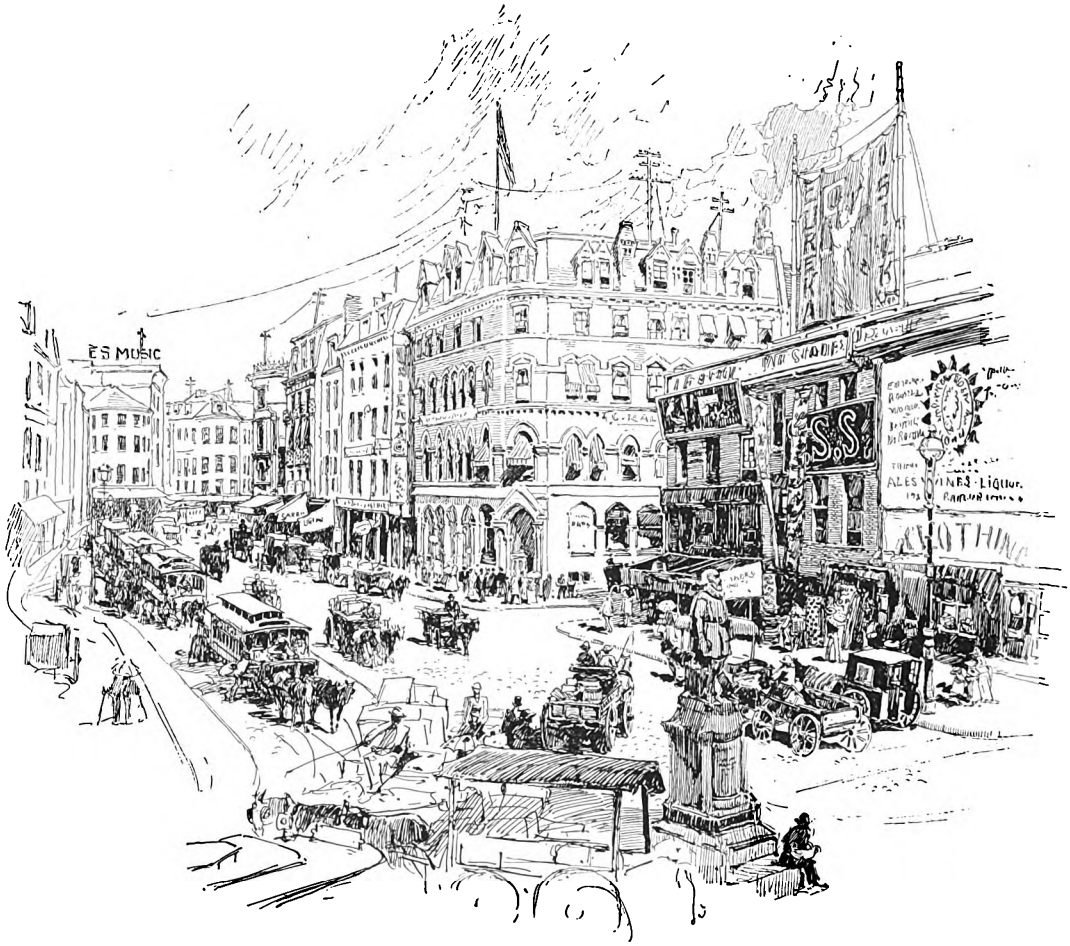
PARK STREET GATE, BOSTON COMMON.

For many years there has been in Boston a strong interest in physical education—an interest which has passed through various phases, but is now manifested in such strong institutions as the Athletic Club and the Country Club—the latter for rural recreation. There is at Charlesbank, a town beside the Charles River, a public open-air gymnasium which attracts a large constituency; and there is, what is especially desirable, a class for women and children, with private grounds and buildings. It is under most efficient supervision, and is accomplishing great good. Nearly a thousand a day, for the five summer months of 1891, used this women's gymnasium and its playground, without casualty or insubordination, under the charge of a



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trained teacher, Miss McMartin. There are also ten playgrounds kept open at unused schoolhouses during the summer vacations, these being fitted up with swings, sand-pens, and sometimes flower-beds, and properly superintended. A great system of parks has now been planned, and partly established, around Boston, the largest of these being Franklin Park, near Eglesston Square; while the system includes also the Arnold Arboretum, the grounds around Chestnut Hill Reservoir and Jamaica Pond, with a Marine Park at South Boston. Most of these are easily accessible by steam-cars or electric cars.




SCOLLAY SQUARE.

This paper is not designed to be a catalogue of the public institutions and philanthropies of Boston, but aims merely to suggest a few of the characteristic forms which such activities have taken. There has been no desire to praise Boston above its sisters among American cities; for it is a characteristic of our society that, in spite of the outward uniformity attributed to the nation, each city has nevertheless its own characteristics; and each may often learn from the others. This is simply one of a series of papers, each with a specific subject and each confined to its own theme. In view of the large number of foreign visitors to be expected, during the coming year, on this continent, it is desirable that all curious persons should be informed what kind of a place each city is, and what are its points of interest. The inns, the theaters, the club-houses, they will discover for themselves; but there are further objects of interest not

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TREMONT STREET MALL, BOSTON COMMON.

always so accessible. For want of a friendly guide, they may miss what would most interest them. It is now nearly two hundred years since an English traveler named Edward Ward thus described the Boston of 1699:

"On the southwest side of Massachusetts Bay is Boston, whose name is taken from a town in Lincolnshire and is the Metropolis of all New England. The houses in some parts joyn, as in London. The buildings, like their women, being neat and handsome. And their streets, like the hearts of the male inhabitants, being paved with pebble."

The leadership of Boston, during these two centuries, in a thousand works of charity and kindness has completely refuted the hasty censure of this roving Englishman; and it is to be hoped that the Boston of the future, like the Boston of the past, will do its fair share in the development of that ampler American civilization of which all present achievements suggest only the promise and the dawn.



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# THE SPINNING ON THE MALL.

By Nora Perry.



'T was more than a hundred years ago,
And Boston town was young, you know,
In that far day, and what we call
The "Common" now, was then the "Mall"—
A fine old-fashioned name, that meant
A public green, where people went
To roam at will or play a game
With "mall," or mallet, much the same
As now they play with bat and ball.
'T was here, then, on the Boston Mall,
More than a hundred years ago,
There was the prettiest sight and show
That any eyes had ever seen,
Upon the lovely level green.
For in the cool and leafy shade
That elm and oak-tree branches made,
A little flock of smiling girls,
With dimpling cheeks and teeth of pearls,
And modest cap and gown and frill,
Sat spinning, spinning with a will.
An hour or more with girlish grace
The busy workers held their place,
And eager crowds came up to gaze,
With some to wonder, some to praise,
While newer comers bent to say,—
As you perhaps may say to-day
Who read this page,—"Oh, tell us why
And wherefore now these spinners ply
Their busy wheels in sight of all,
Upon the open public Mall?
A curious show, a pretty scene,
But tell us what the show doth mean?"
It means, it means, that long ago,
When Boston town was young, you know,
Its councilors and rulers sought
From day to day, with prayerful thought,



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To serve the interests of the town
They held beneath the British crown.
And so one day, amidst their wise
And well-laid schemes of enterprise,
A scheme arose to bring the art
The Irish weavers knew by heart
Into the town of Boston bay.
And ere the scheme could cool, straightway
A message went across the sea
To Erin's shore, and presently
In Boston harbor came to land
A little group, a little band,
Who jovially settled down
Within the precincts of the town,
To teach the folk of Boston bay
To spin and weave their famous way.
But fancy the amazement there,
The curious question, and the stare,
When, flocking to the spinning-class,
Came many a high-placed little lass.
"'T was not for these the scheme was laid
And carried out; the plan was made
For poorer folk," the rulers cried.
The smiling gentry-folk replied
With never a word of yea or nay,
But, still persistent, held their way!
And thus it fell that high and low,
And rich and poor, flocked to and fro
Across the town to learn the art
The Irish weavers knew by heart.
And such the skill was soon displayed,
That by and by each little maid,
Or rich or poor, or high or low,
Was homespun-dressed from top to toe.
And then and there it came to pass
The spinning-school, the spinning-class,
Became the fashion of the hour,
And raged with such despotic power
That then and there the folk decreed,
And all the councilors agreed,
That on the people's public green
These spinners spinning should be seen.

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## HARD TO BEAR.

By Tudor Jenks.

"I 'm very drowsy," said the Bear;
"I think it 's anything but fair
That just about the Christmas season,
Without a sign of rhyme or reason,
I get so tired I have to creep
Into a cave and fall asleep.

I take a nap, and—to my surprise—
I find, when I wake and rub my eyes,
That winter 's gone, and I 've slept away
Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's day.

I believe that I 'm not given to croaking,
But you 'll admit that it 's provoking!"




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# THE "OLD-BLUE" VASE.

*(A Navy Boy in Japan.)*

By Anna A. Rogers.



ALEC BARLOW began to travel when he was about three months old. His father was then ordered from the Portsmouth Navy Yard to special duty at the Department in Washington; and that entry of 465 miles headed the rather long list in his little red note-book, that he kept in his inside reefer pocket, and showed to people who treated him and his hobby with respect.

He found "grown-ups," as he called them, on the average very frivolous, much more so than children. It did seem to him sometimes as if the older they got the sillier they got. Now, there was the admiral on the European station,— where Alec went when he was about two years old,— there was n't a naval cadet in the squadron who laughed half as much as he did; nor bowed and scraped more to the ladies; nor talked more nonsense, as it seemed to Alec. Then he had such an intensely disagreeable way of greeting Alec with: "'How big was Alexander, Pa?'" every blessed time he ran across him, when Alec was spending the day on the "Hartford," after he got to be almost five years old, toward the end of the cruise. Alec got so tired of it, but he knew what the ship's discipline required, and "stood attention" respectfully, as "His Royal Nibs"— Alec liked to hear him called that behind his back — walked by in his Nancyfied way.

The old coxswain of the cutter surprised Alec once by saying to a new hand:

"You think you know it all, don't you, sonny? Well, all the same I 'd rather have the 'Old Man' on the bridge in a gale than any officer in the navy. He 's a dandy from Dandysville."

Alec could not understand it, and never had had a chance to ask what he meant.

The proudest moment of his boyhood was when he had occasion to write 8894 miles in his note-book, on his way to Japan with his mother, when he was eight years old. His father was "first luff" on the "Monocacy," then in China. The captain of the Pacific Mail steamer gave him the figures. That was counting from New York to Yokohama, and reducing knots to land miles; and it brought his grand total up to 21,319 miles. He knew only one navy boy, "Ratty" Taft, who was ahead of him. Ratty had been to Montevideo and back before he was four years old; and after that the Sandwich Islands, and dear knows how many other places. Alec had not had as much luck as that, but he was a good second to Ratty.

After the first three mornings, Alec enjoyed the eighteen days on the Pacific Ocean very much, until they crossed the 180th meridian. Not being old enough to pretend he understood why a day was deliberately dropped, he had a hard time of it. It was another one of his struggles with the curious frivolity of grown-up people. He had climbed up into his bunk on Friday night, and when he awoke next morning, his mother insisted it was Sunday and that he must put on his best reefer with the navy buttons, and his blue-and-green plaid tie. How Alec laughed at his dear, funny little mother! But she was so serious about it that, when he



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rang the bell for her black coffee, he took occasion to ask Ling, the Chinese steward, what day it was. Ling answered: "Jess now b'long 'melican joss-day." So that settled it.

"What does it mean, Mama?" he asked, quite in earnest as usual.

"Good gracious, Alec! how should I know?" she said, laughing, as she sipped her coffee comfortably in the lower berth.

Between breakfast and church he had asked the second officer, the purser, the doctor, an English "globe-trotter," and a missionary going to Siam, to explain this mystery to him. Each one had tried to laugh it off, but when he persisted, each one said: "Well, you run and get an orange, and I 'll see if I can make you see it." Each time he understood less and less about it, and the missionary left him in a hopeless fog.

Finally, after "tiffin," or luncheon, he knocked at the captain's cabin, and a voice within called out gruffly: "Who 's there?"

"Alec Barlow, sir."

"Run away, run away! I 'm having a nap."

"Captain, excuse me, but it 's business," said Alec, quaking, but determined to get at this day-shedding affair at all hazards, especially as Pacific captains are not so fierce as Atlantic captains. He heard a short laugh, and was told to come in. He entered, whipped off his "watch-cap" as quickly as any one could take off anything so limp and wobbly, and stood respectfully in front of the captain, who lay stretched on the transom.

"Well, Don Quixote?" demanded the captain, who called Alec all sorts of queer names.

"Now, you know yourself, captain, that if a fellow understands a thing he can make another fellow see it fast enough." The captain yawned, blinked the tears out of his eyes, and said:

"What 's that? What 's that?"

"They all talk, and talk, and talk. I won't name any names, of course, but there 's a big pack of sillies on this ship, sir—"

"About the average, Alec," said the captain.

"And not one of 'em can 'splain this reg'lar leap-frog right straight over Saturday!"

"So that 's it, Mr. Coroner? Well, you run and get an —"

"I 've got the orange right here. I s'posed you 'd want it," said Alec, pulling one out of his pocket.

They struggled with the question once more, and Alec began to wish he had not said that about the "sillies." The captain finally glanced at the boy's bewildered face, and said shortly:

"Subtract eight from fifty-six." There was a pause, and the boy glared excitedly at the map on the wall, and played five-finger exercises against his legs.

"Forty-eight, sir," he answered, his brow clearing as the captain replied:

"Right you are! Well, I 'm just that many years older than you, and I advise you to put off this 180th meridian business for some years to come. There are a few things that even a lad of eight whole years—"

"And four months," suggested Alec, meekly.

"Cannot understand, and you need not call me a 'silly,' either, do you hear?"

"You need n't ever be 'fraid of that, sir, 'cause *you 're* ser'ous, and that 's what fetches me every time," said Alec.

"Thank you, thank you, Admiral Noah; how 's the old ark, anyhow?" said the laughing captain, as Alec slid out. He tossed the orange overboard, and stood by the rail watching it bob, and dance, and nod good-by to him as it floated away. It was such a bright, brave little thing to go out alone on the ocean that Alec felt sorry he had thrown it away. He ran down the ship toward the stern, and watched it until it was gone forever out of sight. There was something about this that made him feel lonely, and he went and leaned against his mother, who was tramping up and down the deck with the missionary. She was laughing at something he had been saying, but she took time to look down at Alec and whisper:

"Don't you feel well, dear?" Somehow, whenever he felt lonesome people always asked him that.

To make a long story short, they arrived in Yokohama without incident of any kind, after a whaleless, porpoiseless, gulless, sailless voyage, so very different from the Atlantic crossing, as Alec and the "globe-trotter" said many times during the three weeks on the lonely Pacific.

Alec had never felt so foolish in all his life as when he and his mother landed at Yokohama,

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and got into one of those baby-carriages, drawn by one little man with lots of muscle in his legs. He was glad Ratty and the other fellows were not looking on. They went straight to the American Consulate to get the letters. They always did that.

Then they went to the hotel, and Mrs. Barlow read the pile of letters she had received, and looked very serious, for her. Alec stood by the front window, watching the funny little Japanese children wading out to gather seaweed at the other side of the Bund wall. They looked just like pictures on fans.

Mrs. Barlow said after a while:

"Alec, the Monocacy is at Shanghai, and papa says we must not go on to China just now. We must take a little house here, and try and be happy till he comes." Alec went to her.

"How 's his pain?" he asked, watching her face, for he had his suspicions.

"It has come back," she said; adding quickly, "but not very bad,—he speaks of it only once or twice. That 's nice, is n't it, Alec?" She drew him to her and put her head on his shoulder.

"That 's fine!" he said, and then he felt that the sooner they talked about something else, the better. He often had a curious feeling that he was much older than his happy little mother, who was a mere girl in years, and had the nature that sings, and laughs, and chatters all day long. He had his father's serious, dark eyes, but otherwise was very much like her, only he had not outgrown his freckles, and his second teeth had not quite settled down to spend their lives with him.

They rented a wee little bungalow of four rooms,—not counting the servants' quarters,—all furnished, down in the Settlement not far from the Athletic Grounds, where Alec often watched the cricket-matches, and did not think much of the game, compared with base-ball. He went to school on the Bluff, sometimes tugging up The Hundred Steps, which was too much for a fat boy, especially as there was no railing; but generally up the Long Hill, as it brought him out nearer the school. He had the sailor's-cap ribbon of the U. S. S. Monocacy sewed on his caps, and many were his tussles and adventures with boys of all nationalities in that school. Once Paymaster Dawson, of the U. S. Naval Hospital, had to interfere in Alec's behalf when he was threatened with dismissal for "inveterate belligerency"—Alec looked it up in the dictionary. After that his affairs ran more smoothly.

Mrs. Barlow was as happy as the days were long; she could not help it. She was delighted with everything; the people were so kind and hospitable; she had two such treasures for servants, and the whole thing was "such fun," and did not cost her what it did to board in two rooms at home. She flew at Alec once in a while, and danced the polka all over their tiny house; she always said that nobody ever danced the polka as well as her boy.

Mrs. Barlow's greatest delight was buying "curios." She got a great deal of trash, as she was told, as soon as the ladies who always lived in Yokohama began to feel really friendly toward her. Her pet bargain was a large blue-and-white vase. She had paid so much for it that no one dared to tell her how outrageously she had been cheated. She called it "old-blue," or Hirado ware; but it was n't in the least, you know, being just that cheap imitation made by wholesale down in Seto.

One day, toward the end of January, Alec was in school trying to remember, long enough to recite it, how to bound the German empire, when he was told a gentleman wanted to see him. The German empire was dashed flat on its face, and he flew to the door, where he found Mr. Dawson in his jinrikisha, and after one glance he knew there was something.

"Get on your things, Alec; we 'll ride double down home. I 've an *atoshi*,* you see, and so it won't be too much of a load. Besides, I want to talk to you."

"What 's the matter, Mr. Dawson?" asked the boy, as soon as they were off.

"It 's just this, Barlow,"—Alec wondered if Mr. Dawson had any idea how much he liked to be called by his last name; he could almost feel his mustache grow,—"I 've got a proposition. What do you say to my coming and staying at your quarters a while, and our keeping bachelor's hall together?"

"Excuse me, paymaster, but I don't think that 's what you came to tell me," said Alec,

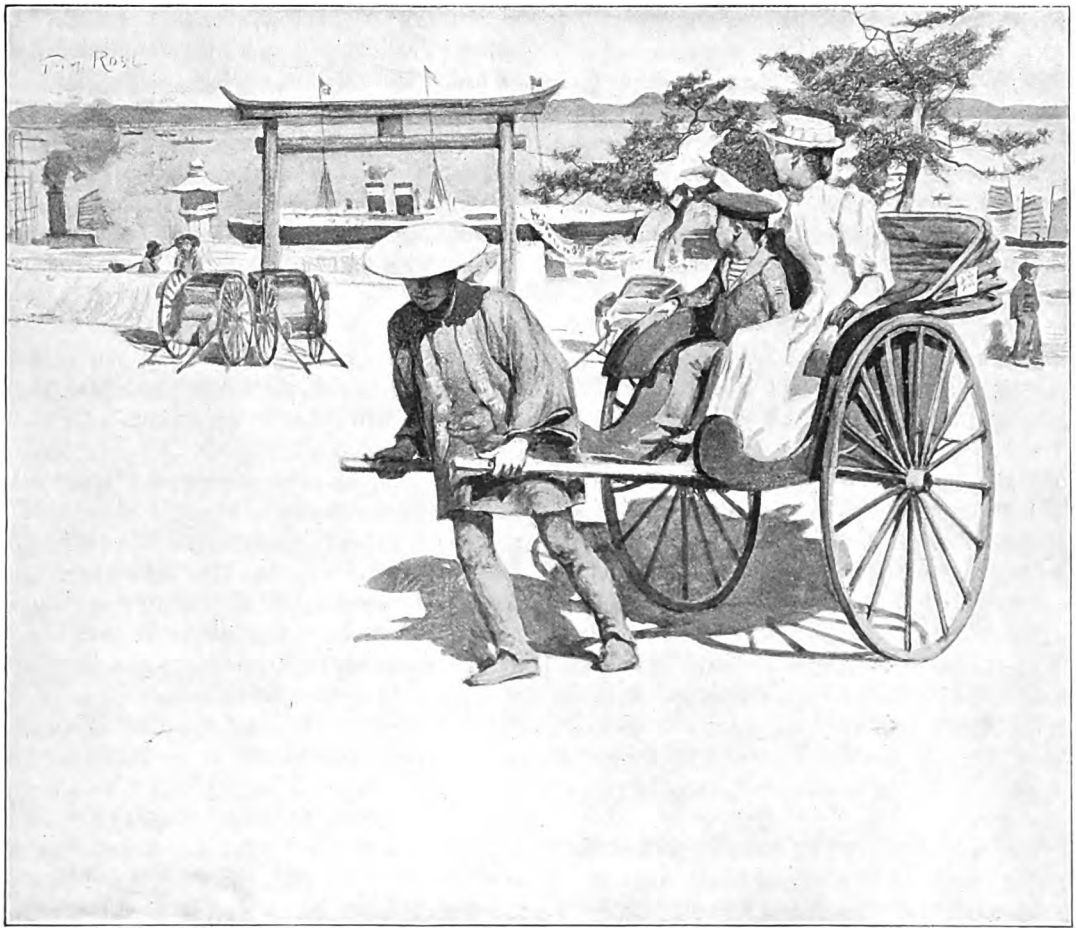
* "Push-man," a coolie who pushes.

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with a frown; grown people always took him for such an idiot!

Mr. Dawson glanced at him, and then said:

"Alec, your mother got a telegram from Shanghai an hour ago, from the surgeon of the Monocacy, who says your father is — well, he 's not well; and so she is going by the French Mail at three o'clock this afternoon, to take care of him."



ALEC AND HIS MOTHER AT THE LANDING IN YOKOHAMA.

"I can be ready in ten minutes," said Alec.

"That 's the rub, old fellow; you are not to go."

"Well, I 'd like to know the reason why!" cried the boy in his fighting tone.

"You need n't grit the ends off your teeth at me, Mister Sullivan-Fisticuffs! Your poor little mother will have her hands full without you. Captain Venteux will take charge of her, and it is best for all that you stay."

There was a short silence, as the coolies backed hard against the heavy load as they went down the steep hill, the *atoshi* running to the front and pulling back the shafts. Finally Alec said reproachfully: "If you had talked sense to me at first — but I hate this babying business." Mr. Dawson knew him well enough to feel sure there would be no further argument, and it was a load off his mind.

A few minutes later, as they flew along the canal, Mr. Dawson felt a small hand laid upon his arm, and Alec coughed a little and said:

"Paymaster, I think it would be very jolly to have you come and keep bachelor's hall with me; excuse me for not saying so right off."

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Mr. Dawson smiled and shook the freckled little hand warmly.

When they reached the house, Alec found it was full of ladies all chattering at once, as they packed his mother's trunk and bags, trying to cheer up Mrs. Barlow, who sat twisting her handkerchief nervously, and catching in her breath every few seconds, like the child that she really was. He went to her, and she clung to him and cried again for a moment.

"Now, you brace up, Mama, and have some pluck about you. You said only yesterday you'd give all your curious"—he never got that word exactly right—"to see papa for five minutes, don't you remember?"

"Yes; but you, Alec?"

"Well, you see, I don't care much about China, anyhow," he replied huskily.

"They all seem to think it 's better, dear," the little mother said. Alec had just time to say, "Of course it is," when the lumps in his throat got so enormous and hard to swallow that he ran out of the room and into the hall closet, shut the door, buried his head in his heavy ulster that hung on a peg, and had his cry out alone.

After a while he went into the dining-room, with a very dignified step but an extremely storm-beaten face. Mr. Dawson glanced up from the floor, where he was struggling to get Mrs. Barlow's many steamer-wraps into a small ladylike strap, and after noticing the shrinkage as to Alec's eyes and the expansion as to his nose, he concluded not to say anything, but went on whistling the only tune he knew: "Bob up serenely."

Alec got the materials together and wrote a note to his mother with much ink, wide-spread elbows, and his head at a painful angle. It ended with these words:

> And you jest say to yourself, what 's the matter with Alexander Barlow? O, hese all right, and take good cair of your ancul, and if the decks are slipry don't you walk alone—tell papa to get up steam for Yokohama soon. Ile take care of the Old Blue Vace dont you wurry.
>
> your loveing son Alec.

He took the letter to Yuki, the Japanese maid, and told her to slip it into his mother's handbag, near the cologne-bottle and the lemon already cut in halves.

After Mrs. Barlow sailed for China, Alec and the paymaster got on finely together. One Saturday afternoon, they gave a very successful tiffin of ten covers. They carefully arranged it all beforehand. Each one of the hosts wrote out his response to a toast and submitted it to the other's criticism, before learning it by heart. Mr. Dawson declared he could make no suggestions, when Alec read his speech to him.

"I think yours is too solemn, paymaster; the ladies won't like it," was Alec's opinion, when he heard Mr. Dawson's speech.

"Barlow, when you get to be my age, you 'll know that a woman likes crying next to diamonds," said the paymaster, sagely.

"Seems to me everybody in the world, 'cepting papa and me, are hunting round all the time for a chance to laugh at something," said the younger of the two philosophers.

Alec sat at the foot of the table, opposite Mr. Dawson, and divided his conversation evenly between the ladies on either hand, as Mr. Dawson told him that was "the racket." Toward the end of the luncheon, Mr. Dawson winked at Alec, who thereupon proposed the toast, "Home," and called on "Passed Assistant Paymaster Frederick Q. Dawson" to respond, which he did in such a way that Mrs. Peters, who had not seen the United States for ten years, gave a little sob, and Mr. Peters said hurriedly:

"Choke it off, Pay; this is n't a wake," and so spoiled the end of his speech.

Then, after the proper formalities, Alec rose, put one hand behind him as he had seen his father do more than once at the head of the ward-room table, holding his glass of well-watered claret in the other hand, and with a face much redder than the wine, said:

"This toast is drank on all men-o'-war in our navy on Saturdays after dinner; and all the orficers what are papas, and—spoons, and things, think of his pa'tic'lar one while they do it. Here 's to sweethearts and wives!"

It made a decided hit, and one and all insisted on clinking glasses with him on the spot; but Mrs. Robb, who lacked tact, exclaimed enthusiastically: "You little darling!" and Alec never forgave her, and it spoiled the occasion so far as he was concerned. In talking it over later, he agreed with the paymaster: "The way of the toaster is hard."

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At the end of a fortnight, Alec heard from his mother. His father had been carried ashore to the hotel, and she was nursing him there. He was decidedly better. The letter ended with: "Tell Mr. Dawson that he is the best man in the whole world, next to your papa." When Alec read the message to the paymaster, he said, "O pshaw! these women," and talked about something else. Alec did not think it very polite, but he did not like to say anything.

One afternoon, toward the end of February, Alec sat in the big arm-chair in the parlor, idly swinging his legs, waiting impatiently for Mr. Dawson to come home to dinner. He was late very often just then, because he had gone in for the bowling-match at the Y. U. Club, and stood a good chance for second prize, greatly to Alec's pride and delight.

Alec started nervously when the wind pried with an impudent clatter at the shutters. He was glad when Sono, Mr. Dawson's Japanese "boy," came into the next room and fussed about the dinner-table. He felt a sinking sensation that he was deadly ashamed of, when Sono went out again, and he was left alone with only the puffs of wind to break the silence. Suddenly there was a roar like the quick passing of a heavy lumbering wagon, and then it seemed to Alec as if a giant took the little bungalow up and shook it as a dog does a rat; then bumped it up and down; and finally swung it slowly to and fro, before he dropped it and walked off. Alec jumped to his feet at the first shock, but was thrown flat on his face, and lay there listening in terror to the loud creakings of the swaying house, which sounded like a ship in a driving storm. When the swinging stopped, he felt seasick and faint as he staggered to his feet and tottered to the front door. He tried to open it, but it was jammed. As he stood there dazed, Yuki and Sono rushed through the back door, that had been left ajar, seized him by the arm, crying sharply, "*Aya! Aya! Jishin! Hayaku!*"* and dragged him out of the house into the garden.

"Yuki, what 's the matter? I don't understand," gasped Alec.

"*Oki* earthquake, *danna san!*"† she answered. With a sudden cry, Alec tore himself from their grasp and dashed back into the parlor. He pushed a chair to the mantel, mounted upon it, and reached up for the blue vase, which was fastened by a fine wire to a tack in the wall, as is the custom in earthquake-rocked Japan. Just as he jerked out the tack, and was jumping down with the vase in his arms, there came one final terrific bump from beneath the house, and everything turned black, and he knew no more.

When he came to his senses, he heard Mr. Dawson's voice near his head, saying:

"Stop your sniffling, Yuki. If you or Sono had been worth your rice, this never would have happened."

Yuki's voice whined softly:

"*O yurushi nasare, Kanjo-kata!*‡ we have try."

The paymaster growled back:

"Why did n't you sit on him, if you could not hold him any other way?" Then Alec heard near his feet a voice that sounded like the young surgeon's at the Naval Hospital, saying:

"And that vase is no more 'old-blue' than I am—not half as much as he is—poor little lad." A terrible pain seized upon Alec, the voices faded away, and he had fainted again.

The second earthquake shock had been one of the bumping sort that does the most damage, and the chimney had fallen in through the roof.

They had taken Alec out from under the bricks and dust, finding fragments of the blue-and-white vase in his bleeding hands. That told the whole story, better even than if the little white lips could have moved and spoken.

Mr. Dawson gently raised the small, crushed body in his arms, and vented his helpless grief on the frightened servants, while he waited for the doctor. Sono disappeared from the "compound," and although half a month's wages was to his credit, he was never seen again. When Dr. Hicks came flying down from the Bluff in a 'ricksha propelled by four coolies, he laid the unconscious Alec upon a mattress, and they carried him up Camp Hill to the United States Naval Hospital. Yuki walked a few steps in front, carrying a large paper lantern, crying softly and wiping her eyes on her long sleeves.

The hospital had stood some eight hundred earthquakes in its time, and beyond several

* "Look out! Look out! Earthquake! Hurry!" † "Big earthquake, Master!" ‡ "Forgive me, Paymaster!"

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square yards of tiling off the roof, it was not damaged.

They put Alec in the second-story front room, where one gets a view of the sacred mountain of Japan, Fujiyama, the "mountain of wistaria."

Alec had a hard time of it for many long weeks, what with his sufferings, his fever, and his fancies. In Alec's bewildered thoughts, the big fat bottles on the table by the bed were always bullying the little thin bottles, and it was "no fair," and he could not move to stop it, and nobody seemed to care.



"'O'NEILL,' SAID ALEC, 'DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I WAS HURT BY THAT OLD EARTHQUAKE?'"

Mr. Dawson found that the boy's feverish eyes were glaring at the bottle-laden table, with labels of all sizes, and corks at all angles, some with paper stuffed in to make them air-tight. He gave the delirious boy a sleeping-draught, and the next morning the riotous colony living on the table had been suppressed.

The senior surgeon's young wife brought in a bunch of her earliest pansies to brighten the sick-room, and Yuki put them in a low, broad dish on the bureau, and as soon as poor Alec saw them, off started his busy delirium once more:

"Forward and back! ladies change! sashay across! back to places!" he called out in a loud singsong way to the pansies nodding their heads in the breeze by the open window. It was a "hop" on board ship, and the officers and ladies were dancing back and forth, bowing and courtesying all the time. "All hands round! Mama, mama! you 're going the wrong way," he cried in his thick, rough voice to the little fat pansy all in cool lilac with a gold locket on her breast, who gazed with wonder and held her chin up in the air. Then he burst out laughing, for there was tall Ensign Tycer stooping over and whispering low to the captain's youngest daughter, whose dark head drooped shyly on one side!

"Ha, ha! I saw you two sillies whispering on the gun-deck; so did the master-at-arms. Reg'lar muff, you are!"

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On and on went the croaking voice and laughter, and the doctors were at their wits' ends. After that it seemed to him that he slept for years, and when he awoke the first thing he noticed was that the wall-paper was simply a pattern of two blue pinks and one green rose, over and over again, as comfortable and orderly as possible. The brownies and grasshoppers were gone, and everything all about the room kept still. Then he saw the Japanese *amah*, squatting on the floor by the window, sewing. What was her name? It meant "snow" in Japanese. Paymaster Dawson, whom he knew long ago, once told him so. He called, as he supposed, very loudly: "Snow! Snow!" Funny enough, she did not hear him, and went on sewing. Maybe she had grown old, as he had, and was deaf. So he tried again: "Snow! You Snow!" This time she caught the feeble whisper, and, glancing up quickly, pattered to the bed, and looked closely at him, and then ran out of the room in her queer, mincing way, saying in the English she was so proud of: "Come back, queek."

When she returned Dr. Hicks and Mr. Dawson were with her; and the latter stood at the foot of the cot twirling his mustache, as Alec remembered he used to do when he was excited over the bowling-match. Alec noticed how strongly he smelled of tobacco, and he liked it, and his pinched little face broke into a fluttering smile, and the paymaster went over by the window, and tried to hum "When the sky above is clearing"; but he ended abruptly by saying something about "needing quinine." The doctor looked over his shoulder at the paymaster's broad back, and smiled.

When Alec got somewhat stronger, Mr. Dawson read to him a number of letters that had come from his mother, and he thought it so strange that she did not mention his illness, but seemed to think he was at school; but Mr. Dawson explained that by such a long rigmarole that Alec dropped off to sleep in the middle of it, and he was ashamed to ask him to repeat it. He dictated his answers to the same reliable person, who took so long to write a page that Alec concluded the paymaster was as weak in spelling as he was himself.

It was warm, sweet-smelling, sweet-looking, sweet-sounding spring when Alec was placed on the long Chinese steamer-chair, and carried out by four sick-listed sailors into the hospital garden. They put the chair down by the camellia-bush with the red-and-white-striped blossoms, that made him think of big peppermint balls. Everything he saw reminded him of something to eat, just because they were all so awfully stingy about food at the hospital (the sick sailors agreed with Alec about that.)

But that morning the world was so oppressively beautiful that tears of joy ran down the boy's cheeks, and Yuki had to wipe them away — right before all the sailors, too! It was very trying. A tiny brown bird came and perched on the foot of the chair, and sang five notes, and Alec wanted to cry some more, but he just would n't.

"The colors are too bright, and things have too much smell to them — it hurts. Funny I never noticed it before," he said to Doctor Hicks, who smiled in the quiet way "that makes a fellow think he 's heard everything long ago," as Alec said to the paymaster.

The little invalid was left alone, only Yuki being by, when Mrs. Peters's phaëton spun around the corner by the foreign cemetery,— so convenient to most of the hospitals,— and catching sight of Alec, she sawed frantically at her Chinese pony's hard mouth, and finally succeeded in stopping him. Then she and Alec chatted over the hospital fence; and probably in all her long and very unexciting life, no one ever found Mrs. Peters so radiantly lovely as she appeared to Alec's fresh fancy that spring morning.

"And, Alec, how about the food question? Is there anything you particularly fancy?" asked Mrs. Peters.

"I 'm hungry all the time — they 're rather mean about it. I s'pose the 'propriation 's got low," said Alec, who had heard a great deal of "navy talk" in his life.

Of course Mrs. Peters ought to have known better, but it got all over town that the United States Hospital fare was not what might be expected, considering the taxes; and the next day began that perfect shower of soups, jellies, blanc-manges, and fruit in which every woman in Yokohama had at least a finger, from the

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American and English leaders of society down to the gentle Sisters from the French hospital.

At first Alec succeeded in smuggling much of his too abundant store to the convalescent sailors, but frequent relapses in their health finally exposed that court-martial offense, and the hospital apothecary carried a brief message to the small criminal from the senior surgeon.

Then began the waxing stout of Doctor Hicks and the paymaster, who messed together in the former's quarters, at the other end of the hospital building.

"Hicks and I never got on to anything like it in both our wasted lives! Come, own up; how did you work it with the ladies, old fellow?" the paymaster demanded of the delighted boy, who thereupon laughed so that he could not answer.

"All right, keep your old secret! I 'm good for twice the jelly you are, anyhow; and as for Hicks—I think I 'm justified in stating that that man is little short of phenomenal, when it comes to blanc-mange. We have n't cared, so far, how it 's done, but we 're getting proud and haughty on this kingly diet."

Alec's shrill little laugh could be heard away up in the sailors' ward, and one of them would say: "I guess the paymaster's with him now," and the others would grunt contentedly, and listen again for the sound that carried each rough old heart far away across the sea.

Alec's favorite sailor was the "Jack-o'-the-Dust" of the "Monocacy," who had been very ill, and was still feeble and white as he wandered restlessly about the verandas and grounds. He often joined Alec by special invitation, fetching a chair and smoking his pipe "to le'ward," while Yuki knelt on the close-cut grass beside her little master's long chair, holding over him a huge yellow Japanese umbrella; for the sun was already getting too hot for comfort, and yet it was too damp under the trees.

"O'Neill," said Alec one day to the Jack-o'-the-Dust, "do you know how much I was hurt by that old earthquake?"

"A rib or so, the lift ankle, and cuts galore. Purty wull smashed," he answered.

"I say, won't I have a jolly lot of scars! More than any feller I know."

"Fur the matther o' that, yer wull that, Masther Alec," replied O'Neill.

"Even you have n't that many, O'Neill?"

"Shure, no; nur a wish fur the same."

"What are you here for, anyway?" asked Alec, after a pause.

"Me stummick 's gone on liberty, and hez overshtayed its toime, loike a trashy marine!" growled O'Neill. "Sometoimes I 've a failin' it 'ull niver report on board the ould ship ag'in." Alec began to laugh, but there was something new and sad in the gruff voice, and after saying gently, "I think your pipe 's out, O'Neill; load her up again," there was a long silence, broken finally by the street-cry that waked Alec every morning.

"Yuki! What 's that?" Alec cried. She had gone to sleep, with her head against the chair, the umbrella resting upon the back. She awoke, smiled her "Bixby's Best smoile," as O'Neill called it and told him what the strange cry meant—it was merely a tea-seller's call.

The paymaster had been very busy for a week getting the bungalow shipshape, and the morning came when he and Alec were going to move down there after tiffin. The latter was taking leave of the hospital that had been his home for so many months. He leaned heavily upon Mr. Dawson and Yuki as they half carried him up the tree-covered mound back of the main building, where one gets a glimpse of the bay down by the Bund. It was the favorite spot with the white-faced sailors, who stood sometimes for hours, alone or in pairs, looking longingly out toward the sea, which meant health and home to them all.

"O'Neill is generally here; I wonder where he is?" asked Alec; and nobody answered him.

Two hours later all the convalescent sailors gathered about to say good-by to the lieutenant's boy, as he sat on the lower veranda, in front of Doctor Hicks's quarters.

"I wonder where O'Neill is!" Alec said again, and again there was no answer. Then a marine said softly, "He 's asleep."

"Don't wake him, but tell him I left good-by for him."

"Aye, aye," said a dozen voices. No one would ever wake O'Neill again, but they did not tell Alec just then.

Two of the sailors "made a basket" with their horny hands, and carried Alec to the gate

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and placed him in a double jinrikisha, into which Mr. Dawson also got. Yuki followed in another, with the "honorable little master's" clothes in a trunk at her feet. They went slowly down Camp Hill, and then along the canal. It was so exciting that Alec closed his eyes until the coolies stopped in front of the bungalow gate, and lowered the shafts carefully. Then he saw a plump little woman, with anxious eyes that showed recent tears, standing in the doorway.

"Mama! Mama!" screamed Alec; and such a scene followed! Any one watching the paymaster just then would have prescribed quinine on the spot, without a moment's hesitation. A deep voice from the doorway called out, "I say, Polly, that 's my boy as well as yours!" and there stood Lieutenant Barlow, Alec's papa, with the sunburn all gone from his face, as if he had been on shore duty for three years.

After they carried Alec into the tiny parlor, Mrs. Barlow shook her finger at Mr. Dawson, and was evidently reproving him, much to Alec's mortification. The paymaster said:

"Well, you could n't be in two places at once, and there was no good bothering you, and the doctors took fine care of him, and he did n't know one person from another; and it 's all right now. So it would have been wrong for me to worry you by telling you he was hurt; and please say no more about it."

Alec sat staring up at the blue vase, which was on the mantel in the old place of honor, as big as life, and, if anything, more exquisitely hideous than ever. He pointed to it with his bandaged right hand, and said rather dreamily:

"Mama, was n't it good I saved your vase?"

The three grown people looked at one another, and put their fingers on their lips, and the paymaster hummed,

"Now is the time for disappearing,"

and slipped out. And it was years before Alec knew the truth about the "Old-Blue" Vase.

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# HOLLY-BERRY AND MISTLETOE.

(*A Christmas Romance of 1492.*)

By M. Carrie Hyde.

[*Begun in the December Number.*]

## III. ETHELRED.

A robber bold catches Ethelred fair,
A fall from the wall, and he is — where?

Ethelred, dressed in a blue velvet doublet girt at the waist with a red leather belt, long silk hose, his head covered jauntily with a blue velvet cap from which swung a long feather — Ethelred, whose eyes were true blue, and who stood every inch a trim-built Saxon, flung a cape over his shoulders, and, followed by Harold, an attendant, went out into a high-walled court of the castle to pitch quoits.

It was not great fun this morning; the cold iron rings chilled his fingers and his interest in the game, and he had just sent Harold for crossbows that they might fire at a target as warmer sport, when a man in an odd leather costume, and with pointed black beard and mustaches, suddenly appeared upon the wall and called to him.

"Ha! Lordling Charlock, dapper little sir, come hither a moment that you may see if this be aught of yours"; and he held toward Ethelred something which sparkled like a dewdrop, though it was but a chipping of quartz.

"No," said Ethelred, stiffly, not much fancying the appearance of this familiar freebooter; "that is naught of mine."

"But you know not, till you come closer. Oh! You are the lad-laggard to-day, it seems; come, my little man, a step nearer"; and the enticer swung both boot-tops over the wall.

"Get you gone!" cried Ethelred, and from the scabbard at his side he drew a little sword.

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"So that 's it?" said the strange man, tauntingly. "Let me see how near me you dare to come"; and he swung his feet back and forth, from his seat on the wall, while his eyes were on the castle windows, and his hands placed ready to spring backward, if by chance any one were to appear.

"Come, now," he said. "See if the point of your wee sword can pierce my boot-leather."

The color mounted to Ethelred's cheek; he made a lunge at the stranger's feet, only to be grabbed and caught at the belt by the stranger, jerked upon the wall, and in the snapping of a whip-lash dropped to the ground upon the other side, the man still tightly clutching him.

But Ethelred's capture did not end here! Managing to gain his feet, he held his sword one instant on guard; then right-cut, left-cut, so fiercely that his captor was forced to let go his hold and parry in defense. He was fairly held at bay.

Not once did Ethelred think of crying out for help, so unmanly did he deem it. Had he done so he might readily have been rescued. The stranger, fearing rescue if another instant were lost, made a deft spring upon the doughty little fellow, caught him by the doublet between his shoulders, and, tearing the small sword from his wiry grasp, sprung upon a horse waiting near, flung Ethelred head-downward across the saddle in front of him, and was off at a gallop over stones, hedges, and bushes as they lay in the way, was soon out of sight in the dense wood.

Attendant Harold, returning, could not believe his sight when he saw no Ethelred there. Always a dullard, he gaped in open-mouthed silence many minutes, then rubbed his eyes in a dazed manner, staring up and down the court as if it had swallowed Ethelred. Then, shaking in an ague of alarm, his hair on end with terror, he ran into the hall, crying "Fire! Murder! Fire!"

"Zounds! what has got that bawling slow-coach?" cried Sir Charles Charlock. "He is clean daft. Hold your peace, brawler!"

"Alack! Alack!" cried Harold, coming into Sir Charles's presence, "I mean not fire nor murder, because," and he tried to collect still further his scattered wits—"because 't is worse than that. The young master is gone, gone, gone!" and at every "gone," he shot his voice a note higher; then, as if this were all, hung his head dejectedly on his breast.

An uproar followed. "To the dungeon with this custard-pate!" shouted Sir Charles. Then, organizing a searching-party on the spot, he led them right and left, up hill and down dale, during the next two days. The third day he gave the management of the searching-party to the bailiff, remaining indoors in despair.

That he might not see where he was going, Ethelred's eyes were tightly bandaged. After the first mile or two he was set erect in the saddle, and when they had gone nearly ten times as far, and had entered a strange region, the blindfold was taken off, and he was at liberty to look about him.

"What say you now, my little fencer; know you where you are?" asked his captor.

Ethelred silently rubbed his aching eyes.

"Know you who I am?"

"That I do right well," replied Ethelred, sturdily, though he gulped at his throat as if an apple were in it. "You are no other, so please you, than one of the robber Hardi-Hoods, whom father lately drove away. You would keep me till my father ransom me with gold, or mayhap do battle for me with play of halberds and spears about your ears."

"So, so!" said the robber; thinking, "This child has a sense of cunning about him; his backbone lacks no stiffening for his years; the boldness of his speech likes me well—much better than trickling tears, and the 'Prythee, kind robber, take me back to my mother,' of some. The play of his sword was in good earnest, too! Had his father but asked us to betake ourselves from his estate, instead of driving us therefrom like dogs, I might let the lad go; but no, no," and he shook his head decidedly, "it will not do now."

"How think you," he asked of Ethelred, "—shall it like you to remain alway with the Hardi-Hoods, and grow up to their trade?"

"Never, please fortune," responded Ethelred, vehemently. "No Charlock has ever breathed who filched a groat's-worth from another."

"Think you so?" said Chief Hardi-Hood (for, in truth, it was he); "how comes it then

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your Charlock father has taken from us our home amongst the rocks which had roofed us for years? We did no other harm to him and his than now and then to stalk a deer, trap a pheasant, and help ourselves to a side of bacon. No wonder that we will to pay Sir Charles well off, before that he has done with us! Get forward, you snail-pacer; you must to quicker work," and spurring his horse to the top of his speed, they again shot ahead.

Soon the horse, panting, his steaming breath turned by the keen cold to a nest of crystals about his nose and mouth, and piebald with foam upon his flanks and sides, stumbled forward, but to regain his footing and stumble again. Unable to go any farther without rest, he now stopped stock-still.



"DAPPER LITTLE SIR, COME HITHER A MOMENT THAT YOU MAY SEE IF THIS BE AUGHT OF YOURS."

Dropping the bridle, the Hardi-Hood sprang off, and lifted Ethelred to the ground. Stiffened with the jolting and fast riding, the little fellow



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stretched his limbs, filliped the dust from the breast of his doublet, and set his cap to rights.

"Now, something to eat, is it?" said the chief of the Hardi-Hoods, and unfastening a package tied to the saddle-bow, he took out a piece of black bread and a bit of dried venison.

"By our good King Harry! the Hardies are coming to meet us; I did not expect it!"

A crackling in the brush was followed by the appearance of a dozen sturdy men, dressed like the chief Hardi-Hood, and with leather doublets and high-topped boots. All were well mounted.



"SPURRING HIS HORSE TO THE TOP OF HIS SPEED, THEY AGAIN SHOT AHEAD."

"There, lad, sharpen your teeth on that. 'T is the best the Hardi-Hoods can do, for you or themselves, in their present case"; and handing Ethelred his allowance of the luncheon, he bit greedily into the share he had portioned to himself.

Silence was held for several moments. Then, suddenly, the robber-chief exclaimed:

A few words were exchanged, a little more of the bread and venison eaten, and Ethelred, intrusted to another Hardi-Hood, was tossed upon the saddle as all sprang to horse, and made off at full speed.

They must have ridden another twenty miles, and the last ten cumbersomely and lag-footed,

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as the way took them through brush and thicket, among stubble, stumps, and rock, when the cavalcade drew rein and dismounted before a natural fortress of high rocks.

Well into the night they had traveled, and Ethelred, too tired to move, was carried back of the rocks into a cavern, fitted with benches, skins, cooking-utensils, and hunting-gear. It was the robbers' home.

### IV. WEST.

Three crows fly here; three crows fly there,
Then three cats spy, near the robbers' lair.

WHEN Mistletoe jokingly referred to "friends" whom Holly-berry knew not, she meant three crows which had taken lodgings in the oak-branches above her cottage, and every night and morning flew down to her door for the handful of grain she as regularly fed them. So tame had they become that they sailed above her head from tree to tree when she searched the woods for berries and herbs, and followed her to the roadside edge with a "Caw, caw!" of farewell on the days when she carried her pickings and findings to market.

"Come no farther," she had once said to them, as if they could understand her, "for there are lads in the village to stone you, and call a harmless old woman like me a witch if she is seen with three crows in her wake; so go back and watch the cottage till I return.

"Now," Mistletoe thought, "they shall go with me in search of the robbers, for their bright eyes may spy out what might escape mine, if 't is no more than a barley-corn, and they will keep me company and in good heart; so for a good night's rest, and the rest to-morrow, as Holly-berry would put it," and drawing the dimity curtains, and pinching out her candle, she was soon fast asleep.

The next morning awakened clear and cold, the snow still three inches deep upon the ground.

"Wha! Billy McGee, McGaw, and Jack Daw, come hither," called Mistletoe from her door.

No sooner had she uttered her cry than the crows flapped heavily down from their perch on the oak-branches, scattering the snow in flurries like smoke as they did so, and with a "Caw, caw, caw," began picking their way back and forth over the snow in front of her door.

Mistletoe took down her long cane, hung by its crooked handle on a peg back of the door, dropped the dimity curtains, fastened the door, drew her cape closely about her, and stepped out into the snow.

As she did so, she dropped a few grains of barley upon the snow, which the crows eagerly devoured, and thus she led them to follow her all the way. By high noon, open country was reached, and they were well into mid-England.

Here all came to a rest. Mistletoe took a seat upon a turnstile overlooking the king's highway, and, while reflecting upon her next move, ate the lunch she had carefully stored in the long black bag she wore on her arm, and scattered from it some grain for the crows.

They gulped down their luncheon hurriedly, then flew to a mile-stone, on which, while they plumed their sleek feathers, they seemed to chatter among themselves.

As Dame Mistletoe lingered after her luncheon, the crows became impatient. At length, rising high from the mile-stone, they settled one by one at her feet, their heads pointed due westward.

"Yes," she said, "time is precious; 't is well to bring your chatter to a close; we must go on — yet in what direction? Your bills are set to the west. Suppose I take that for my guide-post? Here in the road, where the snow has melted, I see a horse's footprint, as clean cut as if old 'Hard-hoof' himself had stamped it there, and it points toward the west. Only one more sign is needed," and snapping a twig from the hawthorn-bush back of the stile, she laid it on her left palm. Saying "North, south, east, west!" she struck upon her left wrist with her right hand, when the twig bounded from her palm directly toward the west.

"That is well; it goes to west, and to the west we will go," she said, as the crows cried "Caw, caw!" to see her set out.

But going west was not easy, for soon it led through tough woods, where narrow paths hampered with sly brambles seemed to increase instead of lessening the distance. Now

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and then Mistletoe heard the "Caw, caw," of her crows above the tree-tops, or caught a glimpse of their black wings fanning the blue sky as they sailed overhead. Still she was not disheartened nor fatigued by her hard tramp, when, just at nightfall, she reached a wood-cutter's cottage where she determined to spend the night.

"Peace be with us! if it is n't good Mother Mistletoe, come to see Canute and me!" cried a bright-eyed, cherry-cheeked young woman answering Mistletoe's cane-tap upon the door-stone. "Who would have thought it, and in midwinter too!" and Jeannie's face was covered with a smile of welcome.

"Prythee, child, 't is but to stay the night with you, if it so pleases," responded Mistletoe, taking the hand of her plump little hostess, who but a year before had been at such odds with her family for wishing to wed wood-cutter Canute, that only Mistletoe had been able to patch the quarrel and turn the wrangling into a merry marriage-reel; "to-morrow morning early I shall be going on, so grumble not if you waken and find me gone."

"Not so," said Jeannie; "if it must be that you leave us so early, Canute and I will both be up to see you off in fitting style."

Mistletoe nodded her head, well pleased with her greeting, talking far into the night with the wood-cutter and his wife, yet telling them never a word of her quest; while, from their unfastened doors, and unsecured windows, she learned they had no fear of robbers in this lonely wood.

"A hot broth is steaming for you, good Dame Mistletoe, but, alack! it is not of barley," called Jeannie the next morning a half hour before the clock had struck four, "for what think you has befallen us in the night?"

"I know not," replied Mistletoe, emerging from the tiny room assigned her, and looking in her peaked-hat and neat neckerchief as trim and trig as if she had but walked a stone's-throw the previous day. "I have little skill in the guesser's art. Has some bad luck befallen you?"

"It is that our last and only bag of barley was stolen in the night! Never has such like happened us before!" and Jeannie rubbed the tears from her eyes. "Canute is already in pursuit of the thieves!"

"Which way has he taken?" asked Mistletoe, supping her broth hurriedly.

"To the southeastward, for it is likely," he said, "that they are some bold trampers — though belike it is but one — strayed toward us on the way to Lunnun-town. Some little barley they spilled right next the door-stone, and three crows are already there to eat it. See you them? Think you they could have aught to do with the taking of it? 'T is hearsay that they bode no good."

"Nor harm, either," said Mistletoe, cheerily, "unless it is the taking from you of a crop of barley, through their bills, that is not worth a penny-toss, and is the robber's loss at that! — But now I must be off. On my way back I will stay me a twinkling to hear if Canute has caught the robbers"; and stepping out, as the crows rose from the ground and flew above her, she trudged sturdily away again upon her search.

At the end of the first few miles, the path she followed diverged in three divisions, all seemingly little traveled, and equally unkempt and forbidding.

Mistletoe stopped and reflected which to take. A broken thorn-bush and some trampled earth, as if a restive horse had been tied and, later, driven along the northwest path, was deciding her to choose that way, when she observed that the crows, settling upon the mid-west path in front of her, were picking here and there at scattered barley-grains.

"Ah, ha! Sir Robber!" she exclaimed to herself, "I see you did not come my way, but struck your path by some more secluded track; 't is well, however, for a bag that leaks once will leak twice and thrice. All seems in train for the crows and me," and laughing right gleefully, she followed her sable birds as they swallowed the barley-trail.

The crows still picking the stolen barley-corns or flying above the steep rocks — they came to a rugged cliff, extending up one side of a deep ravine, fended by a wild growth of brush and trees, that looked almost impenetrable. Stunted hemlocks, thick-set pines, and brawling scrub-oaks scratched and scraped upon each

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other, as if wrangling in their ardor to protect a spot so grimly adapted to a robbers' den.

Mistletoe, scanning closely this stronghold, from a rise upon which she cautiously stood overlooking the tree-jungle, anxiously watched for some appearance of life within the grim ravine.

"By my faith! 't is strange," she said to herself, after waiting a good half-hour, "that no one goes in, out, or about this hawk-nest of an hollow; there seems not even a horse to whinny, nor a dog to whine, yet I am far in my dotage if this is not the Hardis' home!"

Suddenly, with a "Caw, caw, caw," the crows rose high in the air, from the tall tree on which they had been perching, then dropped as quickly, and ranged themselves on a lower limb of the same tree, where sat, on an opposite limb, a black cat that had been bird-nesting.

The cat put up its back hair, and combing its way down the tree-trunk, in a snarl of terror, scurried toward the door of the robber cave.

This door was of hewn oak, strongly set with iron bolts and hinges, and, that it might not attract the attention of even a winter spy, was stained and weather-marked to match the face of the rock into which it opened, while bushes and a few clinging vines, though bare of foliage at this season, still further masked its use to all but the robber family.

"So! So!" cried Mistletoe, her eyes upon the cat as it scratched and meawed at the cave door for admission. "First 't is the barley, and then 't is the cat that tells us, as plain as day, where hide the Hardi-Hoods. If I mistake not, this cat is the same as they had with them on Charlock-land, that was the fear of every chipmunk, chick, and sparrow upon the place."

"Hark ye!" exclaimed the chief of the Hardi-Hoods, who was at home drowsing in the cave, "what has got the cat that it is currying down the door at such a rate, and yowls louder than a hinge rusted for fifty years. Something is much amiss!" and opening the door, he went to find what had alarmed the cat as it scuttled by him, and hid in the darkest corner of the cave.

"This means something very wrong," said the robber, and he gazed warily about.

Above him was a beautiful sky, broad and blue, unflecked by a single storm-cloud; around him was the thick tree-jungle, bent only on its picket duty; under him was the ground laid out in deceiving trap-holes, but he had put them there. Need he fear danger?

At length his eye lighted on the three crows, seated side by side on a high tree overshadowing the cliff.

"Sho!" he cried, "it is a brave cat you are!" cried he. "Here, bring my crossbow, that I may lay out a scarecrow, one, two, three of them, for our dainty kit to dine on."

Ethelred, unable to resist the temptation to look outside, followed Chief Hardi-Hood on tiptoe; and now, as that robber turned to receive his crossbow, dived under his extended arm, and bounded out into the fresh air.

"Here, you young Charlock!" cried the robber chief, catching him by his doublet, "get you back to yonder cave, else will you be sent to join the crows!"

"Caw, caw, caw!" said the crows, rising in heavy flight from the tree and sailing out of sight.

"Plague upon it!" exclaimed Chief Hardi-Hood, "I lost a good shot because of that nimble lad. I will be tilly-vallyed if he has aught but a planked shadow for his supper, ill luck to it!—though he seldom eats much more than that, as 't is."

*(To be continued.)*

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# POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

*Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.*

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter VI.

### POLLY TRIES A LITTLE MISSIONARY WORK.

One change had come over their life during these months which is not explained in Polly's correspondence, and it concerns our little circle of people very intimately.

The Olivers had been in San Francisco over a month, but though Edgar Noble had been advised of the fact, he had not come over from Berkeley to see his old friends. Polly had at length written him a note which still remained unanswered when she started one afternoon on a trip across the bay for her first Spanish conversation with Professor Salazar. She had once visited the university buildings, but Professor Salazar lived not only at some distance from the college, but at some distance from everything else. Still, she had elaborate written directions in her pocket, and hoped to find the place without difficulty.

She had no sooner alighted at the station than she felt an uneasy consciousness that it was not the right one, and that she should have gone farther before leaving the railway. However, there was no certainty about it in her mind, so after asking at two houses half a mile apart, and finding that the inmates had never heard of Professor Salazar's existence, she walked down a shady road, hoping to find another household where his name and fame had penetrated.

The appointed hour for the lessons was half-past three on Fridays, but it was after four, and Polly seemed to be walking farther and farther away from civilization.

"I shall have to give it up," she thought; "I will go back to the station where I got off and wait until the next train for San Francisco comes along, which will be nobody knows when. How provoking it is, and how stupid I am! Professor Salazar will stay at home for me, and very likely Mrs. Salazar has made little cakes and coffee, and here I am floundering in the woods! I 'll sit down under these trees, and do a bit of Spanish while I 'm resting for the walk back."

Just at this moment a chorus of voices sounded in the distance, then some loud talking, then more singing.

"It is some of the students," thought Polly, as she hastily retired behind a tree until they should pass.

But unfortunately they did not pass. Just as they came opposite her hiding-place, they threw themselves down in a sunny spot on the opposite side of the road and lighted their cigarettes.

"No hurry!" said one, "let 's take it easy; the train does n't leave till 4.50. Where are you going, Ned?"

"Home, I guess, where I was going when you met me. I told you I could only walk to the turn."

"Home? No, you don't!" expostulated half a dozen laughing voices; "we 've unearthed the would-be hermit, and we mean to keep him."

"Can't go with you to-night, boys, worse luck!" repeated the second speaker. "Got to cram for that examination or be plucked again; and one more plucking will settle this child's university career!"

"Oh! let the examinations go to the dickens! What 's the use?—all the same a hundred years hence. The idea of cramming Friday night! Come on!"

"Can't do it, old chaps; but next time goes. See you Monday. Ta-ta!"

Polly peeped cautiously from behind her tree.

"I believe that voice is Edgar Noble's, or



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else I 'm very much mistaken. I thought of it when I first heard them singing. Yes, it is! Now, those hateful boys are going to get him into trouble!"

Just at this moment four of the boys jumped from the ground and, singing vociferously

"He won't go home any more,
He won't go home any more,
He won't go home any more,
Way down on the Bingo farm!"

they rushed after young Noble, pinioned him, and brought him back.

"See here, Noble," expostulated one of them who seemed to be a commanding genius among the rest,— "see here, don't go and be a spoil-sport! What 's the matter with you? We 're going to chip in for a good dinner, go to the minstrels, and then, —oh! then we 'll go and have a game of billiards. You play so well that you won't have to pay anything. And if you want money, Will 's flush, he 'll lend you a 'tenner.' You know there won't be any fun in it unless you 're there! We 'll get the last boat back to-night, or the first in the morning."

A letter from his mother lay in Edgar's pocket—a letter which had brought something like tears to his eyes for a moment, and over which he had vowed better things. But he yielded, nevertheless,—that it was with reluctance did n't do any particular good to anybody, though the recording angels may have made a note of it,—and strolled along with the other students, who were evidently in great glee over their triumph.

Meanwhile Polly had been plotting. Her brain was not a great one, but it worked very swiftly. Scarcely stopping to think, lest her courage should not be equal to the strain of meeting six or eight young men face to face, she stepped softly out of her retreat, walked



"POLLY PEEPED CAUTIOUSLY FROM BEHIND HER TREE."

gently down the road, and when she had come within ten feet of the group, halted, and, clearing her throat desperately, said, "I beg your pardon—"

The whole party turned with one accord, a good deal of amazement in their eyes, as there had not been a sign of life in the road a moment before, and now here was a sort of woodland sprite, a "nut-brown mayde" with a remarkably sweet voice.

"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me

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the way to Professor Salazar's house?—Why" (this with a charming smile and expression as of one having found an angel of deliverance)—"why, it is—is n't it?—Mr. Edgar Noble of Santa Barbara!"

Edgar, murmuring "Polly Oliver, by Jove!" lifted his hat at once, and saying, "Excuse me, boys," turned back and gallantly walked at Polly's side.

"Why, Miss Polly, this is an unexpected way of meeting you!"

("Very unexpected," thought Polly.) "Is it not, indeed? I wrote you a note the other day, telling you that we hoped to see you soon in San Francisco."

"Yes," said Edgar; "I did n't answer it because I intended to present myself in person to-morrow or Sunday. What are you doing in this vicinity?" he continued, "or, to put it poetically,

"Pray why are you loitering here, pretty maid?"

"No wonder you ask. I am 'floundering' at present. I came over to a Spanish lesson at Professor Salazar's, and I have quite lost my way. If you will be kind enough to put me on the right road I shall be very much obliged, though I don't like to keep you from your friends," said Polly, with a quizzical smile. "You see the Professor won't know why I missed my appointment, and I can't bear to let him think me capable of neglect; he has been so very kind."

"But you can't walk there. You must have gotten off at the wrong station; it is quite a mile, even across the fields."

"And what is a mile, sir? Have you forgotten that I am a country girl?" and she smiled up at him brightly, with a look that challenged remembrance.

"I remember that you could walk with any of us," said Edgar, thinking how the freckles had disappeared from Polly's roseleaf skin, and how particularly fetching she looked in her brown felt sailor-hat. "Well, if you really wish to go there, I 'll see you safely to the house and take you over to the city afterward, as it will be almost dark. I was going over, at any rate, and one train earlier or later won't make any difference."

("Perhaps it won't and perhaps it will," thought Polly.) "If you are sure it won't be too much trouble then—"

"Not a bit. Excuse me a moment while I run back and explain the matter to the boys."

The boys did not require any elaborate explanation.

Oh! the power of a winsome face! No better than many other good things, but surely one of them, and when it is united to a fair amount of goodness, something to be devoutly thankful for. It is to be feared that if a lumpish, dumpish sort of girl (good as gold, you know, but not suitable for occasions when a fellow's will has to be caught "on the fly," and held until it settles to its work), if that lumpish, dumpish girl had asked the way to Professor Salazar's house, Edgar Noble would have led her courteously to the turn of the road, lifted his hat, and wished her a pleasant journey.

But Polly was wearing her Sunday dress of golden brown cloth and a jaunty jacket trimmed with tawny sable (the best bits of an old pelisse of Mrs. Oliver's). The sun shone on the loose coil of her waving hair that was only caught in place by a tortoise-shell arrow; the wind blew some of the dazzling tendrils across her forehead; the eyes that glanced up from under her smart little sailor-hat were as blue as sapphires; and Edgar, as he looked, suddenly feared that there might be vicious bulls in the meadows, and did n't dare as a gentleman to trust Polly alone! He had n't remembered anything special about her, but after an interval of two years she seemed all at once as desirable as dinner, as tempting as the minstrels, almost as the fascinating billiards (when one had just money enough in one's pocket for one's last board-bill and none for the next)!

The boys, as I say, had imagined Edgar's probable process of reasoning. Polly was standing in the highroad where "a wayfaring man, though a fool," could look at her; and when Edgar explained that it was his duty to see her safely to her destination, they all bowed to the inevitable. The one called Tony even said that he would be glad to "swap" with him, and the whole party offered to support him in his escort duty if he said the word. He agreed to meet

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the boys later, as Polly's quick ear assured her, and having behaved both as a man of honor and knight of chivalry, he started unsuspectingly across the fields with his would-be guardian.

She darted a searching look at him as they walked along.

"Oh, how old and 'gentlemanly' you look, Edgar! I feel quite afraid of you!"

"I 'm glad you do. There used to be a painful lack of reverence in your manners, Miss Polly."

"There used to be a painful lack of politeness in yours, Mr. Edgar. Oh, dear, I meant to begin so nicely with you and astonish you with my new grown-up manners! Now, Edgar, if you will try your best not to be provoking, I won't say a single disagreeable thing."

"Polly, shall I tell you the truth?"

"You might try; it would be good practice, even if you did n't accomplish anything."

"How does that remark conform with your late promises? However, I 'll be forgiving and see if I receive any reward; I 've tried every other line of action. What I was going to say when you fired that last shot was this. I agree with Jack Howard, who used to say that he would rather quarrel with you than be friends with any other girl."

"It is nice," said Polly complacently. "I feel a sort of pleasant glow myself, whenever I 've talked to you a few minutes; but the trouble is that you used to fan that pleasant glow into a raging heat, and then we both got angry."

"Now if the 'raging heat' has faded into the 'pleasant glow,' I don't mind telling you that you are very much improved," said Edgar, encouragingly. "Your temper seems much the same, but no one who knew you at fourteen could have foreseen that you would turn out so exceedingly well."

"Do you mean that I am better-looking?" asked Polly, with the excited frankness of sixteen years.

"Exactly."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, Edgar. I 'm ever so much obliged. I 've thought so a little myself, lately; but it 's worth everything to have your grown-up, college opinion. Of course red hair has come into fashion,—that 's one point in my favor, though I never dare to stand in a strong light. Then my freckles have gone, which is a great help. Nothing can be done with my aspiring nose. I 've tried in vain to push it down, and now I 'm simply living it down."

"Now, do you know, I rather like your nose, and it 's a very valuable index to your disposition. I don't know whether, if it were removed from your face, it would mean so much; but taken in connection with its surroundings, it 's a very expressive feature; it warns the stranger to be careful."

And so, with a great deal of nonsense and a good sprinkling of quiet, friendly chat, they made their way to Professor Salazar's house, proffered Polly's apologies, and took the train for San Francisco.

## Chapter VII.

### "Where ignorance is bliss."

The trip from Berkeley to San Francisco was a brilliant success from Edgar's standpoint, but Polly would have told you that she never worked harder in her life.

"I 'll just say 'How do you do?' to your mother, and then be off," said Edgar as they neared the house.

"Oh, but you surely will stay to dinner with us!" said Polly, with the most innocent look of disappointment on her face,—a look of such obvious grief that a person of any feeling could hardly help wishing to remove it, if possible. "You see, Edgar" (putting the latch-key in the door), "mama is so languid and ill that she cannot indulge in many pleasures, and I had quite counted on you to amuse her a little for me this evening. But come up and you shall do as you like after dinner.

"I 've brought you a charming surprise, Mamacita!" called Polly from the stairs; "an old friend whom I picked up in the woods like a wild flower" ("that 's a good name for him," she thought) "and brought home to you."

Mrs. Oliver was delighted to see Edgar, but after the first greetings were over, Polly fancied that she had not closed the front door, and Edgar offered to go down and make sure.

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In a second Polly crossed the room to her mother's side, and whispered impressively, "Edgar *must* be kept here until after midnight; I have good reasons that I will explain when we are alone. Keep him somehow,—anyhow!"

Mrs. Oliver had not lived sixteen years with Polly without learning to leap to conclusions. "Run down and ask Mrs. Howe if she will let us have her hall-bedroom to-night," she replied; "nod your head for *yes* when you come back, and I 'll act accordingly; I have a request to make of Edgar, and am glad to have so early an opportunity of talking with him."

"We did close the door, after all," said Edgar, coming in again. "What a pretty little flat you have here! I have n't seen anything so cozy and homelike for ages."

"Then make yourself at home in it," said Mrs. Oliver, while Polly joined in with, "Is n't that a pretty fire in the grate? I 'll give you one rose-colored lamp with your firelight. Here, Mamacita, is the rocker for you on one side; here, Edgar, is our one 'man's chair' for you on the other. Stretch out your feet as lazily as you like on my new goatskin rug. You are our only home-friend in San Francisco; and oh! how mama will spoil you whenever she has the chance! Now talk to each other cozily while the 'angel of the house' cooks dinner."

It may be mentioned here that as Mrs. Chadwick's monthly remittances varied from sixty to seventy-five dollars, but never reached the promised eighty-five, Polly had dismissed little Yung Lee for a month, two weeks of which would be the Christmas vacation, and hoped in this way to make up deficiencies. The sugar-bowl and ginger-jar were stuffed copiously with notes of hand signed "Cigar-box," but held a painfully small amount of cash.

"Can't I go out and help Polly?" asked Edgar, a little later. "I should never have agreed to stay and dine if I had known that she was the cook."

"Go out, by all means; but you need n't be anxious. Ours is a sort of doll-housekeeping. We buy everything cooked, as far as possible, and Polly makes play of the rest. It all seems so simple and interesting to plan for two when we have been used to twelve and fourteen."

"Can I come in?" called Edgar from the tiny dining-room to Polly, who had laid aside her Sunday finery and was clad in brown Scotch gingham mostly covered with apron.

"Yes, if you like; but you won't be spoiled here, so don't hope it. Mama and I are two very different persons. Tie that apron round your waist; I 've just begun the salad-dressing; is your intelligence equal to stirring it round and round and pouring in oil drop by drop, while I take up the dinner?"

"Fully. Just try me. I 'll make it stand on its head in three minutes!"

Meanwhile Polly set on the table a platter of lamb-chops; some Saratoga potatoes which had come out of a pasteboard box; a dish of canned French peas, and a mound of currant-jelly.

"That 's good," she remarked critically, coming back to her apprentice, who was toiling with most unnecessary vigor, so that the veins stood out boldly on his forehead. "You 're really not stupid, for a boy; and you have n't 'made a mess,' which is more than I hoped. Now please pour the dressing over those sliced tomatoes; set them on the side-table in the banquet-hall; put the plate in the sink; move three chairs up to the dining-table (oh! it 's so charming to have three!); light the silver candlesticks in the middle of the table; go in and get mama; see if the fire needs coal; and I 'll be ready by that time."

"I can never remember, but I fly! Oh! what an excellent slave-driver was spoiled in you!" said Edgar.

The little dinner was delicious, and such a change from the long boarding-house table at which Edgar had eaten for over a year. The candles gave a soft light; there was a bowl of yellow flowers underneath them. Mrs. Oliver looked like an elderly Dresden-china shepherdess in her pale blue wrapper, and Polly did n't suffer from the brown gingham, with its wide collar and cuffs of buff embroidery, and its quaint full sleeves. Edgar insisted on changing the plates and putting on the tomato-salad; then Polly officiated at the next course, bringing in coffee, sliced oranges, and delicious cake from the "Woman's Exchange."

"Can't I wipe the dishes?" asked Edgar, when the feast was ended.

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"They 're not going to be wiped, at least by us. This is a great occasion, and the little girl down-stairs is coming up to clear away the dinner things."

Then there was the pleasant parlor again, and when the candles were lighted in the old-fashioned mirror over the fireplace, everything wore a festive appearance. The guitar was brought out, and Edgar sang college songs till Mrs. Oliver grew so bright that she even hummed a faint alto from her cozy place on the sofa.

And then Polly must show Edgar how she had made Austin Dobson's "Milkmaid Song" fit "Nelly Bly," and she must teach him the pretty words.

After this singing-lesson was over it was ten o'clock, but up to this time Edgar had shown no realizing sense of his engagements.

"The dinner is over, and the theater party is safe," thought Polly. "Now comes the 'tug of war,' that mysterious little game of billiards."

But Mrs. Oliver was equal to the occasion. When Edgar looked at his watch, she said: "Polly, run and get Mrs. Noble's last letter, dear"; and then, when she was alone with Edgar, "My dear boy, I have a favor to ask of you, and you must be quite frank if it is not convenient for you to grant it. As to-morrow will be Saturday, perhaps you have no recitations, and if not, would it trouble you too much to stay here all night and attend to something for me in the morning? I will explain the matter, and then you can answer me more decidedly. I have received a letter from a Washington friend who seems to think it possible that a pension may be granted to me. He sends a letter of introduction to General M——, at the Presidio, who, he says, knew Colonel Oliver, and will be able to advise me in the matter. I am not well enough to go there for some days, and of course I do not like to send Polly alone. If you could go out with her, give him the letter of introduction, and ask him kindly to call upon us at his leisure, and find out also if there is any danger in a little delay just now while I am ill, it would be a very great favor."

"Of course I will, with all the pleasure in life, Mrs. Oliver," replied Edgar, with the unspoken thought, "Confound it! There goes my game; I promised the fellows to be there, and they 'll guy me for staying away! However, there 's nothing else to do. I should n't have the face to go out now and come in at one or two o'clock in the morning."

Polly entered just then with the letter.

"Edgar is kind enough to stay all night with us, dear, and take you to the Presidio on the pension business in the morning. If you will see that his room is all right, I will say good night now. Our little guest-chamber is down-stairs, Edgar. I hope you will be very comfortable. Breakfast at half-past eight, please."

The door of Mrs. Howe's bedroom closed on Edgar, and Polly sank exhausted on her bed.

"Now, Mama, 'listen to my tale of woe!' I got off at the wrong station,—yes, it was stupid; but wait, perhaps I was led to be stupid. I lost my way, could n't find Professor Salazar's house, could n't find anything else. As I was wandering about in a woodsy road, trying to find a house of some kind, I heard a crowd of boys singing vociferously as they came through the trees. I did n't care to meet them, all alone as I was,—though, of course, there was nothing to be afraid of,—so I stepped off the road behind some trees and bushes until they should pass. It turned out to be half a dozen university students, and at first I did n't know that Edgar was among them. They were teasing somebody to go over to San Francisco for a dinner, then to the minstrels, and then to wind up with a game of billiards, and other gaieties which were to be prolonged indefinitely. What dreadful things that may have included I don't know. A little wretch named 'Tony' did most of the teasing, and he looked equal to planning any sort of mischief. All at once I thought I recognized a familiar voice. I peeped out, and sure enough it was Edgar Noble whom they were coaxing. He did n't want to go a bit,—I 'll say that for him,—but they were determined that he should. I did n't mind his going to dinners and minstrels, of course, but when they spoke of being out until after midnight, or to-morrow morning, and when one beetle-browed, common-looking thing offered to lend him a 'tenner,' I thought of the mortgage on the Noble ranch, and the

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trouble there would be if Edgar should get into debt, and I felt that I must do something to stop him, especially as he said himself that everything depended on his next examinations."

"But how did you accomplish it?" asked Mrs. Oliver, sitting up in bed and glowing with interest.

"They sat down by the roadside, smoking and talking it over. There was n't another well-born, well-bred looking young man in the group. Edgar looked a prince among them, and I was so ashamed of him for having such friends! I was afraid they would stay there until dark, but they finally got up and walked toward the station. I waited a few moments, went softly along behind them, and when I was near enough I cleared my throat (oh, it was a fearful moment!), and said, 'I beg your pardon, but can you direct me to Professor Salazar's house?'—and then in a dramatic tone, 'Why, it is—is n't it?—Edgar Noble of Santa Barbara!' He joined me, of course,—oh! I can't begin to tell you all the steps of the affair, I am exhausted. Suffice it to say that he walked to Professor Salazar's with me to make my excuses, came over to the city with me, came up to the house (I trembling for fear he would slip through my fingers at any moment!); then, you know, he stayed to dinner (I in terror all the time as the fatal hours approached and departed!), and there he is, 'the captive of my bow and spear,' tucked in Mrs. Howe's best bed,—thanks to your ingenuity! I could never have devised that last plot. Mama, it was a masterpiece!"



POLLY SINGS THE "MILKMAID" SONG.

"You did a kind deed, little daughter," said Mrs. Oliver, with a kiss. "But poor Mrs. Noble! What can we do for her? We cannot play policemen all the time. We are too far from Edgar to know his plans, and any interference of which he is conscious would be worse than nothing. I cannot believe that he is far wrong yet. He certainly never appeared better; so polite and thoughtful and friendly. Well, we must let the morrow bring counsel."

"I hope that smirking, odious Tony is disappointed!" said Polly viciously, as she turned out the gas. "I distinctly heard him tell Edgar to throw a handkerchief over my hair if we should pass any wild cattle! How I 'd like to banish him from this vicinity! Invite Edgar to dinner next week, Mama; not too soon, or he will suspect missionary work. Boys hate to be missionaried, and I 'm sure I don't blame them. I hope he is happy down-stairs in his little prison! He ought to be, if ignorance is bliss!"

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## Chapter VIII.

### TWO FIRESIDE CHATS.

It was five o'clock Saturday afternoon, and Edgar Noble stood on the Olivers' steps, Mrs. Oliver waving her hand from an upper window, and Polly standing on the stairs saying good-by.

"Come over to dinner some night, won't you, Edgar?" she asked carelessly,—"any night you like, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday."

"Wednesday, please, as it comes first!" said Edgar, roguishly. "May I help cook it?"

"You not only may, but you must. Good-by."

Polly went up-stairs, and, after washing the lunch-dishes in a reflective turn of mind which did away with part of the irksomeness of the task, went into the parlor and sat on a hassock at her mother's feet.

A soft rain had begun to fall; the fire burned brightly; the bamboo cast feathery shadows on the wall; from a house across the street came the sound of a beautiful voice singing,

"Oh, holy night! the stars are brightly shining.
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth!"

All was peaceful and homelike, if it would only last, thought Polly.

"You are well to-night, Mamacita."

A look of repressed pain, crossed Mrs. Oliver's face as she smoothed the bright head lying in her lap. "Very comfortable, dear, and very happy; as who would not be, with such a darling comfort of a daughter? Always sunny, always helpful these last dear weeks,—cook, housekeeper, nurse, banker, all in one, with never a complaint as one burden after another is laid on her willing shoulders."

"Don't, Mama!" whispered Polly, seeking desperately for her handkerchief. "I can stand scoldings, but compliments always make me cry; you know they do. Your whole duty is to be well, well, well, and I 'll take care of everything else."

"I 've been thinking about Edgar, Polly, and I have a plan, but I shall not think of urging it against your will; you are the mistress of the house nowadays."

"I know what it is," sighed Polly. "You think we ought to take another boarder. A desire for boarders is like a taste for strong drink: once acquired, it is almost impossible to eradicate it from the system."

"I do think we ought to take this boarder. Not because it will make a difference in our income, but I am convinced that if Edgar can have a pleasant home and our companionship just at this juncture, he will break away from his idle habits, and perhaps his bad associations, and take a fresh start. I feel that we owe it to our dear old friends to do this for them, if we can. Of course, if it proves too great a tax upon you, or if I should have another attack of illness, it will be out of the question; but—who knows?—perhaps two or three months will accomplish our purpose. He can pay me whatever he has been paying in Berkeley, less the amount of his fare to and fro. We might have little Yung Lee again, and Mrs. Howe will be glad to rent her extra room. It has a fireplace, and will serve for both bedroom and study if we add a table and student-lamp."

"I don't believe he will come," said Polly. "We are all very well as a diversion, but as a constancy we should pall upon him. I never could keep up to the level I have been maintaining for the last twenty-four hours, that is certain. Besides, he will fancy he is going to be watched and reported at headquarters in Santa Barbara!"

"I think very likely you are right; but perhaps I can put the matter so that it will strike him in some other light."

"Very well, Mamacita; I 'm willing. It will break up all our nice little two-ing, but we will be his guardian angel. I will be his guardian and you his angel, and oh! how he would dislike it if he knew it! But wait until odious Mr. Tony sees him to-night! (What business is it of his if my hair *is* red!) When he chaffs him for breaking his appointment, I dare say we shall never see him again."

"You are so jolly comfortable here! This house is the next best thing to mother," said Edgar, with boyish heartiness, as he stood on the white goatskin with his back to the Olivers' cheerful fireplace.

It was Wednesday evening of the next week. Polly was clearing away the dinner things, and

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Edgar had been arranging Mrs. Oliver's chair and pillows and footstool like the gentle young knight he was by nature.

What wonder that all the fellows, even "smirking Tony," liked him and sought his company? He who could pull an oar, throw a ball, leap a bar, ride a horse, or play a game of skill as if he had been born for each particular occupation,—what wonder that the ne'er-do-wells and idlers and scamps and dullards battered at his door continually and begged him to leave his books and come out and "stir up things"!

"If you think it is so 'jolly,'" said Mrs. Oliver, "how would you like to come here and live with us a while?"

This was a bombshell. The boy hesitated naturally, being taken quite by surprise. ("Confound it!" he thought rapidly, "how shall I get out of this scrape without being impolite! They would n't give me one night out a week if I came!") "I 'd like it immensely, you know," he said aloud, "and it 's awfully kind of you to propose it, and I appreciate it, but I don't think—I don't see, that is—how I could come, Mrs. Oliver. In the first place, I 'm quite sure my home people would dislike my intruding on your privacy; and then,—well, you know I am out in the evening occasionally, and should n't like to disturb you; besides, I 'm sure Miss Polly has her hands full now."

"Of course you would be often out in the evening, though I don't suppose you are a 'midnight reveler' exactly. You would simply have a latch-key, and go out and come in as you like. Mrs. Howe's room is very pleasant, as you know; and you could study there before your open fire, and join us when you felt like it. Is it as convenient and pleasant for you to live on this side of the bay, and go back and forth?"

"Oh, yes! I don't mind that part of it." ("This is worse than the Inquisition; I don't know but that she will get me in spite of everything!")

("Oh, dear!" thought Mrs. Oliver, "he does n't want to come; and I don't want him to come, and I must urge him to come, against his will. How very disagreeable missionary work is, to be sure! I sympathize with him, too. He is afraid of petticoat government, and fears that he will lose some of his precious liberty.")

"Besides, dear Mrs. Oliver," continued Edgar, after an awkward pause, "I don't think you are strong enough to have me here. I believe you 're only proposing it for my good. You know that I 'm in a forlorn students' boarding-house, and you are anxious to give me 'all the comforts of a home' for my blessed mother's sake, regardless of your own discomforts."

"Come here a moment and sit beside me on Polly's hassock. You were nearly three years old when Polly was born. You were all staying with me that summer. Did you know that you were my first boarders? You were a tiny fellow in kilts, very much interested in the new baby, and very anxious to hold her. I can see you now rocking the cradle as gravely as a man. Polly has hard times and many sorrows before her, Edgar! You are man enough to see that I cannot stay with her much longer."

Edgar was too awed and too greatly moved to answer.

"I should be very glad to have you with us, both because I think we could in some degree take the place of your mother and Margery, and because I should be glad to feel that in any sudden emergency (which I do not in the least expect) we should have a near friend to lean upon ever so little."

Edgar's whole heart went out in a burst of sympathy and manly tenderness. In that moment he felt willing to give up every personal pleasure, if he might lift a feather's weight of care from the fragile woman who spoke to him with such sweetness and trust. For there is nothing hopeless save meanness and poverty of nature; and any demand on Edgar Noble's instinct of chivalrous protection would never be discounted.

"I will come gladly—gladly, Mrs. Oliver," he said, "if only I can be of service; though I fear it will be all the other way. Please borrow me for a son, just to keep me in training, and I 'll try to bear my honors worthily."

"Thank you, dear boy. Then it is settled, if you are sure that the living in the city will not interfere with your studies; that is the main thing. We all look to you to add fresh laurels

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to your old ones. Are you satisfied with your college life thus far?"

("They have n't told her anything. That 's good," thought Edgar.) "Oh, yes; fairly well! I don't—I don't go in for being a 'dig,' Mrs. Oliver. I shall never be the valedictorian, and all that sort of thing; it does n't pay. Who ever hears of valedictorians twenty years after graduation? Class honors don't amount to much."

"I suppose they can be overestimated; but they must prove some sort of excellence which will stand one in good stead in after years. I should never advise a boy or girl to work for honors alone; but if, after doing one's very best, the honors come naturally, they are very pleasant."

"Half the best scholars in our class are prigs," said Edgar, discontentedly. "Always down on the live fellows who want any sport. Sometimes I wish I had never gone to college, at all. Unless you deny yourself every bit of pleasure, and live the life of a hermit, you can't take any rank. My father expects me to get a hundred and one per cent. in every study, and thinks I ought to rise with the lark and go to bed with the chickens. I don't know whether he ever sowed any wild oats; if he did, it was so long ago that he has quite forgotten I must sow mine some time. He ought to be thankful they are such a harmless sort."

"I don't understand boys very well," said Mrs. Oliver, smilingly. "You see, I never have had any to study. You must teach me a few things. Now, about this matter of wild oats. Why is it so necessary that they should be sown? Is Margery sowing hers?"

"I don't know that they are necessities," laughed Edgar, coloring. "Perhaps they are only luxuries."

Mrs. Oliver looked at the fire soberly. "I know there may be plenty of fine men who have a discreditable youth to look back upon—a youth finally repented of and atoned for; but that is rather a weary process, I should think, and they are surely no stronger men *because* of the 'wild oats,' but rather *in spite* of them."

"I suppose so," sighed Edgar; "but it 's so easy for women to be good! I know you were born a saint, to begin with. You don't know what it is to be in college, and to want to do everything that you can't and ought n't, and nothing that you can and should, and get all tangled up in things you never meant to touch. However, we 'll see!"

Polly peeped in at the door very softly. "They have n't any light; that 's favorable. He 's sitting on my hassock; he need n't suppose he is going to have *that* place! I think she has her hand on his arm—yes, she has! Very well, then; it is settled. I 'll go back and put the salt fish in soak for my boarder's breakfast. I seem to have my hands rather full! A house to keep, an invalid mother, and now a boarder,—the very thing I vowed that I never would have, another boarder,—what grandmama would have called an 'unstiddy,' boy boarder!"

And as Polly clattered the pots and pans, the young heathen in the parlor might have heard her fresh voice singing with great energy:

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?

*(To be continued.)*

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## A SUGGESTION TO TEACHERS.

If teachers mean by examination
To show the scholars' information,
Why do they carefully seek out
Such difficult things to ask about?

These are the questions, as a rule,
The teachers ask us in our school:
"What 's the time in the Congo State
When Persian clocks are striking eight?"
"Halve the square of seventy-three,
And what will a tenth of sixteen be?"
"What was the reason Charlemagne
Sent his great-grandaunt to Spain?"
"Explain what came of the Gothic war,
And what the Turks were fighting for
When Venice conquered Charles Martel,
And ancient Constantinople fell."
"Name the products of Peru,
And all the rulers of Timbuctoo."
"Point out the errors in the words,
'Green cheeses ain't not made of curds;'
'Him was not the friend of he;'
'He had n't ought to written me.'"

Now, for instance, we 'll suppose;
They wish to show what a fellow knows:
Then they 'll be glad of a few suggestions
As to a set of *useful* questions.
"What did one Columbus do
In October, 1492?"
"Will some bright scholar kindly say
Which is 'Independence Day'?"
"What little girl will be so candid
As to tell us when the pilgrims landed?"
"The war of 1812, my dear,
Was fought in what particular year?"
"Kindly tell us, if you will,
What nations fought at Bunker Hill?"
"Who cut down a cherry-tree,
And helped to make a nation free?"
"Name a certain English queen
Who still upon her throne is seen."

If teachers only had the tact
To hit upon the proper fact,
Recitations then would be
More creditable to them and me.

*T. J.*

## THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

What ho, within! Good honest folk,
Here 's one will sing you ballads quaint
As carven shapes of fiend and saint
That deck your beams of blackened oak.
What ho, mine host! Here 's one at last
Who comes to solace all your guests
With merry songs, that made their nests
Among the gables of the Past.

The minstrel's face is ruddy brown,
And like a viol's cheek doth shine;
His mirthful eyes, as bright as wine,
Have seen full many a famous town.
And when he plays, the pleasant sound
Hath such a kind and wondrous power
You think you smell the wine in flower,
Although the snow be on the ground.

Then let him in; he knows the way
To sweeten loaf and brighten fire;
He sings of crested knight and squire,
Of lovely dame and friendly fay;
Of turbaned Paynims dark and fierce,
Of elfin circles emerald green,
Of blades by wizard art made keen,
And shields no mortal dart could pierce.

And though your coin must pay his pains,
Not all for gold he plies his art,
But holiday is in his heart
E'en while he stands and counts his gains.

To him should every door unbar
At Christmas-tide; for then he sings
Old chansons of the three wise Kings,
Of Orient, and the mystic Star.
"*Noël! Noël!*" the carol rings
Through cold blue night, afar, afar,
And bears, to cots where shepherds are,
White thoughts, that throng on angel-wings.

*Margaret Hamilton.*



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# RANDOM SHOT



By Marion Hill.

The "Scavenger" had gone to bed; but, as we knew from experience, far from being asleep, she was listening to every word of our conversation, and was storing it in her memory with the intention of quoting it at some future time to our discomfiture.

She was only twelve years old, and, being the youngest, was doomed to run the family errands. Though she rebelled each time she was asked to go anywhere, yet in her heart she gloried in any chance to scour the neighborhood and find out whatever was new or interesting. In her innocent babyhood she had been christened Lillian, but when, as a growing child, tucks were let out, and she began to depend upon old iron, bottles, and the contents of the rag-bag as the chief sources of her income, and consequently was forced to collect the articles of her trade with much unscrupulousness and energy, we bestowed upon her that eminently more descriptive title, "The Scavenger."

By this time you have learned that we were poor. Mother was down-stairs sewing, and supposed that we four girls had gone to bed; but three of us sat before the dying fire and bemoaned our poverty. We were Vivian, Clara, and Nan. I am Nan, the eldest of the sisters. Vivian and I have no nicknames, but Clara is called "Herc," short for Hercules,—a well-won honor bestowed upon her in recognition of her prowess in such feats as lifting the kitchen stove, moving the bookcase, or beating carpets.

"To be poor is hard, at any time," sighed she, "but it is doubly hard at Christmas. Here it is the middle of December, and we have not a dollar among us."

"My heart aches for mother," said Vivian "She is fretting herself ill over the bills."

"I should like to scalp the butcher!" murmured Herc, in serious meditation.

An odd sound from the bed, a half strangled sob, caused us to look at each other in surprise.

"What is the matter, darling?" asked Vivian, going over to the bed and trying unsuccessfully to lift from the Scavenger's face the bedclothes which were dragged over her features and clutched fiercely from beneath. "Tell your Vivian what troubles you, dear."

After being adjured several times, the grief-stricken one raised a corner of the bedclothes and sobbed forth in a roar of woe:

"Mother *is* sick! and all because she has no money. Yesterday I went into her room for some pins, and I found her on her knees by the bedside, crying and praying,—*praying in the daytime!* Ow-w!" and the long-drawn sob betrayed that in the last statement she fancied her recital had reached its acme of distress.

"Don't cry, little girl; don't cry. Things may grow brighter by and by," said Vivian, soothingly, but her own voice trembled. In fact, the sudden tears also started to Clara's eyes and to mine as we guessed at the suffering our little mother had so bravely kept from us.

Vivian brushed the damp hair from the child's forehead, and petted her into a more resigned frame of mind. When she found out after a while that the much-comforted Scavenger was



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sobbing merely for her own private enjoyment, and reveling in the way the bed shook with each convulsive throe, Vivian came back to her old seat by the fire, and asked:

"Is there *no* way in which we girls could make a little money and help mother along? Is there *nothing* we can do?"

"We have not an accomplishment in the world," I said, a little bitterly.

"Herc might give music-lessons!" said a voice from the bed, with a sobbing cackle of dismal mirth.

The sting of this suggestion lay in the fact that Clara (than whom no one had less ear for music) in moments of dejection was given to twanking viciously on an old banjo, which she played with so little melody and so much energy as to drive the rest of us to distraction.

Herc broke into an amiable burst of laughter, then sank back immediately into her former state of depression.

Vivian sighed wearily, and fell into a reverie that must have been far sadder than we others could guess.

Two years before she had been engaged to be married to a young man who was so affectionate, so boyish, so full of fun that he soon won mother's heart as completely as he had won Vivian's. As for us girls, we simply adored him.

"Brother Bob," for so we soon learned to call him, was summoned to England just three months before the day set for the wedding, to take possession of a fortune which had been left him unexpectedly. And then came the sad, sad news that on the vessel's return trip he was drowned.

After that news everything went wrong with us. We had to give up our Philadelphia home and move to San Francisco, expecting in a vague way to do better; but we were disappointed, and only by severest economy were we enabled to keep a roof over us. Poverty is a skeleton that may be kept decently in his closet until Christmas-time; *then* he comes forth and rattles his bones under one's very nose.

Indeed, the prospect was so dismal that it actually prevented us three tired girls from going to bed. We sat around the grate, looking intently at the fire, as if trying to wrest a helpful suggestion from the fast-dropping ashes.

This second silence had lasted fully ten minutes, when it was again cheered by a speech from the bed.

"See here," said the muffled voice. "I have a splendid idea, but I am afraid you—you *things* will laugh at me if you don't like it."

"Why, Lil, of course we won't!" said Vivian, reproachfully.

Thus encouraged, the flushed and blinking Scavenger struggled into a kneeling position and addressed us with dignity.

"You know our old washerwoman, Biddy Conelly?"

Of course we did, and said so.

"You know the paper-cake-and-boot-button-shop she keeps?"

"Well?"

"Biddy is laid up with rheumatism, and the shop is shut."

"*Well?*"

"Well!" defiantly, as the crisis grew nearer, "why can't we keep the shop until Biddy grows better, and make a kind of Christmas place of it with cornucopias, and Christmas-tree things, and have lots of fun, and earn lots of money?"

Silence reigned. Breathless and astounded, we could only look at each other.

Then what a gabble of tongues! what a deluge of fors and againsts! what a torrent of questions and answers! what a delicious flavor of romance! what a contagious excitement and freshness there was about the whole plan!

"Shopkeepers? Delightful idea! We might be able to pay all the bills and buy mother a new dress!" said Vivian.

"I shall be able to keep my rag-money all for myself, and I 'll buy a bicycle," said the sanguine originator of the plan.

"Let us go to bed and gain the strength needed to unroll the project before mother in the morning," concluded I, with wisdom.

Well, we carried our point. Mother at first would not consent; but the gentleman who rented our front parlor spoke loudly on our side by deserting the premises without having paid his last month's bill; and we used this deplorable incident to such advantage that mother finally gave in.

Two of us rushed at once to Biddy's, and had an entirely satisfactory interview with her. Not

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only did she refuse to charge us rent for the shop and stock on hand, but she lent us a little money that we might lay in goods of an essentially holiday nature.

There was much to be done before we could throw open our establishment to an indulgent public. At home mother and Vivian worked untiringly — mother crocheting and knitting, Vivian dressing dolls and painting little pictures for our show-window. At the store, Lil, Clara, and I were equally busy, and afforded Biddy, who lived in rooms above, much pleasing excitement.

Clara, especially, merited much praise. Slender and girlish as she was in figure, she performed many manly feats, especially in the way of carpentry; and when it came to cleaning, the rest of us were nowhere beside her.

"Cleanliness is the thief of time," she panted; "but it 's the only way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

As we intended to be "shopkeepers" for two weeks only, and, moreover, as we were such comparative strangers in the city that we had no arrogant acquaintances to shock, the day on which we opened our little store found us four of the most expectant, most excited, happiest girls in the world.

Oh, you *must* hear a short description of our dear shop! It was on Third street, almost an hour's ride from our house. It had only one show-window, and was a bakery, a confectioner's, and a stationer's, all rolled into one. But our chief pride was in our Christmas goods and tree ornaments. We considered our assortment of dolls and our stock of tin toys unrivaled; and we reached our crowning holiday effect by means of wreaths and ropes of fragrant evergreen.

At the back, opening out of the store, was a small room; and before its bright fire we sat and chatted whenever we were off duty. We made fun of everything and everybody; we roared at the poorest jokes; we were in a touch-and-go state of good humor from morning till night. Indeed, we look back upon those days as the merriest of our lives.

Our first customer! The words send a thrill through me even now. We fought so for the honor of first standing behind the counter (before the arrival of any buyer, of course), that we finally drew lots for it; and the Scavenger won. She made us retire into the back room, and closed the door; then she triumphantly mounted guard alone. The bell tinkled! A child came in! We three in exile pressed our faces to the curtained glass door, and breathlessly watched the proceedings. Child pointed to a tin horse; Lil handed it to him; child nodded; handed it back; said something; Lil wrapped horse in paper; gave it again to child; child took laboriously a coin from his stuffed pocket; laid it on counter; child went out.



"OUR FIRST CUSTOMER."

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Simultaneously we burst into the shop and cried: "Let us see it! Show us the money!"

"First blood for me!" shrieked the Scavenger, dashing a ten-cent piece into the till.

Vivian, who was bookkeeper, entered the ten cents amid frenzied rejoicings. Soon after her first sale, Lil shoved her head into the sitting-room and observed with a quiet chuckle:

"I say, Vivian, a young man was just straying past, and caught sight of your paintings; and they were so bad they made him ill."

"They did n't," cried Clara, indignantly.

"Did, too. He gave one look and then reeled, positively *reeled* away."

Vivian was so used to having her pictures ridiculed that she merely smiled and said nothing.

Late in the afternoon Lillian and I were on duty together. We were very tired, all of us, for we had had an extremely busy day, the stream of customers being almost an unbroken one. Lest the uninitiated jump to the conclusion that we were on the high road to fortune, the explanation is necessary that very few of the purchasers expended more than a dime at a time. Often, indeed, the worth of a nickel sufficed for their modest needs. Often we suffered the shock of seeing them go out without having bought anything at all. To Lillian and me was vouchsafed the glory of having a customer out of the ordinary. He came at twilight, just before the lights were lit — an elderly-looking, heavily bearded gentleman with a gruff voice. He glanced sharply at both of us, and then said to me in a nervous, rambling way:

"Er — ah — got any paper? note-paper?"

"Yes, sir; plenty."

"Give me — er — five dollars' worth."

"Five dollars' worth?" I repeated in amazement.

"Um — yes."

When the enormous package was at last presented to him, he paid for it promptly, but was not yet satisfied.

"Have you — any, well, er — any nice, first-class gold pens?" he asked again, in his uncertain fashion.

As he was looking directly at them, an answer was unnecessary, so I silently placed the tray of pens before him. He took five, at two dollars each I tied them up for him, blushing hotly the while and feeling very much ashamed, for I had come to the mortifying conclusion that he was throwing his money into our till from benevolent motives only, and did not really need a solitary pen or a single sheet of paper.

"Nice store — very," he said, gruffly yet affably, catching the Scavenger's glassy and dismayed stare. "Am setting up a Christmas tree — will want *cart-loads* of things. Have got — er — lots of children." Here he described with his gloved hand an immense arc in the air to illustrate the size and number of his children.

"All will have to have presents. Must go now. Will drop in again. Good-by."

The door closed behind him. Lil and I, after an astounded look at each other, rushed into the little parlor to tell the girls.

"A nice sort of customer to have. I wish he would come again," said Vivian.

"He 's going to; he said so."

"Was he young or old?" asked Hercules.

"Old," said I.

"Young!" said Lillian.

"He had a gray beard."

"Well, the eye part of him was young — real young," insisted Lil; and the subject was dropped.

When the eventful, delightful day ended we ran up-stairs to bid good night to Mrs. Conelly.

"It 's a foine sthroke o' luck yez been havin'. Oi 've sot by this windy, and it 's wan hundhred and twinty-noine paple oi 've counted thot 's gone in an' out o' the sture," she declared.

"Impossible!" we cried.

"Oi 've counted, and Oi know," she maintained stolidly. "Sixty-noine gone in and sixty-noine cum out. Wan of thim thot wint in did n't go in at all, but kem up here and began pumpin' me about yez. Sorra a wurrud did Oi give him. Oi only tould him where yez lived, phwat yer names was, and how yez kem to be kapin' sture. Thin he tould me not to mintion him to yez, and not to tell yez whether he was a man or woman. An' Oi won't. Yez can't dhrag it out o' me."

"Did he — or she — have a long gray beard?" I asked anxiously.

"Sorra a hair on his face," she declared; adding, with a virtuous regard for truth, "barrin' an eyebrow or so."

As we could obtain no further information

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from her, we hurried homeward. It was charmingly dark, and we felt very independent and businesslike at being out at such an unusual hour.

Mother had a hot supper for us, and whether we ate most or talked most, she declared she could not tell.

When our hunger and excitement were both abated, we made the discovery that mother had had a little excitement of her own, and that she was trying to keep it from us. But we pounced upon her, like a pack of hyenas, with:

"Now, mother, what is it? You are a bad hand at keeping a secret. Tell us. Out with it!"

Between laughing and crying she finally told us all — that she had rented the two parlors to a very rich old gentleman, who had not only given a high price for them, but had positively paid three months in advance. She concluded by drawing a great bunch of money — real greenbacks — from her pocket and fluttering them above her head, like little flags.

Our youngest relieved her feelings in a fantastic dance.

The next day at the store was a counterpart of the first, except that the reckless buyer did not appear. For three days he kept away, but he performed prodigies when he did return. Vivian, having stayed home with mother, missed much of the fun, and had to hear second-hand a tale highly complimentary to herself; for the old gentleman bought all of her paintings one after another, and stuffed them out of sight in his immense pockets. They seemed only to whet his appetite for more. "I will take — I want — give me that," and he pointed abruptly and without previous consideration to the most gorgeous doll in our collection.

The poor little doll-loving Scavenger sighed deeply as she beheld her favorite go head first into one of those rapacious pockets, whence the paper-covered legs waved her a sad adieu.

Still unappeased, our customer demanded in his hearty way, "Now then, fetch me out Christmas-tree fixings; lots, please."

At this stage of events, Hercules, who was waiting upon him, blushed a painful red, and said with meek determination; "No, sir; I 'd rather not!"

"Bless my soul! — what 's the matter with you?" demanded he, bluntly.

Through her desperation Herc answered honestly: "I don't think you really want anything you are buying, sir!"

He broke into a spasm of gruff, good-natured laughter, but growled with evident sincerity that he needed all he had bought and more, and would have to go elsewhere if she refused to supply him; and on her showing him what he asked for, he purchased articles enough to decorate a banyan-tree, and departed with the promise that he would "drop in to-morrow."

The night before Christmas! We had paid all the bills, we had secretly bought mother and one another little presents; and the dear store which had enabled us to do so much was to pass into the hands of Biddy's cousin, who had come to take charge on our departure.

The delightful nervousness of Christmas Eve was upon us all, and we all four were gabbling together in the center of the shop, of which we were so soon to lose possession.

"Well, I just love the old man who bought such loads of things!" exclaimed Lillian. "We would n't have done half so well but for him."

"My goodness!" said Clara, "speak of an angel and you hear his wings!"

His wings made a lot of noise, for he burst in with his usual hearty clatter; but, instead of dashing to the counter as was his wont, he stood looking steadily at Vivian, who blushed and trembled under his gaze. And then, *then* — the cheery old fellow — what did he do but rush at our lovely Vivian and clasp her in his arms! It almost seemed that she had been put into one of those pockets, so completely did she disappear in the overcoat's embrace.

Before we, an indignant trio, had time to remonstrate, Vivian had torn herself away from him, and was looking at him less in anger than in an undefined terror, that yet was *not* terror.

"*Vivian!* My Vivian!" As his voice rang through the room, our pulses leaped with a strange remembrance, and Vivian, almost unconscious with joy, flung herself of her own free will into his arms.

Then what a crazy set we were! "Brother Bob!" "Dear Bob!" "Not drowned, but

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come to life again!" We shouted, we laughed, we cried; we all became like raving lunatics in our mad happiness. I found myself crying bitterly, all for no reason, over the Scavenger in a corner, while *she* was shouting, "Bob! Bob! Bob!" at intervals, like a demented calliope.

When we were the least bit calmed, Bob sent us into hysterics again by putting his wig and beard into his pocket. And then we saw the dear remembered face!

"My own, my beloved Vivian!" he cried. The glad tears were running down his face quite as freely as down ours.

Vivian said never a word, but clung to Bob's arm like one in a dream. How we got into the street we never clearly remembered, but I know we found ourselves dashing homeward at a rousing pace, and all talking together. We did n't want to be heard, we only wanted to talk. Still we were keenly conscious of Bob's narrative. He told us how he lost track of us after he was saved from the lost ship, nobody seeming to know where we had gone; how, at the end of a two years' search, a faint clue had sent him to San Francisco; how he had seen in our shop-window Vivian's painting of our old Pennsylvania home, and had recognized it; how he had learned about us from Biddy; and how he had determined to mystify us and haunt the "sture" until he could get a chance of finding Vivian behind the counter.

"Here we are at home. Don't tell us any more," commanded Lil. "Save it for mother."

On the door-step we formed, in whispers, an elaborate scheme for mother's mystification. Bob was to stay outside, while we went in and made mother believe we had brought a homeless waif with us. Then she was to go out, and bring him in to the light of her hospitable fireside; and he was to fall upon his knees and disclose himself—*tableau!* Bob assented with cheerful readiness, and we, after a violent ring at the bell, waited in palpitating expectation.

The door opened; we crowded past mother and tried to force her away from the door, while we gabbled, "Oh, let us tell you. We knew you would n't be angry, and we brought home with us a poor, old tramp with no home and no—" Here mother gently freed herself, poked her dear, pretty head out of doors, and said placidly: "Come in, Bob."

We were petrified. She knew all about it!

"Don't try to deceive your poor old mother, girls," she said, throwing open the parlor doors, and— Well, words fail me. At one end of the blazingly lighted room stood an immense Christmas tree, dazzling with candles, and bearing on its drooping branches, besides myriads of costly gifts, every single article we had sold our "old man." It was like a child's dream of a tree. In an arm-chair by the fire sat Biddy Conelly, beaming happily upon us like a homely old fairy.

"Then Brother Bob is the 'rich old gentleman' who rented the rooms, and you knew it!" I cried, as light suddenly began to dawn upon me.

Through the blissful but tear-dewed silence "came a still voice":

"Oi did n't know thot it wor the gintleman thot died, but Oi 'm glad Oi held me tongue aboud him, or—I ax yez—where would 'a' been the surproise of it?"

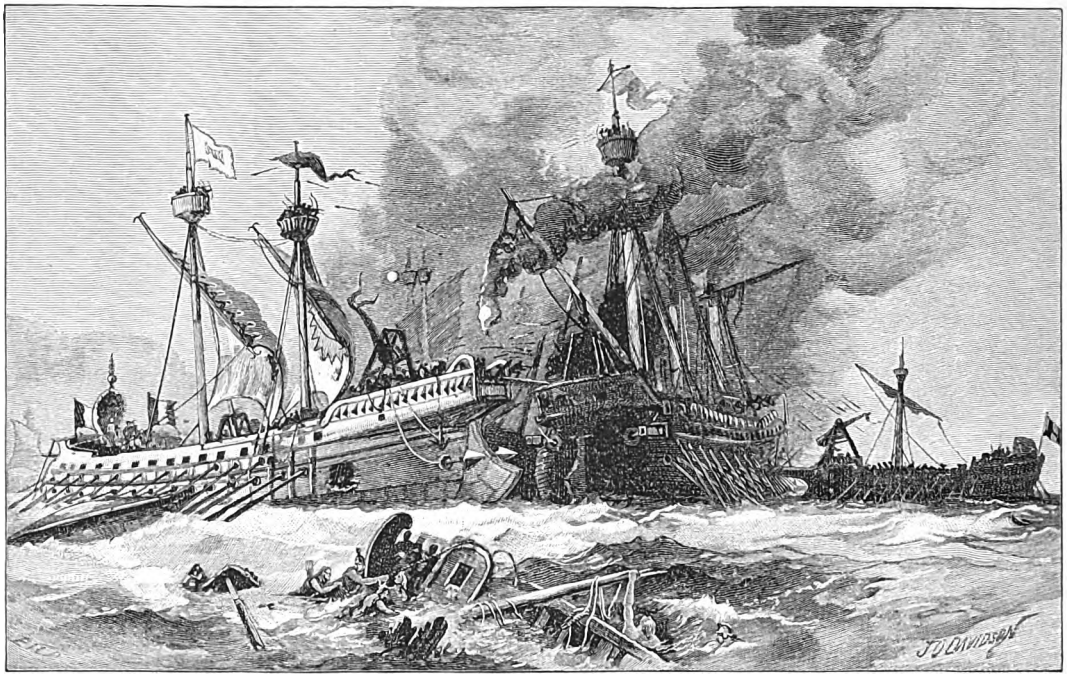
But Herc is looking admiringly at mother, and gasps at last: "Mama dear, I did n't know you *could* be so underhanded!"



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# BATTLE-SHIPS AND SEA-FIGHTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

By J. O. Davidson.



COMBAT OF GALLEYS.

To the marine architect or artist there is no more interesting study than that of the growth of the modern ship from its earliest forms. Ancient ships of war and of commerce equally interest him; but as he studies the sculptures, the coins, and the writings of the ancients, he finds that records of war-ships far outnumber those of the ships of commerce.

Among the ancient nations, the Greeks, the Romans, and Carthaginians were by far the best ship-builders, and, judging from the description of their works, as well as from the images upon coins, their craft must have been elegant, swift, and seaworthy — more than can be said for many of the more showy productions of the ship-yards of Britain, France, and Spain even so late as the middle ages.

To the uninformed the statement that some of the ancient war-craft were over three hundred feet in length seems incredible; for a comparison immediately made between them and modern "ocean greyhounds," and a glance at such huge ships as the "City of Rome" or the "Etruria," would seem to discredit the statement. Facts are facts, however, and there is no doubt that ancient vessels were nearly as large as those of to-day.

There is no question now that the ships of the ancients made extended voyages urged by oars alone, or occasionally, when the wind was fair, by sails. A thousand oarsmen (in relays) were sometimes required to man the sweeps, besides a crew of five hundred sailors and soldiers; and the splendid vision comes

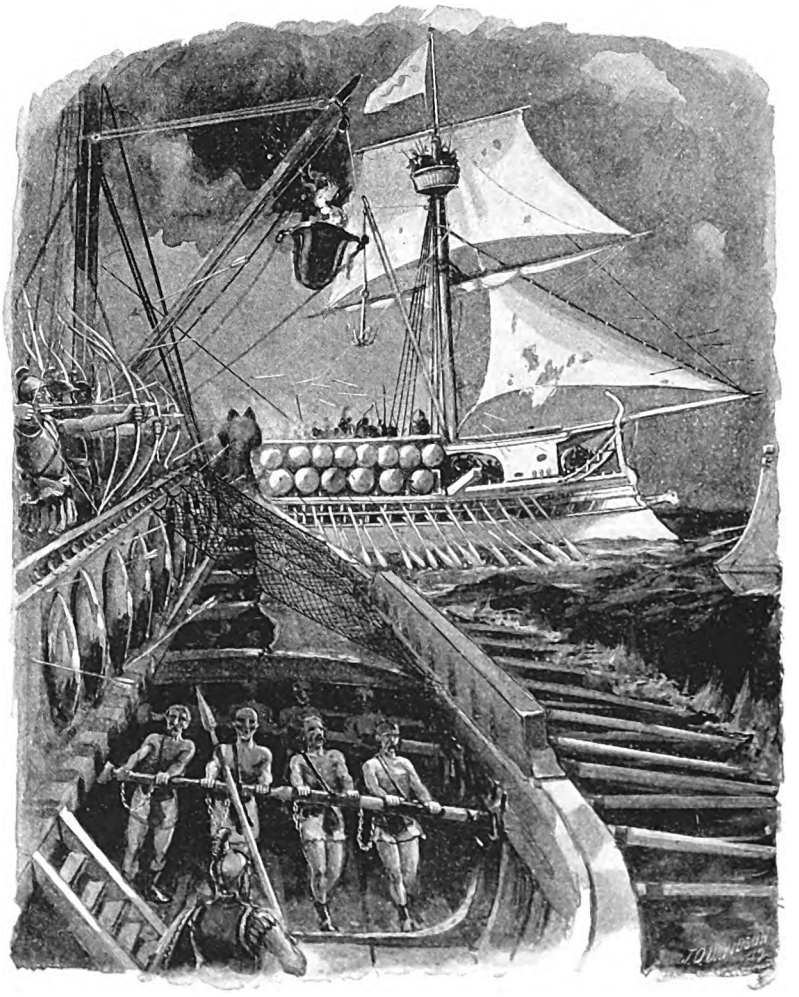


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before the mind's eye of a fleet of these ancient war-ships moving swiftly along the white villa dotted shores of Greece or Italy, or majestically sweeping into some mirror-like harbor, and with flashing oars, waving banners, and trumpets saluting the setting of the sun.

The three ancient nations I have named were foremost in maritime enterprise, and the great kingdom of Egypt across the Mediterranean was far behind; not that the people of that country lacked bravery or the spirit of commerce, but their religious beliefs stood in the way. Their priests taught them that the sea was a "swallower of rivers." The Nile, that great "mother of the land," the giver of all blessings, always generous, flowed continually into the great "swallower," which took all that was offered but returned nothing save monsters and wrecks. To so great a degree was this silly notion spread among the people, that almost all foreign intercourse by way of the sea was discouraged. Mariners, whether coming to anchor peaceably at their doors, or thrown in shipwreck on their coasts, were alike treated with suspicion and avoidance, or even cruelty. Certainly it is not strange that to Tyre and Sidon, their near neighbors, was left the leadership in commerce and ship-building which has made those two cities famous in history.

We are able to make from old records very fair models of the war-ships of the ancients. One writer describes the heptareme used by Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and also the great galley of Ptolemy Philopater,— the "Great Eastern" of the East,— propelled by forty banks of oars. This statement, however, is questioned, for, however plain the descriptions of these old war-ships may be, no one has yet shown the precise manner in which *forty* banks of oars were worked. A bank of oars, according to our modern ideas, means a row or line of oars on one deck; and



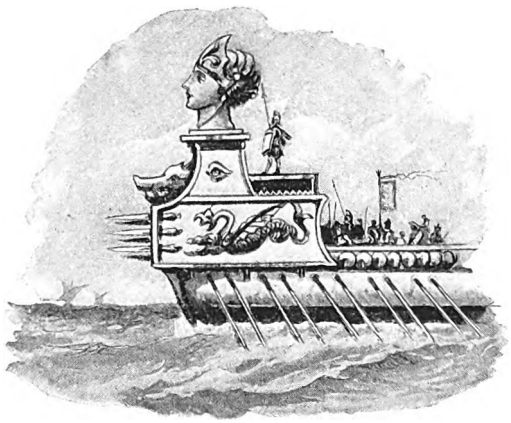
GALLEYS IN ACTION.

while there are many pictures and sculptures of galleys, they show nothing more than a trireme, that is, a ship of three tiers or banks, an arrangement which, however uncomfortable for the men whose duty or fate it was to handle the top bank of oars, is readily recognized as a possibility. But how a ship of forty banks of oars,

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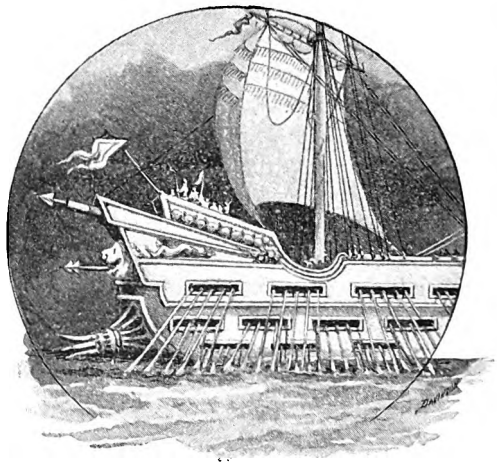
or even of ten, was arranged, puzzles our imagination.

John Charnock, a very able writer upon marine architecture, in the year 1800 submitted a theory which ingeniously supposes the word "bank" to have meant a group of oars, or the men who worked them; and he gives the restoration of a war-ship of the first class, constructed in a manner plainly showing how there could be room for three tiers of oars on each side, in groups of five, on a ship the size of Ptolemy's, which was four hundred and eighty feet long, fifty-seven feet wide, eighty feet high at the stern, was steered by four oars each forty-five feet in length, and carried a crew of "4000 rowers, and 400 other persons necessary to navigate the ship." However marvelous the statement regarding such a craft



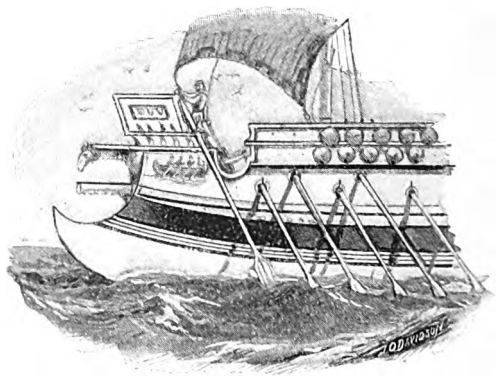
PYRRHUS'S GALLEY.

managed by oars under the forty-bank arrangement, it is reduced, under Mr. Charnock's theory, to a possibility, and so far as the size of the ship is concerned, to a question merely of the desires and means of the builders. Mr. Cartault, the author of an interesting work on the subject, writing of the arrangement of oars on these great vessels, declares that no theories can quite agree with the positive statements of ancient writers; so that at the present day we are still as much in the dark concerning this very interesting problem as we are concerning the manner in which the pyramids of Egypt were built. Discoveries are being constantly made, however, that clear up quite as obscure points in history, and we have therefore good reason to hope that at some future time new (or rather, old) light upon this subject may in like manner disclose the arrangement of the forty banks. The finding of the mummy of Pharaoh Rameses II.



PTOLEMY'S SHIP.

in its desert tomb quite recently,* explains, by its inscriptions, several historical mysteries; and the discovery of the almost entire hull of one of the Viking ships of the Norsemen, in a burial mound near Christiania, encourages us still further in our hope. Furthermore, when it is found by measurements that in shape and size the Viking ship is almost identical with that latest triumph of the naval architect, the "Volunteer," we can rest assured that, when discovered,



A BIREME.

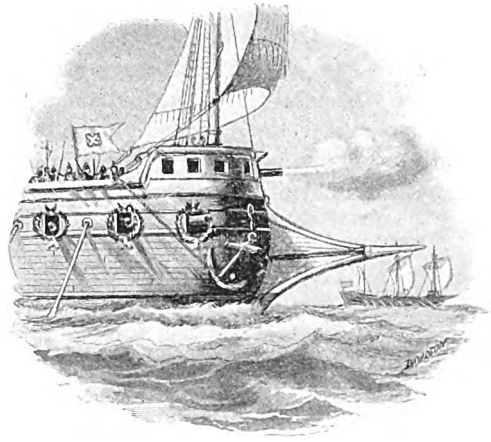
the explanation of the forty banks of oars will be as convincing and natural as the problem is now puzzling.

* Now in the Boulak Museum.

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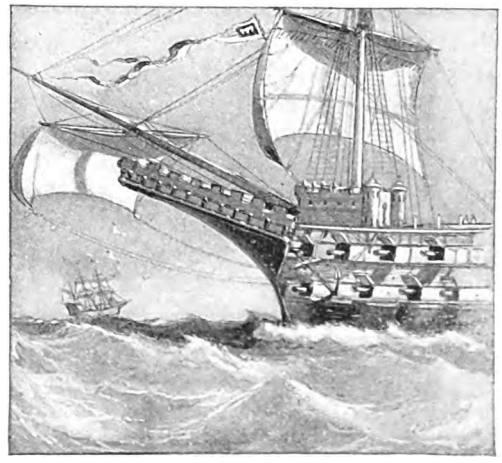
The voyages of the ancient ships were often long,—for example, that of the Goths from Sicily in the Mediterranean around to the coast of Holland; and, if the writers of the middle ages considered the statements of such deeds to be fabulous, they must have formed their judgment more from lack of similar ability in their own vessels than anything else. Compare the length and speedy lines of one of the old galleys, and their beautiful proportions, with the tower-like, Chinese-pagoda style of naval architecture of the middle ages. A mere glance at the picture of the "Great Harry," or of some of the famous ships of the Spanish Armada, will show the difference; but when a comparison is made of the seas for which the two styles of ships were constructed, we may not smile at the builders of those towering, melon-sided old warriors any more than at the seemingly improbable voyages of the ancients. The blue Mediterranean was not the rough Bay of Biscay, or the turbulent North Sea, or the Channel at Dover; and while the Great Harry or "Santissima Trinidad," built for the high choppy seas of the North, might easily have been outstripped in a voyage on the inland sea by Ptolemy's ship with its thousand oarsmen, yet we can hardly doubt that the galley, with its great length and small width, would soon have been racked or twisted to pieces in the rougher Northern waters. Both styles of craft were designed for the waters they were to know, and the ancients, with their many seaports, where they could shelter at night or in stormy weather, might work their way along coasts and amid shoals and currents where even a modern steam-frigate would be at a disadvantage. The Duke of Northumberland made a voyage to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1594, in a "galuzabra," which was but a modernized form of galley.

And those old-time shipwrights, in spite of the generally accepted belief that sheathing was an invention of the middle ages, were well acquainted with various methods of sheathing the bottom of a ship, not alone for preservation, but for freer progress through the water. It is recorded that hardened hides were firmly nailed to ships' bottoms, and we are also told that "when the remains of Trajan's galley were raised from Lake Riccio, where it had lain for over thirteen hundred years, the pine and cypress of which it was built had endured, and were



TYPE OF VENETIAN GALLEY.

then in so sound a state as to be nearly incredible." "The bottom was, according to the modern and easily comprehended scientific term, 'doubled,' the seams had evidently been calked with linen, and the whole exterior part was carefully smeared or paid with a coat of Greek pitch, over which was brought an exterior coating, or what now is called a 'sheathing,' formed of lead rolled or beaten to a proper thinness



"GREAT HARRY."

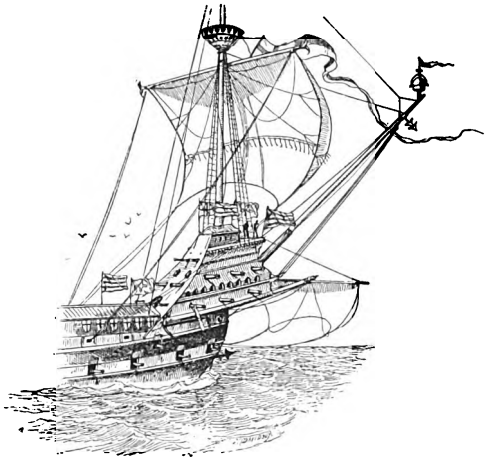
and closely attached to the bottom by a sufficient number of small copper nails."

The modern constructor must remember that the early ships were likewise good carriers; else how could the obelisk now at Rome, which once

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stood before the temple of the sun at Heliopolis, have been removed from the Nile to the Tiber? It is 115 feet in length, and weighs not less than 1500 tons.

How the great English war-ship "Harry Grace à Dieu" could ever have stood upright under such a mass of lofty cabins and top-hamper as she is pictured with is a marvel; the drawing * of her bow alone, shown upon this page, indicates but little stability. Nor do the



"HARRY GRACE À DIEU."

bows of several more of the large ships of that age show any more seaworthiness.

The Greek and the Roman galleys when compared with the ships of the middle ages show not only greater stability but fitness for many uses besides that of merely cutting the water. In one we find at the water's edge a sheaf of twelve huge swords or prongs for tearing an enemy at the water-line, while above are two iron spear-headed rams to be run out violently by a concealed crew, and shaped either to smash in bulwarks, or to hook on to or cut the enemy's rigging. From the platform above archers could discharge their arrows, or repel boarders.

Other war-galleys were provided with catapults, from which great masses of stone or marble shot were hurled upon the enemy's ship or amid his rowers. Some of the larger ships carried great cranes, which, being lowered to an opposing ship, lifted with great grappling-irons her bow or stern high enough in air to render her helpless for attack or defense. These machines, called "corvi," were invented by the famous engineer Archimedes, and were used by him with terrible effect at the siege of Syracuse, where the attacking galleys, according to Plutarch, advancing too close to the walls, were speared or grappled with great iron prongs, and after being lifted from the water by the ends were swayed to and fro, whirled in mid-air, and dashed to fragments against the rocks.

Though we may doubt the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," we certainly find naval architecture repeating itself, for our modern men-of-war are abandoning the open fighting-tops at their mastheads, and using the round basket-shaped fighting-towers which appear so often in old designs of Roman ships, especially of the time of Julius Cæsar — in which we also discover a prow, ram, or beak so closely resembling those of the "Chicago," "Atlanta," and "Maine," that we might accuse the later designers of plagiarism. One has a bow the exact counterpart of the British ironclads "Lord Warden" and "Royal Oak," now in the Royal Navy.

What a grand sight it must have been when two great fleets of old war-ships bore down upon each other for battle — their bulging sails dyed in blue, red, or purple, or embroidered in gold and silver stripes and emblems; some divided in squares of colors like a checker-board, or strewn with stars, suns, or gigantic figures of gods or beasts or eagles. How the thousands of oars, painted in all colors of the rainbow, must have dazzled the eye as they flashed in the sunlight!

As the lines of battle draw together, and the lighter galleys, acting as skirmishers, come within striking distance of the wings, they dash forward at racing stroke, and after discharging flights of arrows, which fly across the heavens like streams of locusts, retreat again. The larger ones now come on, and, as the hail of arrows increases, the creak and groan of the great catapults are heard as they are wound up and drawn back to fire; and above the jar of their discharge is now and then heard the rush and the crash of the rocks and stone shot

* Taken from a print engraved during the existence of the vessel.

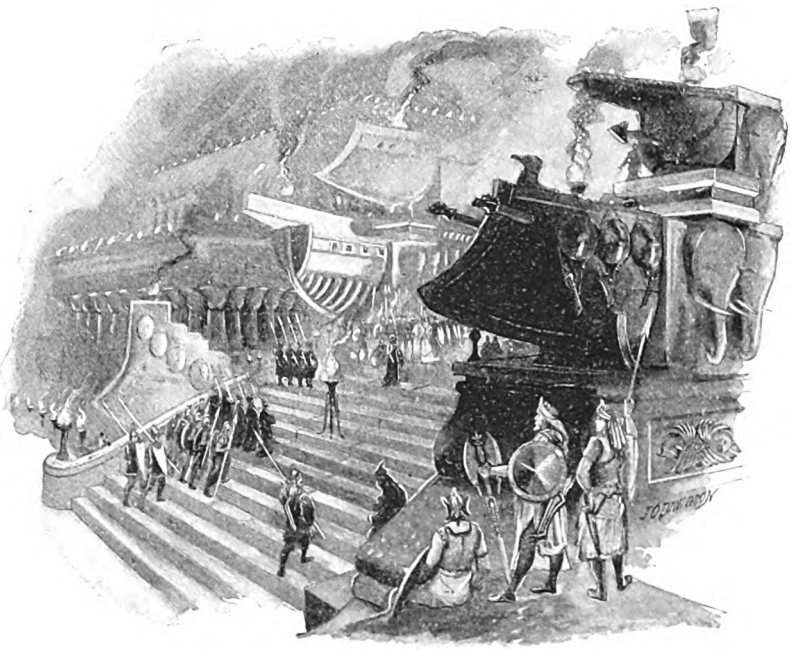
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they let drive. Some are throwing masses of red-hot iron, which burst through opposing decks and set them on fire. Huge hulks now single out and grapple with one another, and lie side by side for the boarders to work. Cranes swing over the enemy's decks, and great caldrons suspended at their ends are upset, and pour cascades of living fire upon the decks and amid the frantic oarsmen.* What a picture! And as the smoke lowers over the scene, the smaller galleys take advantage of its obscurity, and dash against their larger opponents, sweeping off whole rows of oars, biting and rending with their grappling-hooks, tearing down whole sections of bulwarks, and cutting away supporting rigging until the swaying masts come hurtling down with their yards, sails, and burning caldrons in a cascade of ruin and fire. A ship thus partly disabled is ready for boarding, and the second stage of the battle is begun. Platforms are lowered to her decks, and the soldiers cross in a charge, while large baskets filled with armed sailors are run to the ends of the cranes in place of the caldrons and lowered swiftly to assist the charging soldiers. It rains men in place of fire, and surrender or ruin ensues.

And now the unconquered ships, like great wounded centipeds, with countless oars waving and straining, slowly back from out the press to refit or retreat, while packs of smaller ones follow, like bandogs after a wounded bull, to worry and annoy.

The smoke slowly drifts away, disclosing a scene of ruin and triumph. The defeated ones are fleeing in all directions. Trumpets blare forth the news of victory, and triumphant shouts arise. The least-injured and swiftest skirmishers dash off in pursuit of the flying, while others gather beside some foundering vessel mortally rammed in the fight. In the distance one of the largest galleys is a roaring mass of flames, her oar-ports spouting hundreds of jets of flame, her black smoke a bending column against the setting of the sun.

As night falls over the scene, and the stars come out, the victors draw together and sail for home, where their captives, if rich, are ransomed, if poor, are sold as slaves or chained as rowers to their galley-benches, and the captured craft, if too damaged for use, are deprived of their bows to grace a triumphal march, or to adorn some temple of war or public building, as we may see in the Stairway of the Galleys which was constructed before Hamilcar's palace at Carthage.



HAMILCAR'S "STAIRWAY OF THE GALLEYS."

The naval battles of those days were battles of Titans afloat. The struggles were of necessity hand to hand, in comparison with which modern naval engagements, where a few shots from long-range guns decide the issue in as many minutes, sink into insignificance.

* A large proportion of the rowers were slaves chained to the seats.

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# FORTUNE'S SMILE.



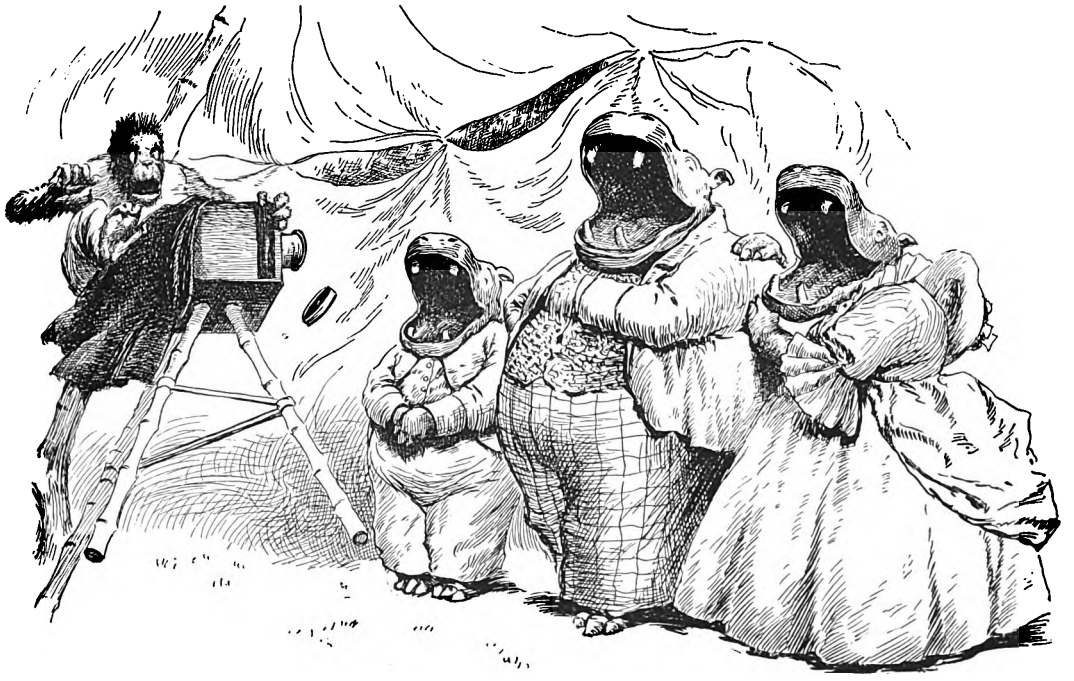

"NOW THAT I 'VE SPENT A GOOD DEAL OF MONEY IN PUTTING UP MY ESTABLISHMENT, I WILL WAIT WITH THE HOPE THAT FORTUNE WILL SMILE UPON ME."



"AH NOW! THAT 'S IT — ONLY WHEN I SAY THREE PLEASE SMILE PLEASANTLY. ONE — TWO ——"



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"—— THREE!——"

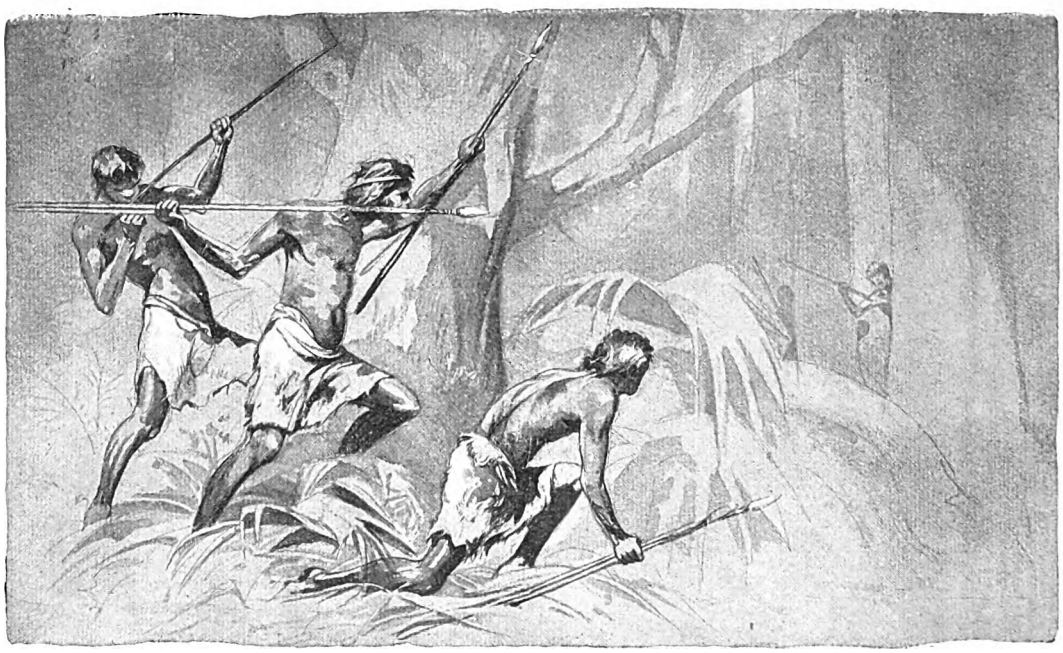


"WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO MENTION THAT SMILE!"

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# THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.



"FEROCIOUS FIGURES WERE NOW DARTING HITHER AND THITHER AMONG THE TREES."

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter IV.

### A FIGHT IN THE FOREST.

The sharp, quick bark of an excited dog was followed by the loud neigh of a horse, the sonorous brays of mules, and then by the clear, musical baying of hounds.

"They 've started something, sir," said Bob. "I hope we may get it. Hear 'em, Sir Frederick!"

"I 'd like some fresh meat," remarked the baronet, as he wheeled his horse in the direction of the baying.

He looked well on horseback, for he was a large, muscular man, and a good horseman. His broad, resolute face was cleanly shaven, his light hair was short, he wore a palm-leaf hat; and he had an air of being carefully well-dressed in spite of circumstances.

As for Bob, he was a horseman of another kind. He was short, and thin, and bow-legged, and he seemed to be made of old saddle-leather. He wore leather gaiters up to his knees, one leather belt around his waist, and another over his shoulder. He wore a leather cap on his head, and he carried an all-leather whip in his hand.

The cries of the hounds ceased, just as Sir Frederick caught a glimpse of a wagon-tilt, and of the long ears of the mules.

"Marsh," he shouted, "what are the dogs after?"

"Dunno, sir," came dejectedly from the lips of a long, lank man, who rode at the side of the six-mule team. "I think likely it 's another sell, sir."

"I 'm afraid it is," replied Sir Frederick. "I never saw such a country. No game, no anything! I 'll try for some fish."

"I 'm glad there 's water, sir," groaned



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Marsh. "Not a drop since yesterday for the mules and horses, sir. The young gentlemen too, sir. It 's awful, sir!"

"They 'll be found," replied Sir Frederick. "We are going into camp over yonder. Bob will show you."

"See the dogs, sir! There they come," said Marsh, as mournfully as ever. "But it 's only another sell, sir."

Two more mounted men came cantering toward them, preceded by a tall, shaggy, woolly, lean dog, that barked at every third or fourth jump, and followed by a brace of fine deer-hounds that were now silent.

"Brand! Keets!" shouted Sir Frederick. "What was it?"

"Brand, he says it was a monkey, sir. Keets thought it was a bear, sir—"

"Nothing in the worruld but a sloth," sighed Marsh.

"Oh," said Sir Frederick, "the dogs have opened after a koala and he has got away! We can't chase game of that sort to-day. We 'll catch some fish."

"There 's water, then?" exclaimed Brand.

"Water?" echoed Keets. "Hurrah!"

Sir Frederick rode away toward the spot selected for the camp, directing Brand to bring him his fishing-tackle at once.

"It 's all the same, anyhow," said Marsh, as Brand returned from groping in the back part of the wagon. "Some folk calls 'em monkeys, and some calls 'em bears, or sloths, or koalas, and they is n't much of anything. I 'm 'fraid the young gentlemen 's hungry enough, though, by this time, to eat possums and rats."

"The blackfellows eat them," said Keets.

"I do hope Sir Frederick will get some fish," Marsh went on. "Leddy Parry and Miss Helen is tired of bacon. They 'll come up, right soon—"

Another bray of the mules interrupted him, and nobody seemed to notice that the dogs were still uneasy, especially the long-legged, woolly barker they spoke to as "Yip."

At that very moment, nevertheless, something not altogether unlike a monkey, but not at all like a bear, was returning toward them along the trail the dogs had abandoned. That trail had run out, or they might not so quickly have left it. At least, it had appeared to run against the roots of a tree, and had suddenly disappeared. It had really gone up the tree, and deer-hounds never climb. Neither could any ordinary white man or boy have made his way up the rugged side of that huge, gnarled trunk. Perhaps even the supposed monkey, or bear, or sloth, or koala could hardly have done so, but for the aid of a stick that he carried. It was about a foot and a half in length, fire-hardened and sharp at one end, and it helped him wonderfully in taking advantage of projections and of dents in the bark of the tree. He began to climb as soon as he heard the dogs, and in half a minute he was away up among the branches. Then, altogether like a monkey, or a bear, or a very active sloth, he clambered swiftly along one of the branches that overlapped a bough of another tree, and so he passed on into a new hiding-place. He was in his fifth tree when the hounds had reached the end of their trail, at his first tree, and he was in a hollow that hid him entirely. He was of about the size of a boy of fourteen, very black, woolly-headed, not so very bad-looking in the face, and he seemed to enjoy the fun of peering down upon the baffled dogs and hunters. He evidently regarded them all as his enemies; and so, perhaps, they were, for they were all foreigners, and he was a native — a pure-blooded young Australian, among his own forests, and now hiding in a fork of one of his own blue-gum trees.

The black boy in the tree hollow had with him four sticks. One was the sharp stick he had climbed with. Another was a club-stick or small-sized "waddy." Besides these he had a short, thin-stemmed spear, and a queer, notched bit of wood which belonged to the spear, for it was a "throw-stick" with which to sling the spear, instead of casting it with the hand.

There he sat, quite patiently, until Keets and Brand rode away, followed by the dogs. He knew, now, part of the meaning of the coo-ee-e-ing he had heard, but he did not know it all, and he at once came down to the ground and began a search after more knowledge. It led him stealthily from cover to cover, until he caught a glimpse of the tilted wagon and the mules. Then his curiosity took hold of him



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with double strength. It drew him along the ground, under the protection of the grass and bushes and undergrowth, to the edge of the stream. He had reached a place some distance below the spot where Bob McCracken had already kindled a rousing fire, and near to which the now unhampered mules had hauled the wagon. He did not dare to get any nearer, but his black eyes gleamed and sparkled, and he moved his feet and hands as if he felt like dancing upon all of them.

His eyes and not his lips asked questions, but he seemed almost ready to yell with wonder at the appearance of Lady Maude Parry and her niece. They were such wonderful specimens of the great white race, and they were so wonderfully dressed. If, however, he were considering whether or not a black boy could get near enough to that camp to pick up anything good and carry it away, that question was answered for him by the dogs. Every man in the camp had said in some form:

"Yip, what is the matter with you? Do you smell game again?"

Sir Frederick still stood upon the rock, and he was fishing successfully, but his face was clouded.

"Where can those boys be?" he said to himself. "I 'm glad there are no blackfellows left in these parts. Ned and Hugh are in no danger of being speared."

Just then a sorrowful voice behind him exclaimed:

"Oh, Fred! Why did we ever come out into this wilderness?"

"My dear," replied Sir Frederick, as he landed a fish, "it was as much your idea as it was mine. We are not lost at all. Hugh will turn up—and Ned. Why, Helen! have you been crying?"

"Yes, she has," said her aunt. "I wanted to cry, myself, when I heard them all coo-ee-e so without any answer."

"I wish the boys were here."

"It seems to me as if they could not be far away," remarked Lady Parry, thoughtfully, and she was right.

Only a few miles from the spot where they were standing, Hugh was at that very moment saying to Ned:

"We must leave those blackfellows as far behind us as we can. We 've got to make a chance to cook some of our kangaroo-meat."

"I wish the blackfellows were about starved," said Ned, "so they 'd have to stop and do some cooking for themselves. They 're tremendous eaters."

"We 'll push right along," said Hugh; but if he could have looked through the trees and have seen the five other savages, who arose from the grass, join their scout, he would have tried to push on faster.

Each of them carried, in addition to his collection of ordinary spears and sticks, one stick more, to show that he was not out upon a peaceful errand. It was a carved and ornamented piece of wood, about six inches wide in the middle, tapering to the ends, and about two and a half feet long. It was a club, but it had a handle in the middle, for it was also used as a war-shield.

Their antics and their fierce exclamations over the scout's discoveries plainly expressed their unbounded surprise as well as the rage that seized them at the presence of white men. Only a minute or so went by before the tall, muscular, big-headed savage who had thrown the first boomerang at the kangaroos, pointed at the spot on the prairie where his game still lay, and uttered some harsh, ragged-sounding words of command, for he was the chief of that party. Then he pointed to the ground under his feet, and at the trail left by the horses. The other blacks went for the game, and he himself set out at once to follow the trail. At the moment, therefore, when Ned and Hugh were discussing that matter, the danger they dreaded was coming after them, as fast, or even faster, than their tired and thirsty horses were taking them away from it. They were making further remarks about the cruelty, treachery, stupidity, and other evil qualities of Australian black-men, and were picking their way among some thick, high bushes, when they heard a strange, vibrating cry at some distance behind them. It seemed as if it brought their hearts into their mouths, it was so fierce and threatening.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Ned. "Let 's dismount. We can hide right here. Something 's coming. Get ready!"

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"I 'm ready," said Hugh, as they both sprang to the ground, "I don't mean to let any man spear me for nothing."

They were hidden by pretty good cover, for the rank bush-growth rose higher than their horses' heads.

Again the cry sounded; and now, as they peered eagerly back, along their own trail, they caught a glimpse of a tall savage gliding forward among the trees, and seeming to bristle with spears and sticks and war-shield.

"He 's after us!" whispered Hugh.

"Of course he is," replied Ned; "but what on earth is he stopping for?"

"He 's listening," said Hugh.

"Hear him!" exclaimed Ned. "That yell of his sounded like a crow's caw."

"There!" responded Hugh. "See that! He dodged it! See him parry those spears! Where do they come from?"

"There are more blackfellows! They are his enemies, and they are attacking him," replied Ned. "See!"

"Ka-kak-kia!" yelled the tall warrior, as he skilfully struck aside the missiles which came whizzing at him. "Ka-kak-kia!"

The whoop with which he accompanied his defiant utterance was terrific. He had shouted his own warrior name, with evidently no small degree of pride, precisely as if, instead of an Australian, he had been an American savage, an Apache or a Sioux.

The skill and quickness he exhibited were wonderful, for not a spear nor a stick hit him, and he was all the while retreating swiftly from tree to tree. He was followed in a similar manner by about a dozen black-men, very much like himself, whose discordant shouts rang through the forest.

Ka-kak-kia was compelled to keep his face all the while toward his noisy enemies, and he was continually threatening them with his long, slender spear, but he did not throw it. As he shook it at them, it trembled and vibrated, and so did the spears of the warriors opposed to him.

"Why don't they surround him?" said Hugh.

"They don't know how many other fellows of his tribe they might find in their way, if they should try," suggested Ned. "He does n't know just where we are, and I guess they don't know anything about us, or some of them would be coming this way."

"Then," said Hugh, "we might as well lie low, and let him draw them off."

There was very good sense in that; and so it happened that the two lost boys, in their perilous ambush, were watching a complex conflict in native Australian warfare.

## Chapter V.

### A CAVE IN A TREE-TOP.



There were already many anxious forebodings among the members of Sir Frederick Parry's picnic party in their river-side camp, and they were destined to further anxiety.

"Yip! Yip! Yip!" suddenly rang out again.

The racket now made by the long-legged, woolly dog sounded very much as if he were calling his own name, while he dashed in and out among the bushes.

"What can be the matter with him?" exclaimed Lady Parry, as she paused in pouring out a cup of coffee. "He is surely hunting for something. He may have found a trace of Hugh or Ned!"

A chorus of louder exclamations from the men responded to her, but none of them were on account of Hugh or Ned. At that very moment the black boy in the bushes was suddenly impelled to dart for the nearest tree and climb it, leaving all his sticks at the foot of it, for Yip had discovered him and, indeed, had barely missed preventing his climb.

In an instant more, the whole camp rang with shouts of men, cries of hounds, the braying of mules, and there was a frantic "Yip! Yip! Yip!" all around the roots of the short, stunted sapling, in the fork of which the young savage had perched.

"Blackfellows!" was the first, half breathless remark of Sir Frederick. "Who 'd have dreamed of it! Now, indeed, we may say we are in trouble!"

"Hugh! Hugh! Hugh!" exclaimed Lady

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Parry. "My boy! Lost in the woods, among the cannibals!"

"Oh, Aunt Maude! Poor Hugh!" mourned Helen Gordon. "And poor Ned Wentworth!"

"It 's bad luck," said Bob McCracken. "But we 'll get that one."

The black boy did not wish to be caught, but he had been imprudent. He had stared too long at that wonderful camp, and at that mysterious, brilliant dinner-table.

There was no such possibility left him as climbing into another tree from the one he was in, and there were the dogs; and then came the white men, shouting to him to come down. He could understand their motions, if not their words, and down he came, but that was all the good it did them. Not one word of English could they get out of him, not even after they had fed him with broiled fish and fried bacon. His big black eyes continued to dance from one to another of them, and at the dogs and the weapons, and other matters. He did speak, more than once, but what he said was all in his own strange, monotonous tongue.

"It 's all gibberish," remarked Bob McCracken; "but where there 's one of those fellows, you may be sure there are more of 'em not far away. We 'll all be speared, if we don't luk out, and then we 'll all be ate up. It 's the hard death to die, is that."

Sir Frederick himself was as keenly alarmed concerning savages as was any member of his party, but he said nothing. He hardly answered his wife, at first, when she spoke about Hugh and his peril. He was so silent, after he gave up questioning the black boy, that she almost lost patience with him.

"Frederick!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you say something. What shall we do?"

"Do?" he responded. "What are we to do? That is precisely what puzzles me!"

He meant that what they needed most was information; for the small captive savage was a very plain and direct suggestion of the nearness of parties of grown-up savages, just such as those which Hugh and Ned were at that hour trying to evade. Both parties of blacks were about six miles distant from the camp, although as yet they did not seem to know it.

As for Ned and Hugh, they were about as far away, and they were going farther at every step; but they had succeeded in putting only a mile and a half or so between them and the cabbage-palm prairie, where the kangaroos had fallen under the boomerangs of Ka-kak-kia and the other skilful thrower.

The boys felt very sure that they had escaped being actually seen by the chief, or by any of his party, or by the enemies who were now pitching spears at him with their throw-sticks.

"Hugh," whispered Ned, as he cowered in the bushes, "oh! but can't he dodge?"

The tall black man was indeed dodging and parrying wonderfully well. His eyes were quick, his nerves were steady, his courage was dauntless; but then his foes were increasing in number. Fully a dozen ferocious figures were now darting hither and thither among the trees, throwing, or threatening to throw, their long javelins. They were all yelling almost incessantly, but one of them changed suddenly into a shrill whoop that sounded like a warning to the rest. Then he dropped to the ground. A spear hurled by an unseen hand had gone through his left shoulder.

A sudden cry of triumph burst from the lips of Ka-kak-kia. He felt as if he were rescued, for that spear told him he had drawn his enemies along until his friends had heard the noise and had come to help him.

The fight had really only just begun, to be sure, but now the first onset had for the moment ended.

"It was the cleverest thing I ever saw!" exclaimed Hugh, as he crouched watchfully under his bush.

"I 'd heard how they did it," said Ned; "but you or I 'd have been stuck full of spears in no time. That 's just what 'll happen to us yet, if they find out we 're here."

"Let 's push along," said Hugh. "I did n't dare to move hand or foot till now."

*(To be continued.)*

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## WHEN WE GET ROUND THE FIRE AT NIGHT.

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.

When we get round the fire at night,
We three, while Grandma knits and knits,
The big wood-fire 's our only light,—
The corner 's dark where Grandma sits.
But then her needles gleam and click,
And then we hear the great clock tick
Louder than when the sun shines bright.

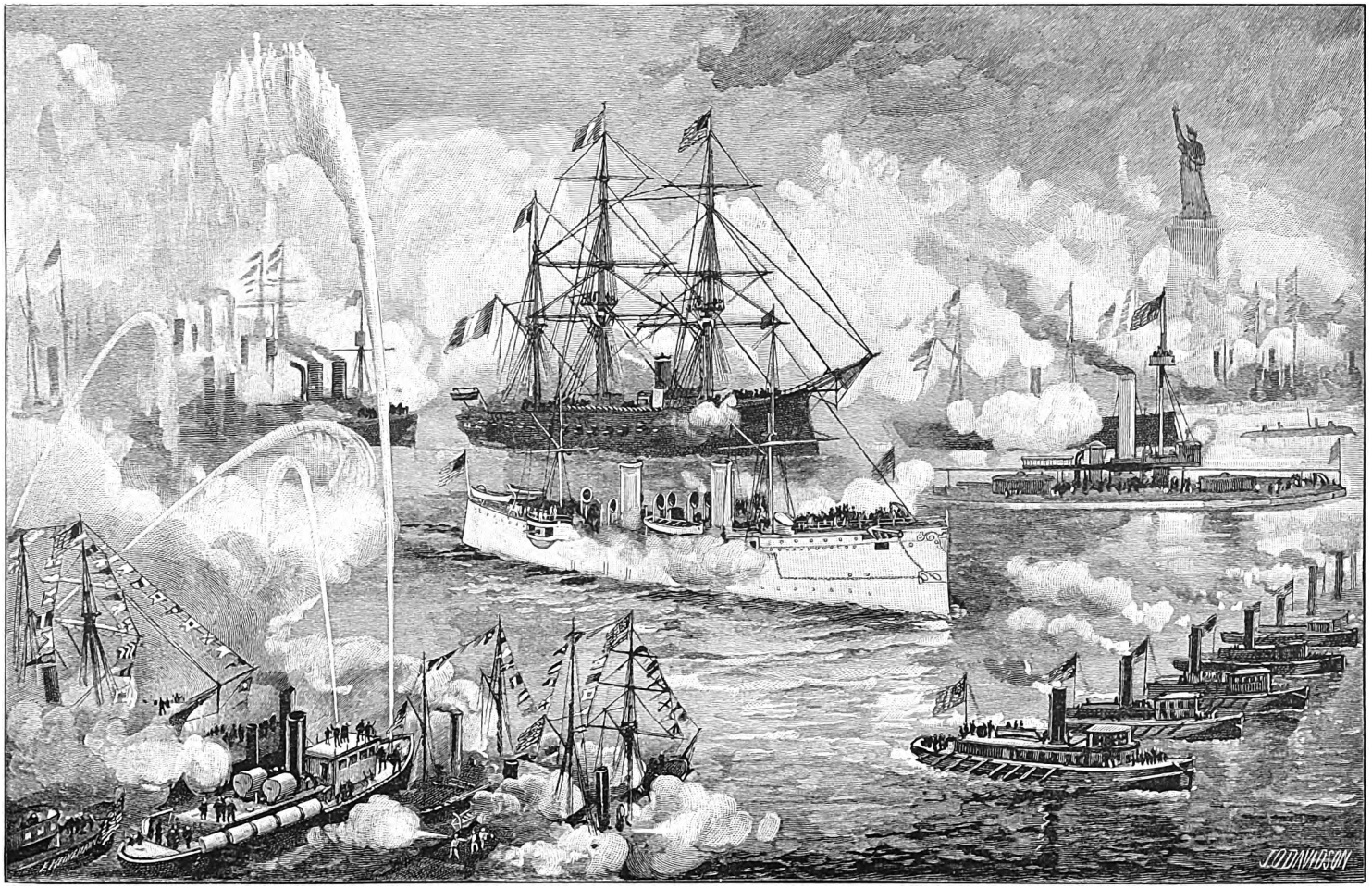
And my! but Grandma tells us tales,
You ought to hear her! — about a boat
That came one night — it had no sails,
Nor anything — right in our bay!
And there 's another 'bout the day
Gran'father lost his wedding coat!

And Joey, when he keeps awake,
Is always asking her to tell
About the wolves that tried to break
Into the old school-house one time,
And then the Dominie had to climb
'Way up outside and ring the bell!

But when the other tales are done,
Then it is Cicely's great delight
To hear about the little son
Who went to sea.— We always say
It 's better 'n any time o' day,
When we get round the fire at night!



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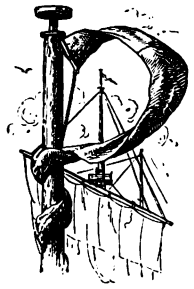


THE COLUMBIAN NAVAL PARADE, AT NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1892.

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# THE COLUMBIAN NAVAL PARADE.

By Daniel Judson.



PROBABLY few of those who witnessed the great naval parade given by the State of New York in honor of Columbus will ever forget that brilliant marine pageant.

The gathering of the ships was not by the order of the Government; in fact, the war-ships did not receive permission to take part until a day or two before. There was little preparation. There was simply an idea among those who live upon the water, that since the school-children, and college students, and soldiers were to parade on land, the ships also should do something in honor of the event.

How they all gathered together at such short notice, fell into line, and moved promptly in one grand column, was a marvel; but there they were in perfect order, a great fleet covering the bay, expressing their joy, in ship-fashion, with flying flags, shrieking whistles, and booming guns.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the war-ships could be seen lifting anchors, and quietly dropping down the harbor to Gravesend Bay. At eleven, they had all assembled there. The French frigate, "Arethuse"; the Spanish ship, "Infanta Isabella"; the Italian, "Giovanni Bausan"; our vessels, the "Dolphin," the "Miantonomoh," and the "Philadelphia"; the torpedo-boat "Cushing," the air-gun boat "Vesuvius," the revenue cutter "Grant," the "Blake," and scores of pleasure boats were in readiness.

At a signal the war-ships formed in column, with the Naval Reserve fleet of tugboats in advance, and all moved toward the Narrows. Then upon the right came a flash and a heavy boom, succeeded by a cloud of smoke from a monster gun at Fort Hamilton. Then followed another, and another, until the entire shore was draped in a fleecy mantle of smoke. It was the opening salute. Across the bay, Fort Richmond joined in, and between the two walls of smoke thus formed, the fleet entered and passed for a while out of sight, just as in a battle.

Opposite the Statue of Liberty a great number of tugs, river-steamers, and yachts fell in behind the leaders, while whistles blew, guns roared, and Battery William sent forth a welcome from its big old-fashioned cannon. Thus the procession moved on, and from out the bank of smoke the Statue of Liberty appeared once more upon her lofty pedestal, calmly gazing out to sea.

The house-tops, wharves, and Battery Park now came into view, completely packed with multitudes of people, whose cheers came to the ear like the buzzing of many hives of bees. And here a mighty shout went up, as the fire-boat "New Yorker" set its pumps in motion, and threw aloft a gigantic column of water. Up, up it mounted, higher and higher, until its plume was four hundred feet in air; then, bending, it made a graceful curve, and was carried away in a shower of spray by the western wind. Soon the other fire-boats joined in the exhibition with their water-jets, and other boats took up the sport, until a dozen streams were commingled in a great watery bouquet, glinting and glistening in the afternoon sun, displaying beautiful rainbow tints and fantastic shadows.

The Hudson was crowded from bank to bank with steam and sailing craft, all heading for General Grant's tomb at Riverside Park. A heavy mist hung over the waters from the smoke, through which the onrushing ships looked gray and ghostly. The crowded thousands on the shores seemed like patches of ants.

Then a signal-gun was fired from the leading ship, which had reached her goal. A hundred anchors plunged to the bottom, a hundred guns broke forth in a grand salute, thousands of gay flags mounted to their mastheads, as many whistles united in an ear-splitting shriek which lasted for ten minutes, and the great naval parade was over.



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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you one and all, my beloved! And a good honest year, and a busy year, for that matter — a year of good, healthy work and play, with gratitude and kindness atop and below. This is my greeting unto you.

Now for business. We 'll begin with

### HUMPTY-DUMPTY IN THE FAR EAST.

HAMTI-DAMTI chargya chhutt!
Hamti-Damti girgya phut!
Rajah Ki-pulton Ranee Ki-ghoree
Hamti Kubbee nalim joiee!

"That 's how we sing 'Humpty-Dumpty' in the East, when we are small," writes one Rudyard Kipling, a right warm friend of yours, in a letter to this very pulpit. So you see there are merry rhymes and sweet little nonsense verses all over the world, and the far East is not so very far away, after all. How can it be a strange country to you when once you know that Humpty-Dumpty is cutting up antics there, and you have every reason to believe that cows are jumping over moons, and wondrous wise men are disporting about bramble-bushes in true Mother Goose fashion!

By the way, somewhere in this very month of ST. NICHOLAS, I am told, you youngest folk are to have, or may already have had, a rare tale told to you, in the original Kipling, by the very friend who sent you the Hamti-Damti. What wonder you all look so good-natured!

### A LONG FENCE.

THE wall of China is said to be over a thousand miles long, and a good strong wall it is, for it is designed to hold the country and to keep out enemies. But have you heard of the delicate fence of close wire netting, five hundred miles long, between the Australia Colonies and New South Wales and Queensland? It, too, is designed to keep out intruders, and very troublesome intruders they are — these furry, innocent-looking little creatures that frisk about Australia, take possession of the soil, and rear their families on the best vegetation they can find. They seem to consider the country as a vast free hotel, opened for their especial benefit: but they are a calamity to the landlord, and very large rewards for their total destruction have been offered by the Australian government.

### A GYMNASTIC GOLDFISH.

DEAR JACK: I once had five little goldfish, which I kept in a large glass globe on a velvet-covered shelf under a mirror.

One of these, "Goldy" by name, was fond of music, but he had his preferences. When we played the violin, he would get as far away as possible and show his dislike very plainly. His favorite was the zither. When it was being played, he would push himself as close to the glass and as near to the instrument as he could get, and there he would lie perfectly still until the music ceased. We noticed this many times. Once I was practising, and only a minute before had been watching Goldy's intent expression, when I heard a great splash and the musically-inclined but too enthusiastic fish lay flapping on the floor till rescued.

For some time he continued to thrive, but one day, I remember, I was carrying him up-stairs, when he suddenly gave a great bound out of the water, struck the banisters, and went flying downward. So I rushed after him and with difficulty got him back to the globe; but that was the beginning of the end. From that hour music no more had charms for the poor little fish, the violin failed to arouse his anger, the zither to soothe him, and, after several days of listlessness, one morning I found his poor little body floating on the water. I never could have such another, so the globe was laid in a dusty corner and I have now only my dear old zither to remind me of music-loving Goldy.

A. L. E.

### THE HIGH-MINDED HARE.

WHEN the picture your Jack shows you to-day came to this pulpit, I said to myself, "Ah, at last the young folk have a picture that tells its own story. It 's as plain as day. A hare and the tortoise are to run a race. The other hare is to be umpire, because, as there 's no ring, the umpire must be able to keep up with the race. The first hare being a high-minded little fellow, familiar with all the hare-and-tortoise fables, pro and con, has said to the tortoise, "Here, my lumbering friend, I 'm sure to beat you if I run; and I 'm not one to play on the wayside or take a doze and let you win by accident. This is how we will manage it. I 'll go on your back, and when we near the goal, I 'll haunch myself as far back on your dainty shell as I can. Then it 's nip and tuck whose nose touches the stake first. When we come within four feet of it, you hustle and I 'll jump."

So far the picture was plain enough, but just then it occurred to the dear Little Schoolma'am that she might as well read me Mr. Beard's letter and learn how *he* ended the fable. Imagine my surprise. There was no fable at all,— only solid facts, and those the very best of their kind. You shall have it now, my beloved, word for word:

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### THE GALAPAGOS TORTOISES.

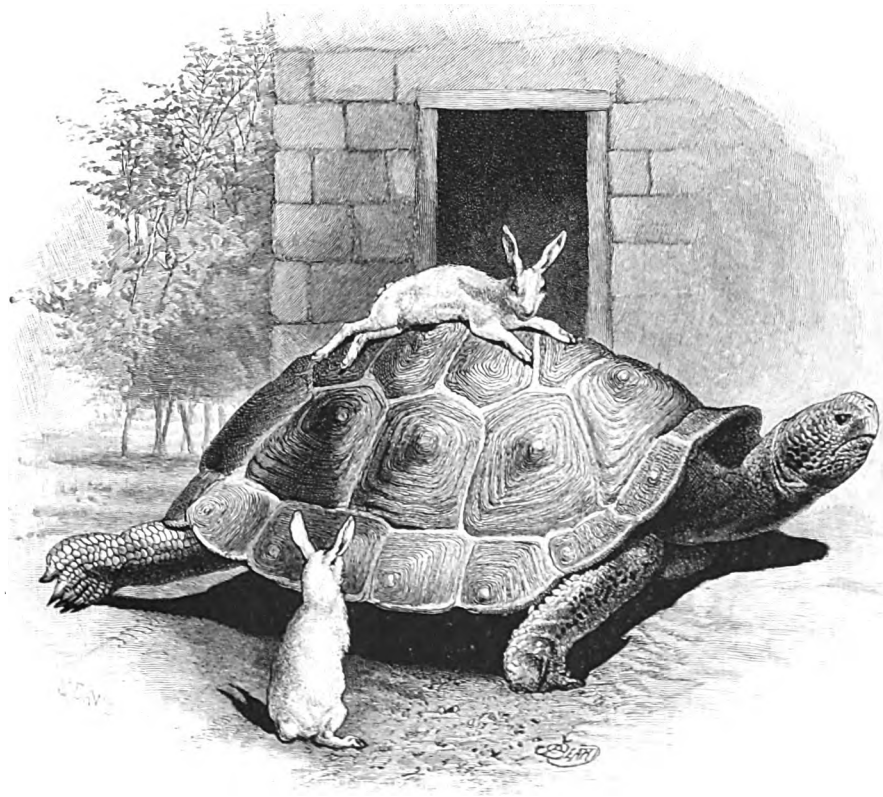
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: At Central Park in New York city may be seen a happy family, the like of which, possibly, cannot be met anywhere else in the world. It consists of a number of frisky young hares and the slowest and most ancient-looking of tortoises. The tortoises, however, are not as old as they appear; when grown to their full size they will weigh hundreds of pounds apiece, and be quite able to carry men upon their backs. The tortoises are part of a number brought from the Galapagos Islands, several years ago, to the Natural History Museum at Washington. These islands, forming a small archipelago in the Pacific Ocean, are very remarkable in many respects, but in none more so, perhaps, than in having been the home of races of giant tortoises of which the specimens at Central Park are a remnant. Commodore Porter, who visited the Galapagos Islands about eighty years ago, saw such droves of these tortoises that he says a man might have walked a considerable distance on their backs without descending to the ground. He saw specimens five feet long, four and a half feet wide, and measuring three feet thick through the body. He was impressed not only with their size, but with their strange shape. They had long necks and flat, serpent-like heads, and long legs (for turtles) upon which they stood with the body a full foot from the ground. Though keen of sight, these tortoises are quite deaf, the loudest noise failing to startle them; but in their wild state they are so timid that the sight of a man makes them scuttle off in ponderous haste. Sometimes, however, as Mr. Darwin says, the instant they perceive any one, they draw in their legs and head, and uttering a deep hiss fall to the ground with a heavy thud, as if struck dead. "I frequently," he says, "got upon their backs, and upon giving a few raps upon the hinder part of the shell, they would rise up and walk away; but I found it very difficult to keep my balance." The Galapagos tortoise is a thirsty creature: the one object of its life seems to be to get enough to drink. In the smaller islands, where there are no springs, the tortoises are obliged to content themselves with the succulent Peruvian cactus and other juicy plants; but in the larger ones they travel long distances to the springs which occur in the more elevated central parts. From every part of the sea-coast broad, well-beaten paths, originally made by tortoises, converge to the interior and lead to the watering-places. Travelers who visited the islands when these paths were used by the tortoises tell us how curious it was to see the huge creatures, one set eagerly traveling toward the springs with outstretched necks, and another set returning, having "drunk their fill." When a tortoise arrived at a spring, quite regardless of the spectator, it buried its head in water above the eyes and greedily swallowed great mouthfuls at the rate of about ten a minute.

Although rather clumsy pets, the creatures are entirely harmless. The little saucy hares that share quarters with them at Central Park play around, about, and all over them, as if they were so many great boulders, which indeed they somewhat resemble.

Unfortunately for these Galapagos tortoises, the delicious flavor of their meat has long been known; and so it happens that through the greed and carelessness of mankind they are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth.

Yours truly,

J. CARTER BEARD.



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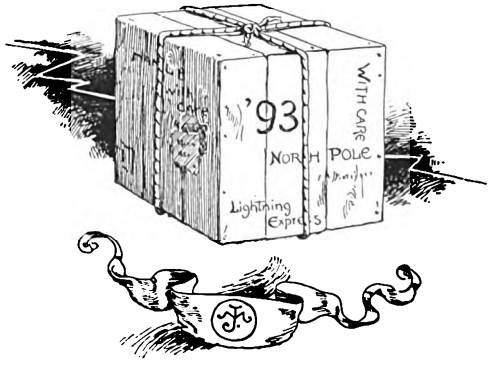

"JUNE."

THE twelve merry Months once decided to make,
For the New Year approaching, a wonderful cake,—
Contributing freely each one, more or less,
And sharing the pride of the final success.
September, who through her acquaintance with schools
Was up in the latest grammatical rules,
Wrote out, in a lovely Spencerian hand,
A recipe any one might understand.
November,—as usual, busy and hurried,
And with her Election-cake specially worried,
For fear it would burn while her mind was so flurried,—
From what she had left on her generous hands
When her Thanksgiving cooking, with all its demands,
Was finished, the milk and the spices supplied;
While April the eggs was o'erjoyed to provide,
All colored, of course, with indelible dyes—
"My choicest!" said April, with tears in her eyes.
March furnished the sugar, and though I admit
'T was maple, still that did n't matter a bit.
He mixed the cake, too, being sturdy and stout,
And accustomed to stirring things briskly about.
The flour was from May,—her particular brand
(You 've heard of the "mayflower"?), and white as her hand.
Dear June sent the flavoring,—extract of rose,
The sweetest and purest, as every one knows;
And August the butter, in cups of bright gold,
Which seemed all the sunshine of summer to hold.
February gave cherries, quite dried up and brown,



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From the tree that George Washington said he cut down;
And October declared, with a laugh and a frown
(Understand, this is slang which I do not commend!),
That to vie with his gift she could never pretend,
Though she, too, had nothing but *chestnuts* to send!
July did the baking, and skilfully, too.
'T was done top and bottom, and all the way through.
Her oven was steady and right to a T.
January's crisp icing was lovely to see.
December, quite ready to part with her best,
Declared, what with stockings and trees and the rest,
Every thing that she owned she had given away,
Save a bonbon or two and a bright holly spray.
So these, for adornment, arranged with much taste,
On the top of the beautiful structure were placed.
"Feb" dashed off a rhyme,—he was quick with his pen
From writing of valentines now and again.
And, boxed up with care, and addressed in red ink,
By the Lightning Express, which is quick as a wink
(Engaged by July), this delectable cake,
Whose like I defy any baker to bake,
Was sent New Year's morning, in triumph and glee,
From the twelve merry Months to their dear Ninety-three.




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## THE LITTLE VERSE THAT FILLS UP THE PAGE.

By Edith M. Thomas.

I 'm the toddling child at the foot of the page,
But I sing like a wren or a linnet!
All smile when they see me come on the stage;
I sing,—and am gone in a minute.

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# THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE are three odd bits of verse sent to the Letter-Box by Mr. Frank Valentine. They are called "Reversible Jingles."

I. LOBELIA.

HER name it was Lobelia,
A winsome flower was she
Decidedly (in some respects)
A credit to her age and sex.
But, oh, her vanity!

Her mother, she was soft and mild,
Well-meaning, as folks tell,
For intellect not eminent;
But though she very little meant,
She always meant it well.

And so in languid tones and low
Her gentle accents came,
"*Lobelia, be lowlier,*
*Be lowlier, Lobelia!*
You really are to blame."

But oft that gentle mother's words
Grew somewhat mixed, I ween —
"Lebowlia, bolelia,
Bolelia, Lebowlier!
You know, dear, what I mean."

II. SEALING-WAX.

QUOTH he, "I must some letters write,
A hundred more or less, sir.
I want to have them fastened right —
They shall be sealed up, yes, sir!
No trifling gum I 'll use, I vum."
He went — but soon with joy
Came *wheeling sacks* of *sealing-wax*,
And cried, "See here, my boy!"

III. HIS LETTER-BOX.

SAID poor Mr. Reece
To the Chief of Police:
"Sir, they 've rifled my box of its letters.
When I left it last night
It was locked up all right —
Oh, catch them and put them in fetters."

Said the Chief of Police
To poor Mr. Reece:
"To catch them we 're not at all sure, sir.
You should get *better locks*
For your old *letter-box;*
For prevention is better than cure, sir."

---

FORT SAM HOUSTON,
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our fathers are captains in the Twenty-third Infantry, and we live next door to each other. Each of us has a pet pony and pet cows.

In reading the interesting stories of your magazine, we like the "Rangoon" stories best, and wish you would notify Mr. E. Vinton Blake to please write some more. We also like "Tom Paulding," and many others of your stories.

We have natatorium parties every Friday in summer. There are two ambulances full of people, and the drivers generally go different roads and run races to see which can get there first.

There are seven companies of infantry, two troops of cavalry, and one battery of light artillery in this post.

All boys and girls who have not already visited an army post, ought to do so. It would give any one a lesson in neatness. The floors of the barracks, especially in the mess-room, are so clean that you could eat from them, and the benches and tables are as white as snow.

We remain your devoted readers,
MARY P. E——.
WINNIE M. P——.

---

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you now for three years. You were given to me as a Christmas present by my aunt. I am a girl of fourteen years, and I must say that I enjoy "Tom Paulding" very much.

I live in the West, at San Francisco, California, and I have no brothers or sisters, but I find great consolation in reading, especially in the pages of your delightful magazine.

The Golden Gate Park of this city is a beautiful sight to behold. It possesses a fine conservatory, an observatory, and many interesting points. The park extends to the Pacific Ocean, and we are soon to have a grand boulevard on the beach. There is a fine drive and walk through this park to the beach, and my mother and I once walked through it. It is a long but pleasant walk. Good-by.

From your ever faithful reader,
"THE CALIFORNIA GIRL."

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REDWOOD, DEEP RIVER, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been coming to our house fourteen years — since my brother was a baby. I am eight, and I am beginning to read you myself, but mama reads the letters to me.

I want to write and tell you about some pets I brought from the South — the Gulf of Mexico: three little chameleons and two lizards, "rusty ginnies," and two little "'gators." The chameleons are sometimes brown and sometimes a very bright green. They eat live flies and drink water, lapping it up with their little pink tongues, like kittens. They like music, too, and when my brother plays on his violin they turn their heads and listen in such a cunning way. Sometimes I think they are homesick, and I am sorry I brought them away. The baby chameleon is "Spooks," the other two are "Dr. Jekyll" and "Mr. Hyde." Mr. Hyde's tail was cut off by the window, and it is growing out again. One lizard's tail was broken and we mended it with court-plaster. Mr. Hyde runs away for days, and then comes back so hungry, and eats all the flies we will give him. I don't like the rusty ginnies as well. Mama says they are too spidery, and we don't like to have them crawl about on our hands and arms as the others do. I forgot to tell about my alligators, "Tom" and "Jerry." They were very homesick after we left St. Andrews. Coming through the Dead Lakes and up the Appalachicola and Chattahoochee rivers, they would not eat, and when we reached Atlanta they had



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forgotten how to bite. So mama thought they were going to die; but every day she would hold their mouths open and put a few drops of medicine down their throats. Did you ever look into a 'gator's mouth? The throat seems closed up. Afterward she gave them beef-tea, and on cold nights wrapped them in warm blankets and put them before the grate, and we finally got them here alive. Now Jerry is getting too cross; he bites, and he ate a pollywog the other day. I like the chameleons best.

GEORGE SHELDON S——.

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two years ago my brother Percy and I came to Londonderry to attend school. Our home is in New York. We have the ST. NICHOLAS every month, and are always glad to see it. Last summer we were at a beautiful sea-coast town spending our vacation with mama, who came from America to surprise us. There the Mourne Mountains run right down to the sea, and there is only one street of houses. Many trout-streams dash through the place, and we had fun fishing. Mama gave us each a little yacht with a cabin in it, and they flew over the water very fast. We had grand frolics in the surf, which was very fine. The coast-guard had a station with a life-boat. There is a framed list with the names of all the ships they have rescued: the last one was the "Flying Foam," with eleven men on board. Golf is the game most liked.

ERNEST H. H——.

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HOBART, TASMANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and live in Hobart, the capital of Tasmania. Hobart is only a small town, with grand scenery on all sides. From my window I can see the river Derwent, and the beautiful hills and mountains as a background. Mount Wellington is our largest, and is often covered with snow in the winter.

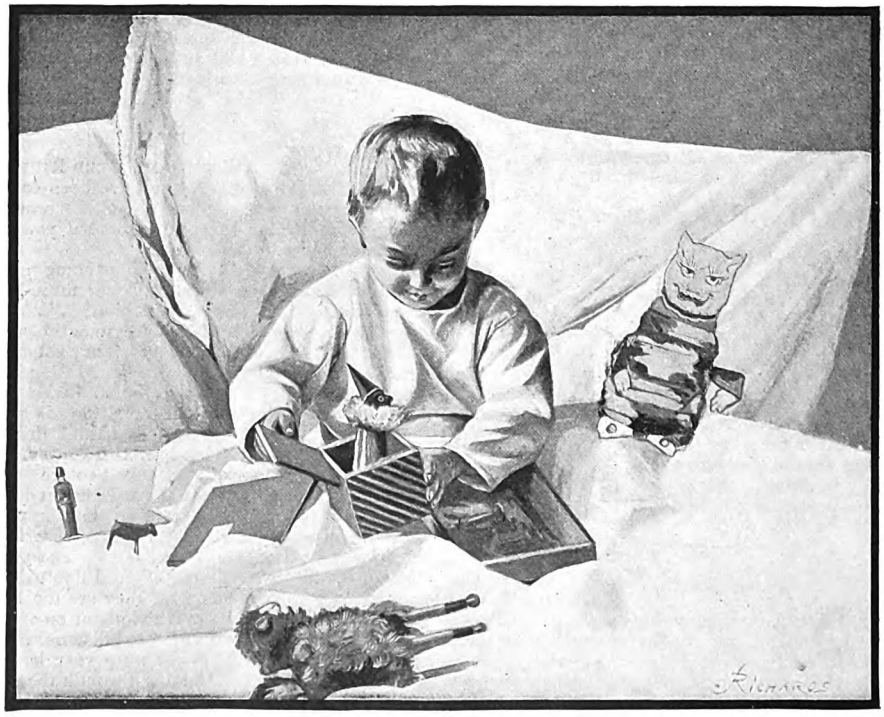
I like picnicking very much; we often go to a place called Ferntree Bower. I have been up to the springs only once, and there is such a beautiful view from there. Tasmania is a favorite place for visitors in summer.

I have been staying down at Shipwrights' Point with mama, who has been away for her health, and I like staying there very much; we went out boating every day, and altogether I had a delightful time.

I have taken you for three years; this is the fourth year, and I like you very, very much. I think that "Lady Jane," and the "Fortunes of Toby Trafford," and "Chan Ok" are my favorites; but they are all delightful. With love, your devoted little reader,

IRENE B——.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING.

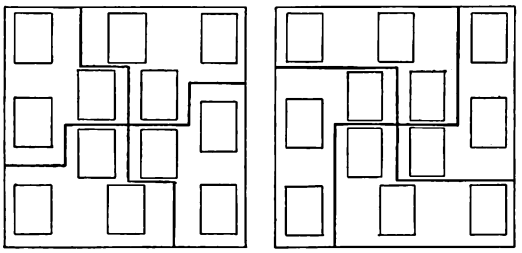
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# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Lachesis; finals, Eurydice. Cross-words: 1. Loose. 2. Adieu. 3. Cater. 4. Henry. 5. Ended. 6. Sinai. 7. Isaac. 8. Slake.

THE ST. NICHOLAS PUZZLE.



CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Cabal. 2. Aboma. 3. Bores. 4. Ament. 5. Lasts. II. 1. Prate. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Terse. 5. Enter. III. 1. Swale. 2. Woman. 3. Amend. 4. Lance. 5. Ender. IV. 1. Haste. 2. Ameer. 3. Segar. 4. Tease. 5. Erred. V. 1. Rasse. 2. Avail. 3. Sated. 4. Siege. 5. Elder.

ZIGZAG. "Merry Christmas to all." Cross-words: 1. Mead. 2. bEnt. 3. doRy. 4. mooR. 5. flYs. 6. aCme. 7. Hunt. 8. iRis. 9. omIt. 10. pasS. 11. boTh. 12. eMir. 13. Adze. 14. iSle. 15. saTe. 16. solO. 17. moAt. 18. aLly. 19. Lash.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Stamp. 2. Three. 3. Arras. 4. Meant. 5. Pests. II. 1. Harps. 2. Adore. 3. Robin. 4. Prigs. 5. Sense.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Sir Isaac Newton. Cross-words: 1. Solon. 2. Impel. 3. Range. 4. Iliad. 5. Sixty. 6. Angle. 7. Annul. 8. Clown. 9. Notal. 10. Eagle. 11. Waste. 12. Tabor. 13. Ousel. 14. Nomad.

HOLLOW ST. ANDREW'S CROSS. I. 1. V. 2. Pen. 3. Venus. 4. Nut. 5. S. II. 1. S. 2. Foe. 3. Sough. 4. Egg. 5. H. III. 1. S. 2. Can. 3. Sarah. 4. Nap. 5. H. IV. 1. H. 2. Map. 3. Hades. 4. Peg. 5. S.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Arthur Gride — Maude E. Palmer — Josephine Sherwood — "The McG.'s" — Mama, Katie, and Jamie — Agnes Richardson and Alice Mildred Blanke Co. — "Uncle Mung" — L. O. E. — Jo and I — Helen C. McCleary — "Guion Line and Acme Slate Co." — Mabel, Auntie, and Papa — Chester B. Sumner — Jessie Chapman — Ida C. Thallon — "Dad and Bill" — "Wareham" — Ida and Alice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Mary F. Youngs, 1 — E. M. G., 11 — "Hobgoblin and Brownie," 1 — Prince S., 2 — "Lily Maid of Astolat," 2 — S. and E. Fowle, 1 — Melville Hunnewell, 6 — Paul Reese, 7 — "Bow-wow and Co.," 3 — Donald Banks Tobey, 3 — Elaine S., 1 — Gertrude L., 10 — H. H. E., 5 — "Infantry," 11 — Marion A. Perkins, 4 — H. F. L., 11 — Blanche and Fred, 10 — Nellie L. Hawes, 11 — Tottie, 1 — Robert Pratt, 2 — Ida Young, 2 — "Three Wise Ones," 4 — Margie F., 1 — Adrienne Forrester, 3 — Dora F. Hereford, 8 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Jean B. G., 4 — "Midwood," 10 — Agnes W. Bartlett, 3 — "May and '79," 6 — Grace V. Morris, 10 — Sybil Raymond, 1 — Susie W. Wiggins and Uncle and Aunt, 11 — Laura M. Zinser, 6 — Augusta S. Cottlow, 1 — Rosalie Bloomingdale, 10 — Wilford W. Linsly, 3 — "We Girls," 8 — Agnes C. Leaycraft, 1 — Sadie and Mama, 7.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials will all be the same letter, and the finals will spell an antagonist.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A shrewd trick. 2. Profound. 3. To discontinue. 4. An extinct bird. 5. A small raised platform. 6. A prefix. 7. Power. 8. A small coin.

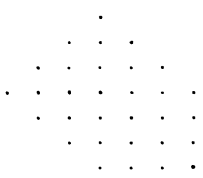
A. C. CRETT.

### WORD-BUILDING.

1. A LETTER. 2. A nickname. 3. A snug place of retreat. 4. To sever. 5. General tendency. 6. Easily impressed. 7. Offers. 8. Inhabitant. 9. A high executive official.

VINA.

### PENTAGONS.



I. 1. IN microscope. 2. A large serpent. 3. Contests. 4. A reckoner. 5. Dress. 6. A kind of coarse woolen cloth. 7. A certain dance.

II. 1. In microscope. 2. A pronoun. 3. A fragment of an earthen vessel. 4. Fascinated. 5. A valuable fur-bearing animal. 6. Marks. 7. A pulpit.

When the two longest words in each of the foregoing pentagons have been placed side by side, the fourteen letters will spell a word meaning destroyed the effect of a charm.

"JOB PEERYBINGLE."

### ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a name by which Virgil is sometimes called.

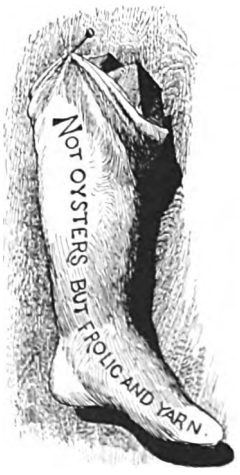
CROSS-WORDS: 1. A disorderly crowd. 2. A cart. 3. An inclosed place used as a receptacle for any commodity. 4. Consumed. 5. A lovely lady in a famous poem by Spenser. 6. The juice of plants. 7. To invoke evil upon. 8. To solicit. 9. Having a pale hue. 10. A color. 11. Frolicsome amusement.

D.

### SYNCOPATIONS.

THE words described are of equal length. When they have been syncopated (that is, when they have had one letter taken away), and the remaining letters transposed, or rearranged, the initial letters will spell the name of a great painter who was baptized on January 1, 1618.

1. Syncopate and transpose a sure-footed animal, and make an inlaid pattern.




2. Syncopate and transpose a bounty, and make one who is chosen to see that the rules of a game are strictly observed. 3. Syncopate and transpose faultless, and make a clergyman in charge of a parish. 4. Syncopate and transpose phraseology, and make to charge with a crime. 5. Syncopate and transpose graceful, and make an envoy of the pope. 6. Syncopate and transpose to sparkle, and make one skilled in law. 7. Syncopate and transpose encroachments, and make to establish.

DYCIE.

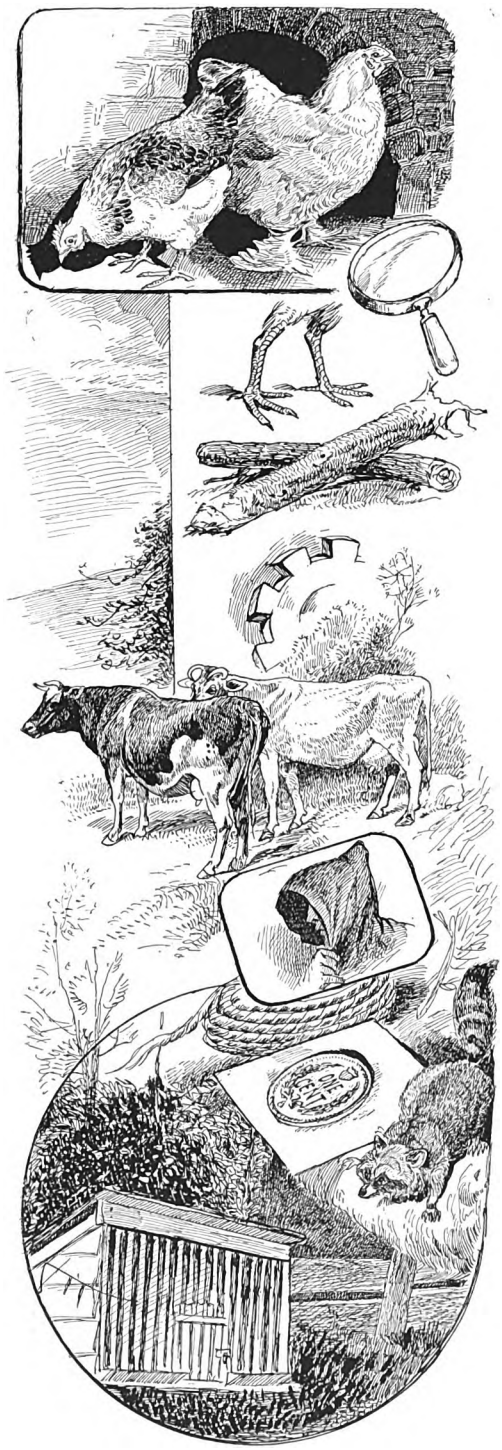
### CONCEALED WORDS.

WHAT objects, common at Christmas-time, are concealed in the accompanying Christmas stocking?



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## ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS.

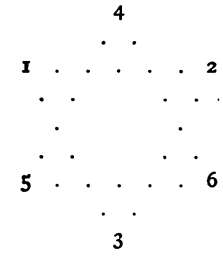


THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

In the accompanying picture, change HENS to COOP in ten moves. Each change is shown in the illustration.

J. C. B.

## HOLLOW STAR.



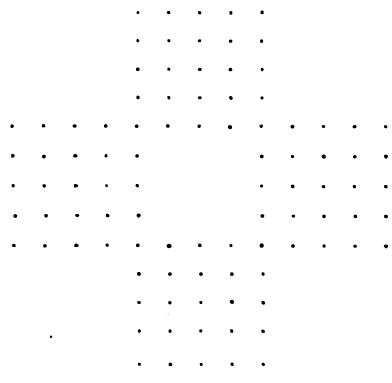

FROM 1 to 2, a poem set to music; from 1 to 3, peevish; from 2 to 3, stranded; from 4 to 5, to solicit votes; from 4 to 6, burned to a cinder; from 5 to 6, conquered by force of superior power.

FRANK SNELLING.

## PI.

I HARE yuo, thibel wen eary, grin tou rouy tralhuge
Dan somspire os twese:
I ese het ginclirc shontm hatt fwolol tafre,
Ram-kidlen, twih twangzil tefe.
Orbeef ym rodo I sandt ot vige yuo ginetreg,
Sa stiwf oyu deeps gonal,
Dan haer fara het hesoce tills prategine
Rouy strill fo cunjod gons.

## CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. One of the United States. 2. To languish. 3. A large artery. 4. A house for entertaining travelers. 5. Precious stones.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A masculine name. 2. A body of water. 3. Springs clear of the ground. 4. A failing in duty. 5. The assault of an army.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Relating to the sun. 2. A tribe of American Indians. 3. Freighted. 4. One intrusted with the business of another. 5. Tears.

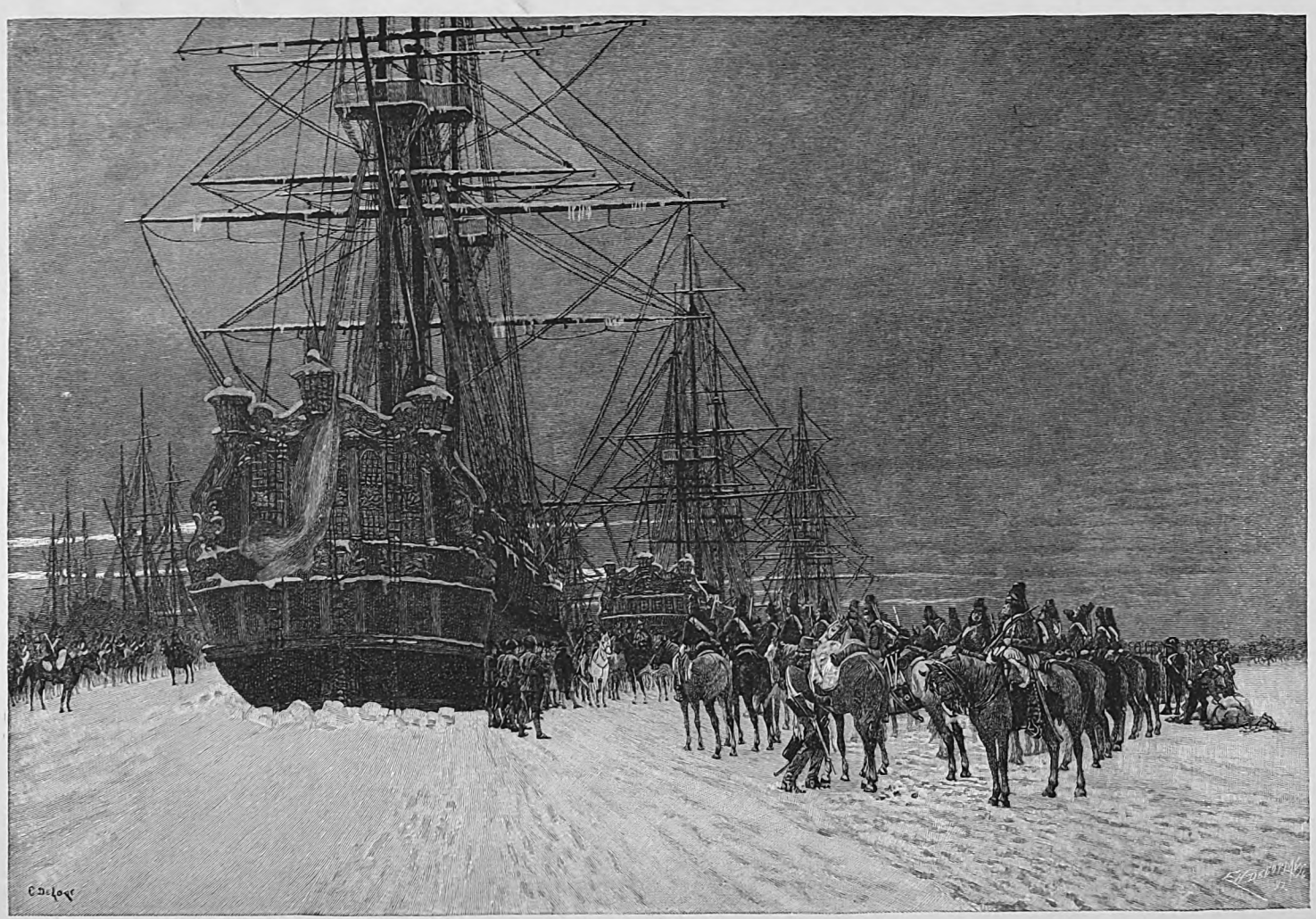
IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Conical. 2. A cape with a hood, formerly worn by the clergy. 3. Little balls of medicine. 4. Striking effect. 5. Desists from labor or exertion.

"SAMUEL SYDNEY."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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CAPTURE OF A DUTCH FLEET BY HUSSARS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, JANUARY, 1794.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES E. DELORT. BY PERMISSION OF MR. S. P. AVERY, JR. (SEE PAGE 316.)

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XX. FEBRUARY, 1893. NO. 4.

## COLLAR-WALLAH AND THE POISON-STICK.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

MOST people only know monkeys and their manners and customs from the other side of a cage: which is just the same thing as if you put a horse into an attic with sloping roofs and then tried to imagine how he would look in a meadow.

Once upon a time I lived in a monkey country, at Simla among the Himalayas, in a house built out upon the side of a mountain that was full of monkeys. There were two kinds of them: the big silver-gray monkey about three feet high, with a white beard,—people call them *langurs*,—and the little greeny-brown organ-grinder monkeys. We never saw much of the big fellows. They kept to the tops of the tall pines, and jumped from one tree to another without seeming to care where they landed or how. But the little ones frolicked from early morning till twilight in our front garden and the back garden and on the tin roof and round all the verandas. They came with their wives and their children,—tiny brown puff-balls with their hair parted exactly in the middle, so young that they tried to pick up things with their mouths instead of with their hands, and tumbled over on their heads; and they used to pick the flowers in the drive and leave their babies for punishment on the top of a fence, and slide up and down the pine-trees and make the most awful faces they could, just to show that they did not care for people. We watched them fight and play and nurse their children and swing at the end of the long elastic branches, and chase each other down the almost perpendicular hillside, till we came to know them and give them names. They were fed once or twice a day,—some of them grew so tame that they would come into the veranda and eat from our knees; but they always kept one anxious eye on the open air behind them.

Monkeys are sacred beasts in most parts of India, in Simla especially; but our friends knew that monkeys are sometimes caught by men and trained to ride on goats and to beat tambourines,—things no self-respecting monkey would dream of doing. Once a troop of trained monkeys came and performed in the garden, and the wild monkeys sat about on the trees and said the worst things that they could think of, and the trained monkeys in their blue-and-red petticoats looked at them sorrowfully When the performance was ended, all our friends

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ran away, and I suppose they talked it over that night, for they were very cautious, not to say rude, next morning, and the babies were put at the topmost tops of the pine-trees when the mothers and fathers came down to be fed.

The tamest of our monkeys (we called them ours, because they would fight any of the tribe or family that came into the garden) was a little fellow who had once been civilized. He still wore a leather collar round his neck, which is a most unusual place for a monkey-collar to be. Generally it is put around the waist. We called him "Collar-Wallah" (the collar-man), and he would eat biscuit from my sister's hand, opening her fingers one by one. The monkeys were our great delight, and we made them show off before callers, and drew pictures of them, and chased them out of our rooms, and saw as much of their ways as they chose to show. We never understood when they went to bed, but we heard them mewing like cats up in the trees; and late at night, coming home from a dinner, the flash of our lanterns would disturb a nest of them in the darkness. Then there would be yells and screeches and cries of, "What did you push me out of bed for?" "I did n't!" "You did!" "You 're another!" "Take that!" and a monkey would come crashing through the branches, and sit at the bottom of the tree, and shout: "Smarty!" till he was tired.

One day I found Collar-Wallah bounding out of my window with my hair-brushes. He left them in the crotch of a tree, and the next time I had a fair chance I threw a pine-cone at him, and knocked him off the end of the fence where he was hunting for fleas. Collar-Wallah put his head through the pickets, showed all his teeth, and called me every ugly name in the monkey language and went up the hillside. Next morning I saw him hanging head downward from the gutter above my window, feeling into the rooms with his arms for something to carry away. That time I did not throw a pine-cone, but put some mustard into a piece of bread and let him eat it. When it began to burn he danced with rage, and that night, just before he went to bed, he pushed my looking-glass over with his feet, breaking it into splinters. Kadir Baksh, my servant, said gravely as he picked up the pieces: "That monkey is angry with you, Sahib."

I laughed, and said I did not care because I was going away in a day or two for a march, and Kadir Baksh grinned. Marching is more like setting out in search of adventures, as the knights used to do, than anything else; and whenever I got a chance I used to go on a march. The way to do it is this way. You take your horse and groom and servant, and two or three men to carry provisions, and go out for a week or a fortnight, just for the sake of walking and riding and seeing. There is no country in all the world as beautiful as the Himalayas, and my march was going to lead me through the loveliest of the mountains. So I took my horse (her real name was "Dorothea Darbishoff," because she had come into India from Russia, but she was called "Dolly Bobs" for short, because she shied). And I took her groom, a one-eyed man called Dunnee, and Kadir Baksh took his umbrella and the little bundle of things he wanted, and commanded a detachment of two coolies with baskets full of tinned things to eat slung over their shoulders on bamboo poles, and little "Vixen," my fox-terrier (who always hoped to catch a monkey some day, and never did), took command of us all, and we started off along the road that leads to Thibet. There is no other road worth mentioning in that part of the world, and the only way of missing it is by stepping off its edge and rolling a few thousand feet into the valley. In front of us there was nothing but the line of the Himalayan snows, that always looks just the same, however near you may get to it. Sometimes we could see the road curling round a hillside eight or ten miles ahead, or dipping into a valley two or three thousand feet below. Sometimes we went through forests where every tree was hung with ferns from top to bottom, and where the violets and the lilies of the valley grew as thick as grass. Sometimes we had to climb over a naked shoulder of shaven hill where the sun blistered the back of our necks, and sometimes we wound along under a cliff of solid black rock, all wrapt in mist and cloud, with a thunder-storm roaring in the valley beneath us. At midday we stopped to eat by the roadside, and at night we rested in the bare

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houses with nothing in them except a chair and a bedstead that are put up for the accommodation of travelers. But it was a most beautiful march. Everybody thought so except Dolly Bobs, and she did not like meeting in a narrow road caravans of sheep, each sheep carrying a little leather-tipped sack of borax, coming down from Thibet. The big wolf-dogs that guard the caravans frightened her. Three or four times in a day, too, we would be sure to come across a whole tribe of monkeys changing their camping-grounds, and the chattering and barking and scuffling upset her nerves. We used Dolly Bobs for a pack-horse at last and tramped on our feet twenty miles a day, till we reached a beautiful valley called Kotgarh, where they grow opium and corn. The next day's march I knew would take us down three thousand feet and up two thousand, so I halted above the valley and looked about for a place to sleep in for the night. We found a Mohammedan farmer who said he would be happy to lodge Dolly Bobs and give me what he could to eat. So we went up to his hut and put Dolly Bobs under cover, and soon sat down to some boiled kid and what they call Mussulman bread. Then there was some honey and some more bread. My host would not eat any of my tinned things, for he was afraid that they might have pork in them, and Mohammedans are forbidden to eat pork. After supper I wrapped myself up in a blanket, Kadir Baksh curled up for a smoke, and Dunnee came in and sat in a corner and smoked his own pipe alone,—for he was a low-caste Hindu,—and my host lit his water-pipe, which was made of an old blacking-bottle, and we began to talk. Then his wife came in, and put what was left of the supper into a dish, and carried it out. I could hear Vixen, who was sleeping with Dolly Bobs (you must never take a dog into a Mohammedan house—it is not good manners), begin to growl and talk monkey, and I wondered why Mohammedans, who generally



"THE FLASH OF OUR LANTERNS WOULD DISTURB A NEST OF THEM."

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make a point of ill-treating every animal that the Hindu holds sacred, should feed monkeys. The woman came back with the empty dish, saying: "I hope they will swell and die!" and I heard the monkeys scuffling and chattering over the food. The farmer looked at me and said: "I should not do this if I were not forced; but when the monkey-folk are stronger than you are, what can a poor man do?"

Then he told me this tale, and I give it as he told it.

"Sahib, I am a poor man — a very poor man. It is my fate to come to this country far away from my Mohammedan friends."

Kadir Baksh moved restlessly, and I saw that he wanted to say something, so I gave him leave to speak.

"Perhaps," said Kadir Baksh, "he has forgotten something. It is in my mind, Sahib, that before this man was a Mohammedan he was a Hindu. He is a Mohammedan of the first generation, and not one of the old stock. Blessed are those that take hold of the faith at *any* time, but the face of this man is the face of a Hindu."

"That is true," said the man; "I was an *arain*, a gardener, but my father turned Mohammedan, and I, his son, with him. Then I went away from my Hindu people, and came here because my wife has friends in these hills and the soil is good. They are all Hindus in this valley, but not one of them has ever molested me on account of my being a Mohammedan. Neither man nor woman, I say, neither man nor woman has offered any harm to me or mine. But — Sahib, the monkey-folk are very wise. I am sure that they knew I had turned my back on the old gods of the Hindus. I am sure of it."

The monkeys outside chattered as they swept up the last of the supper, and the farmer shook his head solemnly.

"Now listen, Sahib. This spring I planted rice for myself and my little ones — good rice to eat if Fate allowed me to live so long. My back ached as I planted it tuft by tuft in the little field yonder, and I borrowed a neighbor's buffalo to plow the wet furrows. Upon a day, while I was planting, there came one of the monkey-folk out of the forest there at the top of the hill, and he sat upon the boundary-stone of my field and made mocking faces at me. So I took a clot of mud and threw it at him, crying, 'Begone, sinful one!' and he went back to that forest. But on the next day there came



"THE NEXT DAY THERE CAME TWO OF THE MONKEY-PEOPLE, AND I THREW TWO CLOTS OF MUD AT THEM."

two of the monkey-people, and they sat upon my boundary-stone, and I threw two clots of mud at them, and they went to my house together, dancing upon their hind legs, and they stole all the red peppers that hang upon the door."

"Yes," said the woman, "they stole all the red peppers. They were burned in their mouths, but they stole them."

"Upon the next day I took a *gullel*, a pellet-bow, and hid it in the long grass by the side of the rice, that the Hindus my neighbors might not see what I did, and when those monkey-folk came again I hit one in the back with a pellet of dried mud. Immediately then they went to my house, and while my wife stood without to prevent any more stealing of red peppers, they burrowed into the thatch just above where the Sahib is sitting now, and they came through and overturned the milk in the pot, putting out the fire. That night I was very angry, and I said to myself: 'They think that because there are many Hindus in this

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valley I shall not dare to kill them. O foolish monkey-folk!' But I was the fool, Sahib. With my gray beard, *I* was the fool! In the morning I took rice, a year old and firm in the grain, and boiled it with milk and sugar, a mess for four people, and set it in the corner of the field, and said: 'First they shall eat the good meat, and then they shall eat the bad, and I will destroy them at one blow!' So I hid behind a bush, and I saw, not one monkey, but a score of them come down from the woods and consider the matter, and he that had first sat upon the boundary-stone and made faces at me was, as before, the leader of them all."

"But how couldst thou tell one monkey from another at a distance?" I asked.

The farmer grunted contemptuously. "Are there then *two* monkeys in these hills," he said, "that wear a leather collar about their neck? About the *neck*, Sahib, and not about the waist, where a monkey's strap should be?"

Kadir Baksh kicked with both legs under the blanket, and blew out a heavy puff of tobacco.

Dunnee, from his corner, winked his one eye fifty times.

"My goodness!" I said, but I did not say it quite aloud, and the farmer was so interested in his story that he went on without noticing us.

"Now I am sure, Sahib, that it was the Evil One that had put that collar about his neck for a reward of great wickedness. They considered the rice for a time, tasting it little by little, and then he with the collar cried a cry and they ate it all up, chattering and dancing about the fields. But they had not gratitude in their hearts for their good meal — and rice is not cheap in the hills this year."

"They knew. They knew," said his wife, quietly. "They knew that we meant evil toward them. We should have given it as a peace-offering. Hanuman, the monkey-god, was angry with us. We should have made a sacrifice."

"They showed no gratitude at all," said the farmer, raising his voice. "That very evening they overset and broke my pipe which I had left in the fields, and they stole my wife's silver anklets from under the bed. Then I said: 'The play is played. We will have done with this child's game.' So I cooked a mess of rice, larger and sweeter than the first, and into it I put of white arsenic enough to kill a hundred bullocks. In the morning I laid that good monkey-food once more in the high grass, and by my father's beard, Sahib, there came out of the forest monkeys and monkeys and monkeys, and yet more monkeys, leaping and frisking and walking upon their hinder legs, and he, the leader of them all, was the monkey with the collar! They gathered about the dish and dipped their hands in and ate a little, and spat it out and dipped afresh; neither eating the food nor leaving it alone. I, hidden behind the bush, laughed to myself and said, 'Softly, softly, O foolish monkey-folk! There may not be enough for all, but those who eat shall never need ask for a meal again!' Then the monkey with the collar sat upon the edge of the dish and put his head on one side thus, and scratched himself thus, and all the others sat about him. They stayed still for so long a time as it takes a buffalo to plow one furrow in the rice-field. I was planting rice in the little field below — beautiful green rice plants. Ahi! I shall not husk any of that rice.

"Then he with the collar made an oration. In truth, Sahib, he spoke to his companions as it might have been a priest in the mosque, and those monkey-folk went back to the forest, leaving the rice smoking in the dish. In a very short time they returned, and to me, watching from behind the bush, it was as though all the undergrowth of the forest was moving, for each monkey bore in his hands a twig, and the collar-monkey walked before them all, and his tail was high in the air. In truth, he was their padishah, Sahib — their general."



Now, I had been thinking very hard about Collar-Wallah, — the Collar-Wallah who ate biscuits in our back garden at Simla, and I

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was trying to remember how early in the summer he had made his first appearance with us. In the language that the farmer was talking, the word he used for twig might have meant a stone. So I said: "What did they bring in their hands? Stones that you throw, or twigs that you cut?"

"Twigs—little branches with green leaves upon them," said the wife. "They know all that we do not know of the uses of the green herbs in the forest."

"Sahib, I am a very poor man, but I never tell lies. They assembled about that dish of milk and rice and they stirred it with the twigs till the hot rice spurted over their feet, and they yelled with pain. But they stirred it, and they stirred it, and they stirred, and they stirred thus." The farmer's hand went round in circles about a foot from the floor.

"Now, when that stirring was accomplished, Sahib, and he with the collar had tasted the mess again, they threw away the twigs and fell upon that rice and milk and ate it all up and fought for the last grains, and they were very merry and caught fleas one from the other. When I saw that they did not die,—that, by virtue of that stirring with the twigs, all the white arsenic, which should have killed a hundred bullocks, became good boiled rice and milk again, the hair of my head stood up, and I said, 'I have not fought against the monkey-folk, but against wizards and warlocks.'"

"Nay," said the wife, almost under her breath. "It was against Hanuman that we fought,—against Hanuman the monkey god, and the old Hindu gods whom we had neglected."

"I ran home very swiftly and told my wife these things, and she said I must not stir abroad any more for fear of bewitchment by these apes. So I lay on my bed and drew the blanket about me, and prayed as a Mohammedan should pray till the twilight. But woe is me! Even while I prayed, those monkey-folk worked my ruin. I went out of the house at the rising of the moon to milk my cow, and I heard a noise of small feet running over wet ground, and when the moon rose I saw that in the whole of my little field there was not one blade of rice remaining. Tuft by tuft, Sahib, those monkey-folk had plucked it out; with their teeth and their hands they had bitten and torn every tuft, and thrown them all about the hillside as a child throws a broken necklace! Of my labor and my pains, and the work of my neighbors' buffaloes through the spring, not one cowrie's worth remained, and I took off my turban and threw it upon the ground and wept and roared."

"Didst thou by chance pray to any of thy Hindu gods?" said Kadir Baksh, quickly. Dunnee said nothing, but his one eye twinkled, and I fancy he chuckled deep in his throat.

"I—I do not remember upon whom I called. I was insensible with grief, and when I lifted up my eyes I saw him, the evil one with the collar, sitting alone upon the boundary-stone, regarding me with wicked yellow eyes, and I threw my turban at him and it became unrolled, and he caught one end of it and dragged it away up the hillside. So I came back to my house bareheaded, without honor and ashamed, the sport of the monkey-folk."

There was a pause, and he pulled at his pipe furiously.

"Now, therefore," he went on, "we feed the monkeys twice a day, as thou, O Sahib, hast seen, for we hope to patch up a peace between us. Indeed, they do not steal much now; there is very little left to steal; and he with the collar went away after the ruin of my rice-field. Now, my little daughter's wedding this year will lack a bridal procession and a band of musicians, and I do not know whence my next year's seed-rice will come. All this I owe to the monkey-folk, and especially to him with the collar."

Long after I had rolled the blanket round me, and was trying to go to sleep, I heard Kadir Baksh's deep voice quoting texts from the Koran, and telling the farmer never to forget that he was a true Mohammedan.

A fortnight later I came back to Simla again, and the first person to meet me in the drive was Collar-Wallah. He dashed under Dolly Bobs's feet and made her shy, and then sat on a low branch nibbling his tail, which is the last insult that a monkey can offer.

"Collar-Wallah," I said, reining up, "it 's no

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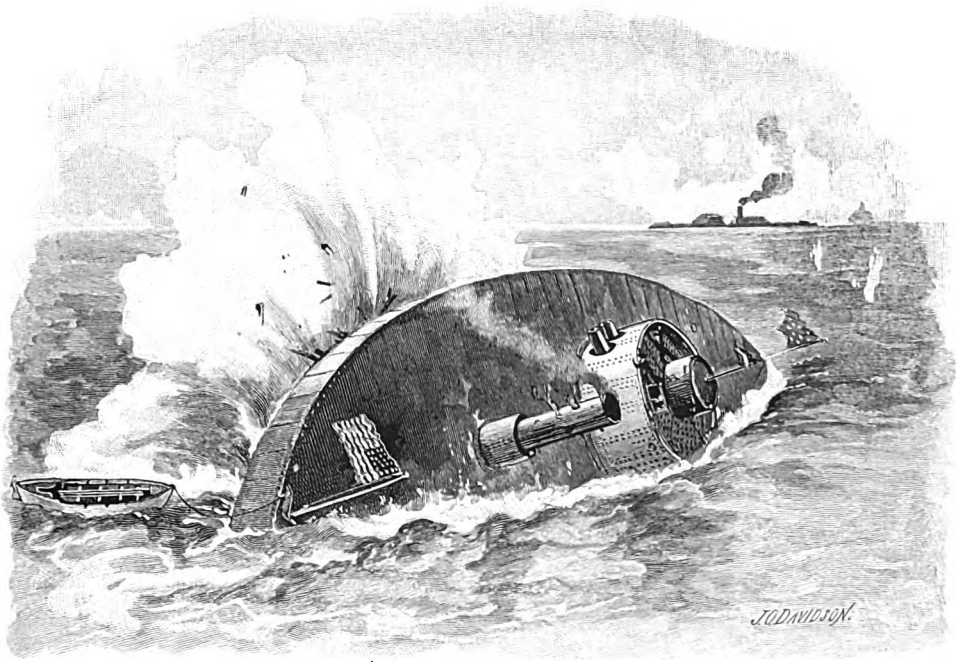
use your pretending not to understand. I heard something about you at Kotgarh, and I warn you solemnly that if ever you try to do anything to me again, I sha'n't throw pine-cones at you. I shall shoot you dead. *I 'm* not a farmer."

Collar-Wallah might have been the most innocent monkey in the world (though I do not for a moment believe it), and perhaps he did not understand a word that I said. All I know is that he never came near the house again as long as I was there.

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# BATTLING UNDER WATER.

By Frederick Hobart Spencer.

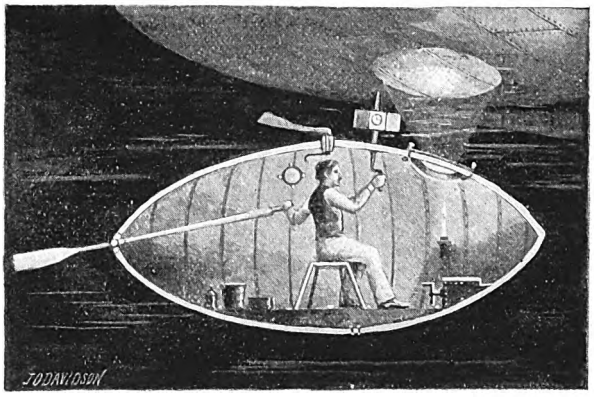



THE MONITOR "TECUMSEH" SUNK BY A TORPEDO, DURING ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S ATTACK UPON THE FORTS AT MOBILE, 1864.

The greatest question in naval warfare today is not about the big battle-ships or saucy torpedo-boats, already pictured and described in St. Nicholas, but how to get a boat that will safely dive below the keel of a hostile vessel and blow her to destruction with a charge of dynamite or guncotton. This mode of attacking an enemy is not entirely new, for, nearly twenty-five hundred years ago, divers were lowered into the water in a simply constructed air-box, to perforate the wooden bottoms of an adversary's war-galleys, in order to sink them, and drown or capture their rowers and fighting men.

The diving warrior and his box did not outlast the great galleys they had tried to sink, and the history of these boats passes over two thousand years to the American captain Bushnell, of the Revolutionary army, and his diving-boat. This was a tiny, walnut-shaped vessel, sculled by a single oar, and having a crew of one man. The boat sat low in the water while

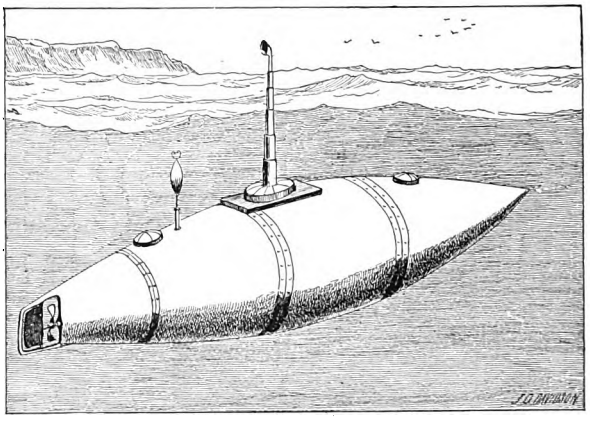
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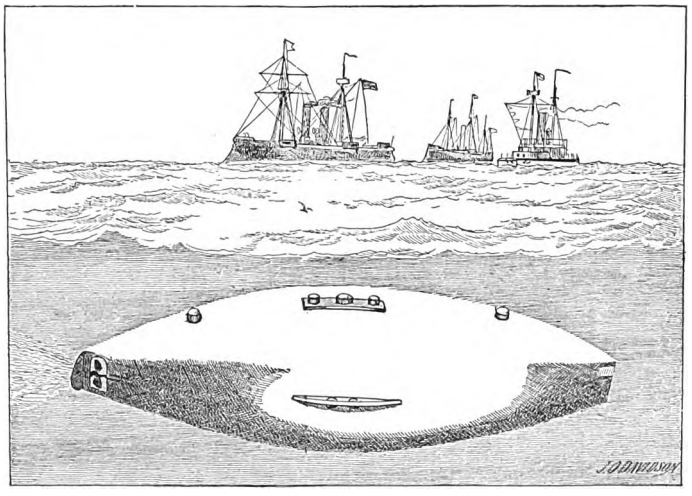
THE BUSHNELL TORPEDO-BOAT.

on the surface, enabling it at night to get near its intended victim without detection. Then the hatch was closed, shutting in air enough to last half an hour, and by letting in a little water and turning an upright screw-bladed oar, the boat was sunk to near the keel-level of the enemy's vessel, and sculled under the hull. A torpedo outside the boat carried a heavy charge of gunpowder, and was provided with clockwork to fire the charge after the little torpedo-boat should have retreated to a safe distance. The torpedo had a pointed screw stem, by which it was to be attached to the doomed vessel, the screw being turned from inside the torpedo-boat. Except for the breaking of this screw, it is possible that the British admiral's flag-ship might have been blown up as she lay at anchor in New York harbor; but that is mere guesswork, for, as General Washington said of the boat, "too many things were necessary to be combined in it." Yet it was ingenious, a credit to American skill and daring, and its arrangements are still studied by those interested in submarine navigation.

Twenty-five years later, Robert Fulton, who did so much for steam navigation, took the Bushnell boat for a model, and greatly improved upon it. He made the hull of thin copper sheets, instead of wood, and changed the sculling-oar into a paddle-wheel worked by hand. He forced into a copper tank enough air to supply a crew of four men while under water for six hours. For use while at the surface, the boat was provided with removable masts and sails. His experiments lasted some twelve years, the governments of France, Great Britain, and the United States successively supplying the means. But naval experts everywhere scouted the serviceableness of the boat, and the higher authorities denounced its mode of warfare as no better than murder or assassination. The

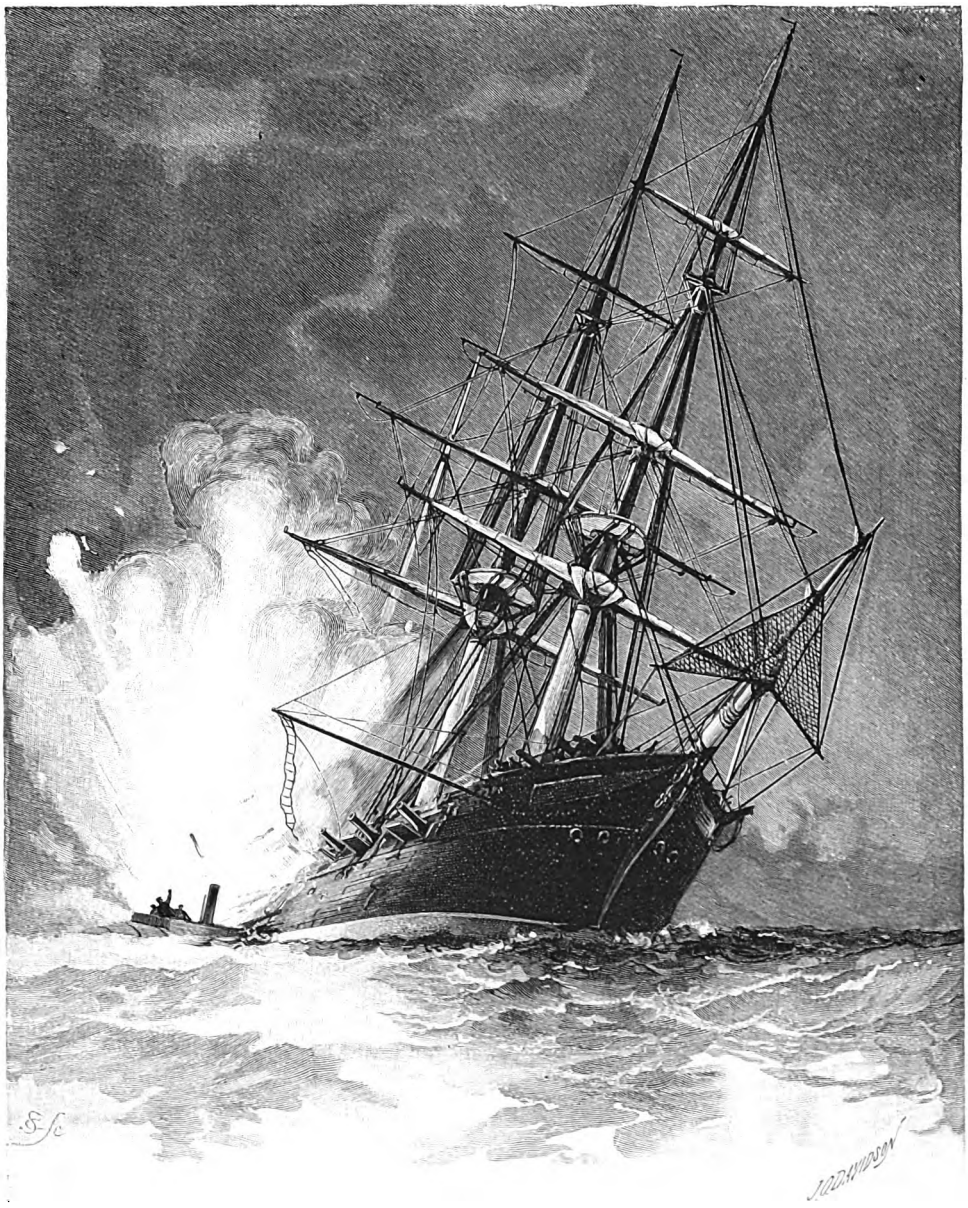


THE "GYMNOTE" PATROLLING A COAST.



THE NORDENFELT SUBMARINE BOAT GUARDING A FLEET.

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DESTRUCTION OF THE U. S. SHIP "HOUSATONIC" BY A TORPEDO-BOAT, OFF CHARLESTON, 1864.

device, however, was employed without official permission against some of the British vessels blockading the New England coasts in the War of 1812. Though no actual damage was done, the blockaders were badly frightened by the attempts.

Nothing important succeeded Fulton's boat till the time of the Civil War, when the Confederates constructed some cigar-shaped vessels of sheet-iron, to be driven by a screw worked by hand, and submerged by the admission of water; the descent and ascent were regulated by rudders or paddles on the sides of the boat, in much the same way as in the Bushnell boat. These boats were provided with floating torpedoes that dragged astern and were intended to explode by striking against the bottom of a ship under which the torpedo-

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THE LEAK THAT SANK THE "ALBEMARLE"—CAUSED BY A TORPEDO. (SEE PAGE 316.)

boat should pass. They had also torpedoes set on a spar standing out from the bow of the boat. One of these sparred torpedoes destroyed the Federal blockader "Housatonic," off Charleston, but the torpedo-boat and her crew of nine men were also lost by being caught in the wreck of the sinking ship. The same torpedo-boat had previously drowned twenty-three members of her successive crews by many accidents due to her defects.

The reason why submarine torpedo-boats are in demand is that the surface torpedo-boats may be failures, though a few years ago they were so highly thought of that many authorities declared it folly to build large and costly battle-ships, when an inexpensive torpedo-boat could readily destroy them. But the battle-ships now have their electric search-lights for night use, their machine-guns to rain tempests of projectiles upon an approaching foe, their steel nettings reaching out from the hull and down to the keel, and their swift steaming guard-boats, also armed with torpedoes for attack upon advancing enemies of the same kind. Thereupon the cry is for a torpedo-boat that may defy the search-light, the rapid-fire guns, the steel nettings, and the guard-boats, and such a boat must be one that can come near, and do its work unseen.

Naval authorities no longer consider it barbarous or inhuman to use submarine boats, for the world has grown accustomed to the use of hidden torpedoes, and of the terrible dynamite, in operations of war. Nor can the weaker or poorer nations afford to turn away from an agent within even their reach, for it may one day be the means of preserving their rights or their liberties from some stronger naval power.

To be safe and efficient, a submarine torpedo-boat must have many good qualities. It must be a good surface-boat, able to keep at sea in rough weather, and to travel at a speed of some twenty-five miles an hour in smooth water. When under water, the speed should not be less than fifteen miles an hour. All machinery for keeping the boat at a regulated depth below the surface, or for preventing it from rolling over, or from dipping at the bow or stern, must be self-acting—that is, not dependent from moment to moment upon the judgment, skill, or attention of the crew. The boat must be well lighted within, and must afford the crew a good view throughout the adjacent water. It should also have means for bringing down from the surface a reflected view of what is present or happen-

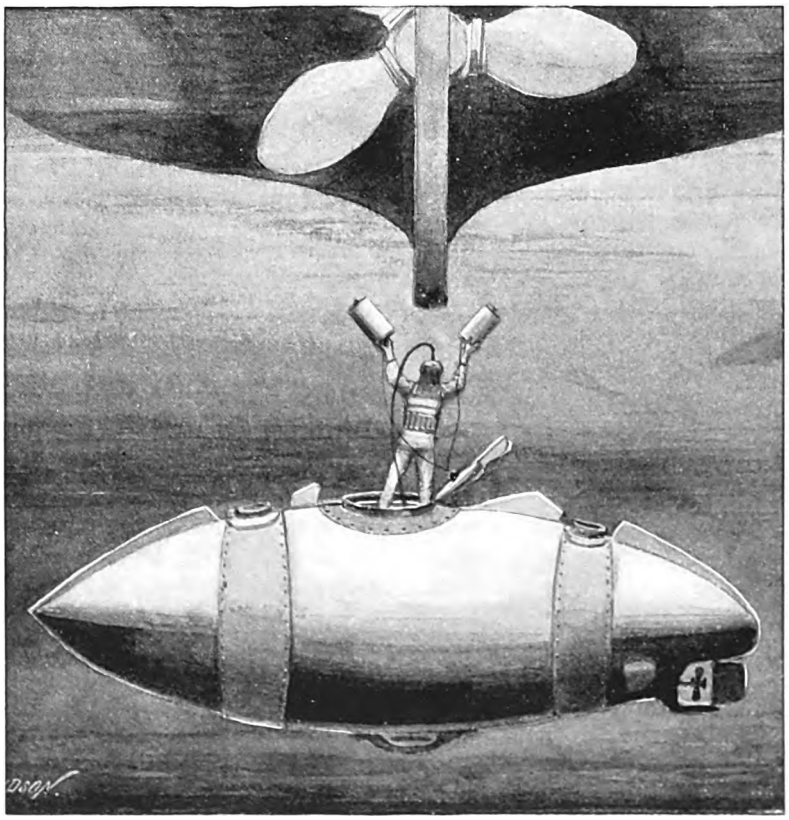
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ing there within a radius of at least a mile. The air contained within the boat must be purified by chemical process, and the ordinary temperature must not greatly exceed that of a hot day in midsummer. The crew must be able to get surely and quickly into the water in case of accident to the boat, or of other peril to their lives. The boat must be able to remain continuously under water for at least twelve hours, and, during that time, to lay its course accurately and know its position. It must be able to avoid or to clear obstructions or entanglements, and to extricate itself from mud in shallow waters. The boat and its appliances must be so constructed and so arranged as to act with great certainty, ease, and readiness under all circumstances, so that the commander may take his proceedings and give his orders for the working of the boat in full confidence of the result. Finally, the boat must be able to discharge into and through the water a torpedo large enough and powerful enough to destroy the greatest war-ship without danger to the boat itself.

No submarine boat yet built has fully reached the foregoing standard, but a few have given much promise, and excited great hope of development into a high degree of effectiveness Chief among these is the French boat "Gymnote," designed by Naval Constructor Zede, a steel, cigar-shaped, propeller vessel, driven by electricity, and carrying an outside torpedo to be exploded by an electric current sent from the boat. This vessel has made eleven miles an hour when fully submerged, and has remained continuously under water for eight hours. A reflection of whatever is upon the surface in the vicinity of the submerged boat is carried down through a kind of telescope, and enables the operators to handle the vessel as readily and intelligently as if they themselves were upon the surface. For the present the French authorities are keeping the boat as secret as possible. How serviceable the boat would be in actual warfare, cannot yet be even guessed.

A submarine boat invented by Lieutenant Peral, of the Spanish navy, has been tested at Cadiz with good results. This vessel is also cigar-shaped, and is propelled by twin screws driven by electricity. The torpedo used is of the Whitehead pattern, which by internal machinery propels itself toward the object at which it is directed, and is exploded when it strikes. The "Peral" has made six miles an hour, and has remained submerged for as much as three hours and a half. How it is made, and how it works, have not been told.

Before the recent construction of the Gym-



THE "PEACEMAKER."

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note and Peral, the Nordenfelt boat, designed by the inventor of a noted machine-gun, was considered the most promising. This boat is rounded at the center, with the ends tapering to upright wedges. It is propelled by a screw driven by a steam-engine. It is submerged and raised by taking in or forcing out water-ballast, and its sinking or rising is aided by upright screws. Flat rudders at the bow prevent the dipping of stem or stern. The boat, in its latest form, has shown great seaworthiness, and when submerged has reached a speed of over twelve miles an hour. Though depending upon the natural supply of air, the boat is able to remain a long time under water without coming to the surface. The torpedo used is the Whitehead, already mentioned.

Lieutenant Hovgaard, of the Danish navy, is the designer of a boat intended to be propelled by electricity when submerged, and by steam upon the surface. Its submerging and descending are governed by upright propellers with a thrusting motion. It is meant for a long stay under water, and its mechanism is to be largely self-acting,—an important safeguard against a sudden and fatal plunge to the bottom.

An English boat, the invention of a civil-engineer named Ash, differs from others in being so made as to sink, so long as the downward motion is not arrested by the pushing out of metal cylinders arranged in a row on each side of the boat and charged with compressed air. This cylinder arrangement is remarkably simple and ingenious, but actual trials of the boat have not been encouraging.

The "Peacemaker" is an American boat, designed by a resident of San Francisco, named Tuck. Its shape is that of an elongated oval. The motive-power is steam, the boiler being heated by a coal fire while on the surface, and by caustic soda after submergence. The means of descent and ascent are of an ordinary kind; namely, water-ballast and side rudders. Compressed air, purified by chemical process, is supplied to the crew. Two buoyant torpedoes, coupled together, are floated under the keel of the ship to be destroyed, and magnets are attached to them to make them hold to the steel plates. They are then exploded by an electric current from the boat. In an actual river trial at New York, this boat has made eight miles per hour, and has remained below the surface for half an hour.

Senhor Barboza de Souza, of Pernambuco in Brazil, has sought to lessen the consequences of accident or disaster by making the bow and stern sections of a boat detachable from the midship section, so that they, or either of them, may be cast off in case of entanglement or injury, leaving behind a still perfect and fully equipped submarine vessel.

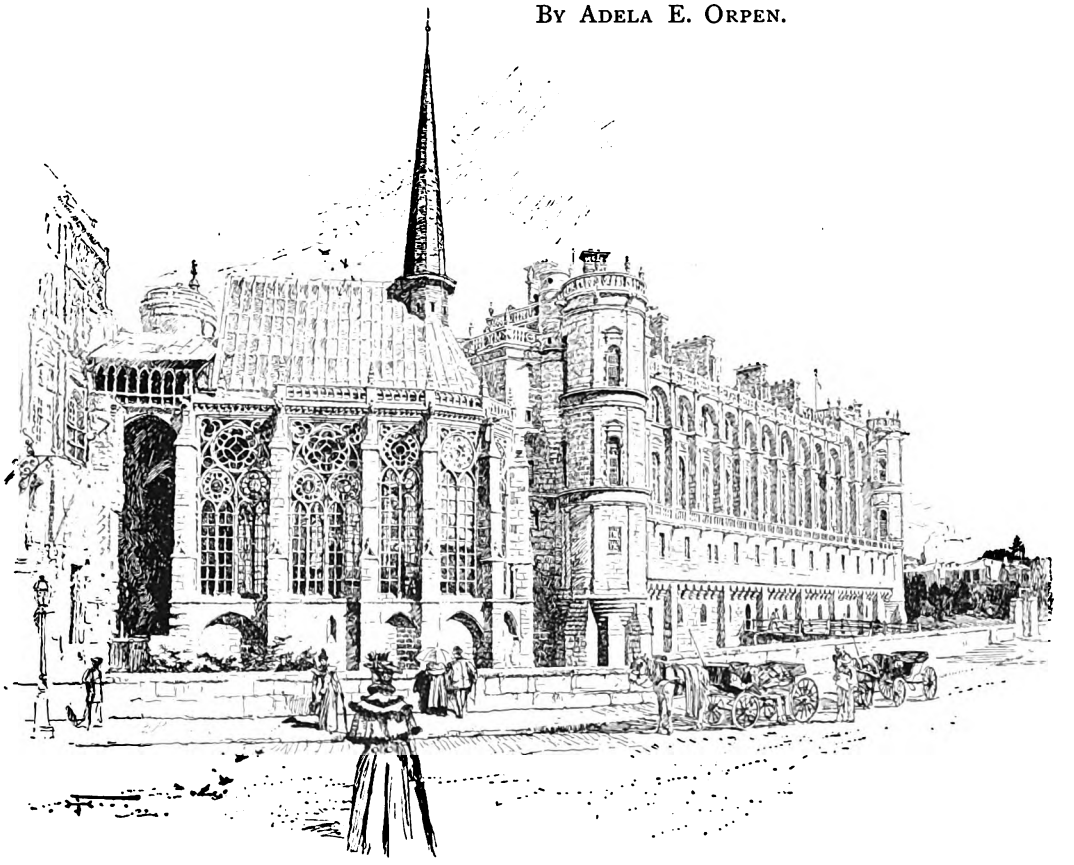
So far as can be determined upon present information, no submarine torpedo-boat has yet been built or planned that would completely meet the requirements of actual warfare. That such boats will be plentiful within a few years seems, however, almost a certainty. This conclusion few would doubt in the presence of the Nordenfelt boat, to take a particular example. And the destruction of a single large war-ship by a submarine boat would spread demoralization through the navies of the world. After the blowing up of the Housatonic, the fine steam-frigate "Wabash," armed with powerful guns, and having a disciplined crew of seven hundred men, fled in ludicrous confusion from one of the clumsy little Confederate divers—officers and seamen alike terror-stricken till safety was assured by distance. Naval power would be paralyzed till means should be found to neutralize the mischief of the unseen and unknown adversary, and it might be that naval warfare would be transferred for a time beneath the surface of the sea.



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# THE BOYHOOD OF LOUIS XIV

By Adela E. Orpen.



THE CHATEAU OF ST. GERMAIN.

No human being ever thought more of himself than Louis XIV. of France. He was not at all remarkable in himself, but he had a remarkable life, and he fills a great space in history. When he was born, all Europe rejoiced, and when he died, the world felt that a great light had gone out. He was not a handsome man, or wise, or learned; yet he thought himself all three, and no wonder. He was always surrounded by a crowd of men and women who made him think he was the most perfect human being the world had ever produced. So much flattery had its effect.

His father was Louis XIII., a dreary, sad-faced man, as different as possible from his gay and cheery grandfather, Henry IV.; his mother was Anne of Austria, a beautiful woman of imperious will, the eldest daughter of the King of Spain.

Great were the rejoicings at his birth (September 5, 1638). In Paris, on the quay of the Hotel de Ville, wine and food were distributed for three whole days to all who came; and at night the city appeared to be on fire, such was the splendor of its illuminations.

The public baptism of the dauphin, or heir, was postponed until April, 1643, and was then celebrated with magnificence in the chapel at St. Germain. The story goes that on the return from the ceremony, the king asked his



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name, and when the child answered, "Louis the Fourteenth," the king reproved him, saying, "Not yet, my son; not yet!"

Whether this little dialogue ever took place, we cannot say; but certain it is that the moment was fast approaching when the child in very truth would be Louis XIV.

Little Louis was just four years and eight months old when, by the death of his father, he became King of France. He received his courtiers gracefully on the first occasion when they presented themselves before him; and when he and his mother stepped out on the balcony to show themselves to the people who swarmed below, he was greeted with shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" from the populace. Thus began his long reign over France. Immediately after assuming his royal duties, he presided at a council. Lifted into the chair of state, he sat there demurely while the council deliberated, and then signed his first public document,—his mother, Anne of Austria, holding his little hand, and guiding the pen.

The next morning he was taken to Paris. His whole journey was a triumphal progress. The people never tired of looking at and praising the lovely child, who sat on his mother's knee and gazed at them with earnest baby eyes. It was on the occasion of meeting his parliament next day that, for at least once in his stately life, Louis XIV. acted like a child. He was sitting upon his throne in the Hall of Saint Louis, the queen regent on his right hand, the court all around, while in front sat the parliament, composed of grave, dignified men, awaiting his orders. The queen stood him upon his feet, and whispered in his ear. The king laughed, blushed, turned around, and hid his little face in the cushions of his seat. Never had parliament been more quaintly received! But Anne of Austria was strict in etiquette. Again she took his hand, again spoke softly in his ear. Gracefully he stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen, I am come to assure you of my affection; my chancellor will inform you of my will."

The little king was too young, of course, to understand much that went on around him. He spent the greater part of every day in the company of his mother. A small band of children, formed into a military company and called *les enfants d'honneur* (children of honor), helped to amuse his Majesty. He drilled them severely, marching them up and down the long gallery of the Louvre to the sound of a big drum, which had been given him, and which he delighted to beat. Whenever the queen appeared, these youngsters presented arms with much dignity.

When Louis was seven years old—that is to say, in the year 1645—he danced at the wedding of his cousin, Marie de Nevers, who married the King of Poland. Dancing was a fine art at this time, and one in which persons of high rank were expected to excel. Anne of Austria was an exquisite dancer, and had caused her son to be carefully trained in this graceful accomplishment. Young as he was, he could bow with surprising distinction, and wield his hat skilfully in the mazes of the minuet.

On his eighth birthday he was taken from his governess and ladies, and placed in the charge of men. The change caused him much vexation, and the first night when, instead of his familiar nurse, a valet came to care for him, his slumbers were much disturbed. In fact, he could not go to sleep, because the valet did not know the story called the "Ass's Ride," which his nurse always told him at bedtime. The valet also was in tribulation, but at last bethought him of Mézéray's "History of France." The book was read aloud with the happiest results—his Majesty slept. Mézéray's history is enough to send any one to sleep in five minutes, so it is no wonder that Louis yielded.

On the 10th of November, 1647, the king was at the play, and enjoying himself very much, when suddenly he complained of violent pains and asked to be taken home. Next day he was in a high fever, and on the third day smallpox declared itself. The court fled, only one lady of honor remaining with the queen during this terrible crisis in her son's life; and the queen herself watched beside him until she fainted from exhaustion. For days he lay at the point of death, but at length began slowly to recover. Then his mother wept for joy. Ere long he was quite well, only—the bloom of his beauty had fled with the disease. Even his brother did not know him when they met.

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When the first war of the Fronde broke out, the royal family were in Paris; but, owing to the queen's unpopularity, they did not there enjoy peace. Accordingly, early in 1649, she determined to leave the city, and knowing that she would not be permitted to go openly, took her measures in secret. At three o'clock on a cold winter morning the king arose, and joined his mother and brother at a back doorway of the Palais Royal. They drove to St. Germain, where they arrived just as the sun was rising. They were unexpected, so nothing was ready: neither furniture, food, nor fire. Those who could get enough straw to sleep upon were lucky.

For three or four days they endured much discomfort; then a sort of peace was patched up, the king and queen came back, and were received with acclamations by the people. The same populace who, a few months before, were execrating their names, now rent the air with shouts of joy.

It was a rule of the old French law that monarchs come of age at thirteen. Louis was rapidly approaching the momentous birthday. He had grown into a tall, fine-looking lad; his manners were good; he was an excellent horseman; he danced admirably, as we have seen; and he had already shown that taste for elaborate dress and ceremony which later years were so strongly to develop.

But before he reached the eventful day, the royal pair passed through a trying experience. It was night-time. Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that the king and his mother were trying to escape out of their unfriendly capital. Bells rang, the people turned out, all Paris was in an uproar, and marched down upon the Palais Royal.

Arrived at the palace gates, the people shouted their will. "Our king! Show us our king!" they cried. Within the palace were dismay and fear. The queen's ladies, pale and trembling, clung to her; she alone was undismayed. Hearing the shout for the king, she—his mother—calmly ordered the doors to be thrown open wide. She faced the mob of those who would enter, and asked what they wanted. "To see the king," they answered, "and assure ourselves that you do not intend to steal him away."

"The king sleeps," replied the queen. "I will show him to you."

With all the regal grace for which she was famous, Anne slowly led the way down the gallery to her son's room. She was followed by as motley a crew as ever the Palais Royal had seen within its walls. On the threshold she paused to put her finger significantly on her lips, then stepped forward to the bed, pulled wide the curtains, and displayed to the people the young king seemingly asleep. He was only feigning slumber. Louis the Fourteenth lay there with eyelids tight shut, but it was to keep back the tears of helpless anger that welled up from his heart.

For two hours the queen stood beside his pillow, and did the honors of his supposed slumber, while the rabble of Paris filed past in whispered admiration. Such nights as these in the lives of kings either dethrone them or make them tyrants.

On the morning when the king attained his majority, he rose early, and was dressed in a splendid suit, covered so thickly with gold embroidery that none of the material could be seen. His mother and Monsieur d'Anjou, followed by the whole court, saluted him, and then a splendid procession set out for the Hall of Saint Louis, where he was to meet his parliament.

The ceremony was very grand, and now the king and his mother imagined that their troubles were at an end. But, within the month, the second civil war, by far the most serious Fronde war, burst out. Twice during its course the king was near losing his kingdom, if not his life. Not until months had passed, and many lives were lost, were the civil wars finally concluded.

It was the special wish of Anne of Austria that her son should marry his cousin, the Infanta Maria Theresa, and she kept this object in view even in the midst of a war with Spain. The Infanta, who was just fifteen days younger than Louis, was a fair, blue-eyed girl, not beautiful in feature. Despite the most graceless coiffure and dress ever invented, her portrait by Velasquez, the great Spanish painter, shows her an attractive young princess.

The marriage project took definite shape in

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THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA OF SPAIN. BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO., MADRID, OF THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

1659, and the king with his court set out on a long progress through the south of France, until finally, in May, 1660, he found himself on the Spanish frontier, awaiting his bride.

Louis the Fourteenth was now, in very truth, the King of France. A new era in his life began — the most interesting of his life, but of his reign the histories will best tell the story.

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# LITTLE PETER AND THE GIANT.

*(A Fable of the Old-Fashioned Sort.)*

By Jack Bennett.



GREAT many years ago, in the only country where there ever really were giants outside of the dime museums, Little Peter sat in the fence-corner, dreaming his day-dreams. There was nothing else for him to do. He was too small to be an esquire or a knight, too weak to work, and not deformed enough to be court jester. He always came at meal-times and to bed; so his mother made no complaint or compliment: she set little store by Peter, for he could never go to war and win an estate in some far country, nor have a large stone sarcophagus in the abbey when he died. And, dreaming in the fence-corner, he pondered much on many questions that people having more to do had less time to consider.

As he dreamed he heard a piteous voice wailing, "Woe is me! Woe is me!" and, clambering to the fence-top, saw a tall and handsome lad sighing along the road, his features stained with dusty tears.

"Why say you 'whoa'?" asked Peter. "You go slow enough now."

"Alas, it is not that sort of woe!" wailed the youth; "I am in love!"

"And that seems passing strange, fair sir! I thought that love did always make one happy!"

The stranger paused and looked curiously at the weazened figure on the fence.

"You must be very young," he said simply.

"Not too young to have seen many in love, fair sir; yet none that I have known have ever suffered in this strange way."

"But I am a poet, alack!"

"Indeed? And pray, what strange thing may a poet be that to him love brings tears, and joy sorrow?"

"I write verses on the merry seasons, on the sweet passion of love, on birds and bees and meadow-flowers in their time: but the seasons shortly pass away, and love is but a fair, false dream; birds and bees fly away erelong, or perish quickly, and the loveliest flowers the soonest fade."



"'I AM IN LOVE!' WAILED THE YOUTH."



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"You don't say? Why, that is too bad, indeed!" exclaimed Little Peter. "Were you born that way, fair sir?"

"Born what way, child?"

"Why, to this tearsome frame of mind? I did never see one who took this same sad pleasure in being sorrowful.

"There, there," continued Little Peter. "It must, indeed, be rooted deep within your ribs, sir, to anguish you so! My mother makes a famous herb tea for the heartburn; perhaps that would do you good. And is this maid so delightsome that your queer poet's mind can do nothing but weep?"

"Ah, deary me! She is sweet as a morn in spring, as bright as the summer noon, as tender as the fading day of fall. She is my light, my love, my life — with her I live; without, I die!"

"Yes, but my brother Giles raved much as you, and when he brought her home she was but an every-day lass. And if you love this maiden so, why not go get her, instead of wandering about country lanes mildewing your velvet coat with tears?"

"Ah, boy, you little understand the world. I am a poet, and she — she is a princess," and his tears flowed again.

"A princess? Well, what hindereth that? I have spelled it in the leathern tome upon my uncle's desk that 'Noe maiden, however sweete and faire, is worth more than brave heart.'"

"But listen to the deeds that must be done to win her. Upon the Fatal Isle there is a bush whose golden berries hang unpicked, a book unwritten, and a stone unmoved. He who would wed the princess must pick the berries, write his name in the book, and move the stone from where it stands. Many go, but none come back; for on the gloomy isle there dwells a fearsome giant, and whosoever fights him dies. Thus comes the gruesome name, the Fatal Isle."

Then Little Peter mused deeply a moment. "And all for a woman's smile," quoth he. "Truly, what simpletons men do be! I would not pinch my smallest finger for forty smiles,— else there were a bowl of bread and milk or honey with them."

"But stay, there is a kingdom, a treasure, an army, a stable of Arab steeds, and a grand store of books also in the game."

"Oh, crickets! That were a prize worth the winning! What say you, sir,— go we together to win it?"

"With you? Ha, ha, ha! And pray, grasshopper, what can you do for a giant?"

"The raindrops run the river — the toad in the little hole was not hurt when the house fell. Go we in partnership, and I 'll take care of the giant, never fear. Show me but the island, and you shall have your princess, faint heart — and as to how, there are many sensible things which poets do not know. Mind you your part: leave me mine. Do we go?"

"With all my heart. Lead on."

Then down into the road leaped Little Peter and struck out at a good round pace, his shrewd gray eye flashing with a new fire.

"And what wild scheme of derring-do may be your plan?" inquired the youth.

"Your questions are yours to do with as you please," answered Peter. "My plan is mine, and I propose to keep it. Recipes for the killing of giants do not come so cheap as to be given away for the asking. And more, fair sir, do you not cease your woeful sighing, shrive me but I 'll trip the heels of you into the next mud-hole we find!"

At that the poet put on a brave smile and laid aside his gloom, while Little Peter took on a new dignity that well became him, and held his peace. And so they went on right merrily until the sea was reached, with the Fatal Isle, the giant's castle, and the ghastly bone-strewn beach in sight; whereat the poet set to shaking like a leaf, but Peter waxed more eager than before.

II.

Bravely accoutred with small sword and buckler, buskins and shining helm of steel, Little Peter rowed right manfully to the Fatal Isle, while the fainting poet hied himself away to the ancient inn that stood hard by, and sought to drown his doubts in thimblefuls of mulberry wine.

At wading distance from the shore, Little Peter leaped from the dory, and pulling a stopple from its bottom, speedily sunk it from sight,

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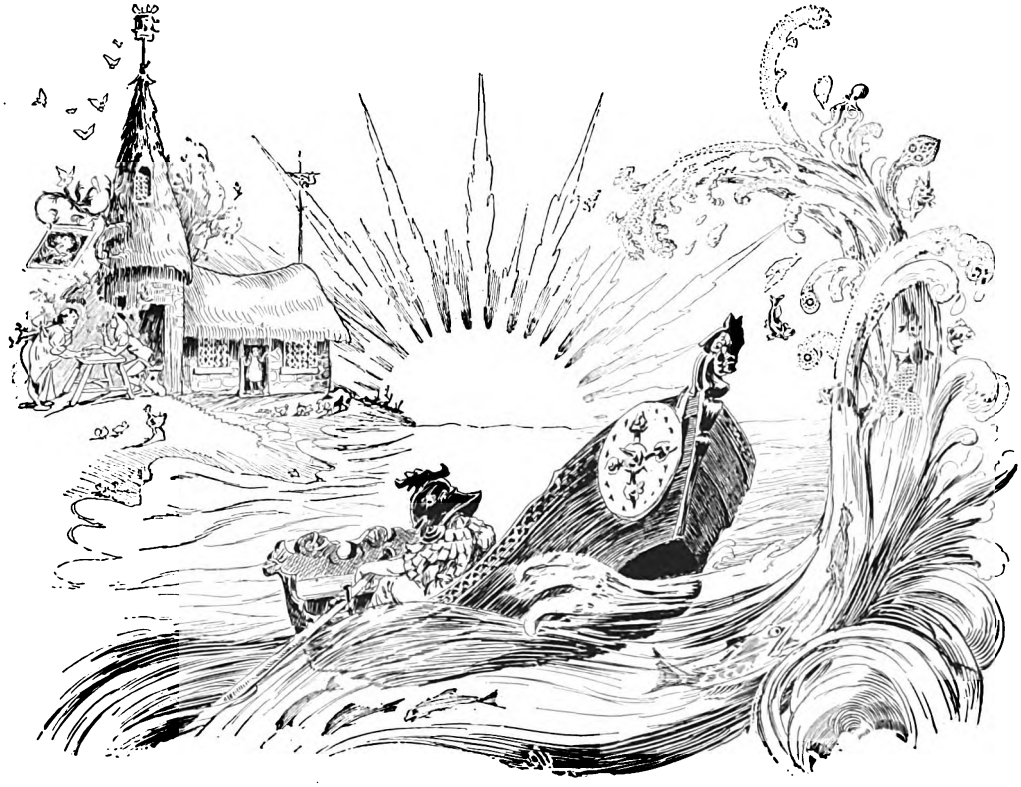
that the giant might not find and destroy it, and so pen him up on the desolate place.

Then he strode up the beach, crying at the top of his lungs, "What ho! What ho! Come forth that I may do thee battle!" but the sound of a huge mouth-harp, on which the lonely Colossus whiled away the weary days between fights, was all his answer. Again he

"Hullo, Toddlekins!" he roared. "What game is this the babies play, since men are all gone coward?"

"Toddlekins indeed!" cried Little Peter. Harken, thou caitiff!—thou art too loud of mouth for courtesy. Draw and defend thyself, ere I lay thee upon these bone-strewn sands!"

With which he made such a sudden assault



"LITTLE PETER ROWED RIGHT MANFULLY TO THE FATAL ISLE."

lifted up his voice defiantly, and beat upon his shield with a vim. With a tremendous crash, the moldy drawbridge fell, and the rusty portcullis flew up with a shriek. Out rushed the giant, so blind with rage that he had nearly stepped upon Peter and smashed him flat before the fight commenced. Round the castle he foamed, through the chicken-yard, and over the moat with a mighty bound, fat though he was. "Adzooks!" puffed he, panting on the lawn. "Methought I heard a hail. 'T is strange, 't is passing strange!" Then he spied Peter, standing his ground sturdily, and stared at the little fellow in stupid amazement.

upon the giant's fat legs, that Buncome—for this was his name—roared with startled anger, and sweeping his immense sword all about, smashed two tall trees, and demolished the whole side of his summer kitchen. Peter adroitly evaded the blow; but it was so rapidly followed by a ceaseless shower of flail-like swoops that he barely saved his little self from being swept into the ocean or scattered about the beach. Furious at his repeated failures to crush the audacious mite, the burly Buncome seized a mighty shovel standing by, and, scooping up a sandy space and Little Peter with it, with one mighty thrust he made ready to throw

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the whole far out into the sea; when Peter, seeing that all was up if he did not speak in haste, shouted, "Hold, lubber knight, for I yield me to your mercy!"

The giant stayed his hand a moment, panting, "Oddsboddikins! Why thought you not on that before? Had you not vexed me so, I would have had mercy and mashed you most tenderly; but now I mind me to rend you limb from limb!"

"And valiant, then, indeed, would be your tale of killing one so small as I! If that be what you call bravery, in sooth it was a poor quality that you chose when you set yourself up in the hero business. But kill me, and hear the women all exclaim, 'There goes Buncome, the baby-butcher!' Why, your name will become a laughing-stock in the land, and you, fallen too low for decent men to combat, will stay alone upon this isle, despised and forgot, until you fatten like a pig in a pen, scant of breath and scant of glory, all from being scant of wit. What fame get you by squashing me? What fear you? That I will move a stone four hundred times my weight, or steal berries beneath your eyes?"

"Gadzooks! Sir Spiderlegs, those be large thoughts for a little head! You shall be my serf. Yet where shall I keep you?"

"Chain me to your leg," said Little Peter;



THE COMBAT BETWEEN LITTLE PETER AND THE GIANT.

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"then I shall be always with you to give you good advice."

"By my halidom, Toddlekins, you are right! and so shall I tether thee."

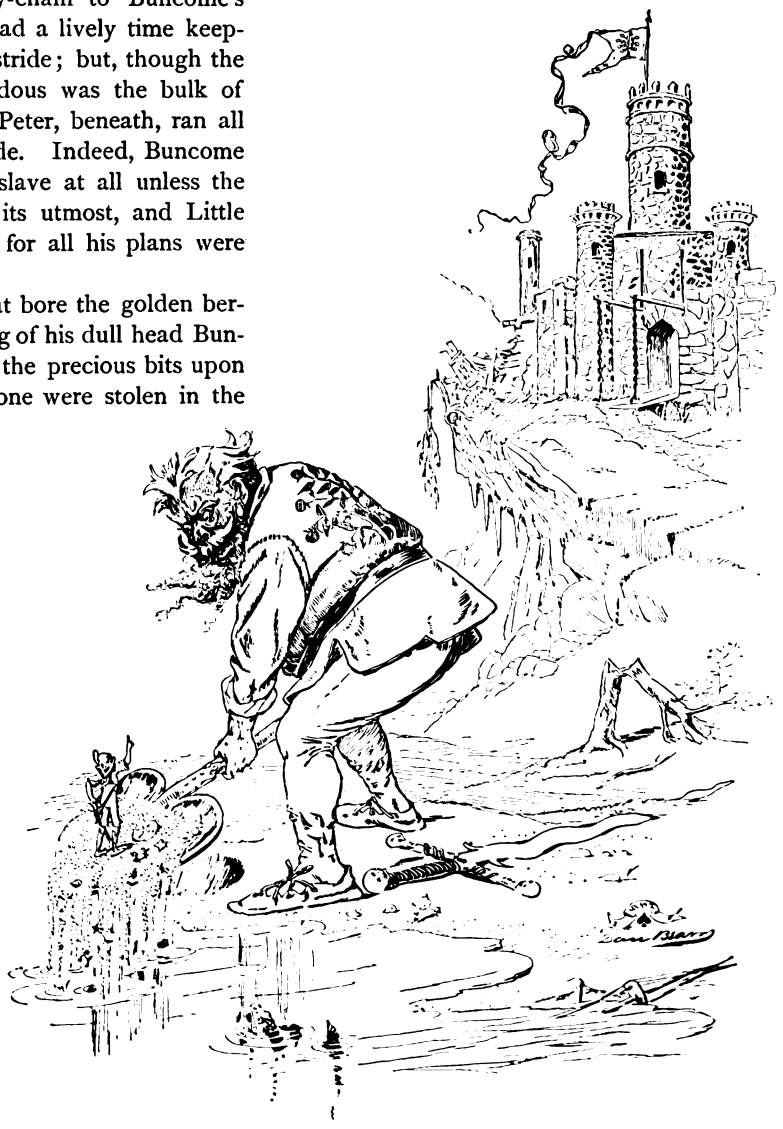
Next day, the breakfast platters cleaned, and the beans put to soaking for dinner, the huge giant and Little Peter set out upon their rounds. Tied by the giant's key-chain to Buncome's leg, the small prisoner had a lively time keeping up with Buncome's stride; but, though the day was hot, so stupendous was the bulk of the man-mountain that Peter, beneath, ran all the while in perfect shade. Indeed, Buncome could not see his little slave at all unless the tether was stretched to its utmost, and Little Peter was in high glee, for all his plans were working finely.

Reaching the bush that bore the golden berries, with much scratching of his dull head Buncome managed to count the precious bits upon his fingers, to see that none were stolen in the night. They were all there. But, as he straightened up to scan the horizon for strange sails, Little Peter cautiously pulled a small pan from under his doublet, and began to pick the berries as fast as his pudgy fingers could fly. Noiselessly they dropped into the pan.

"Ho, ho! What are you up to down there?" said the giant, in tones that shook the hill.

"The midgets bother me so that I have to drive them off with my chain," answered Peter, and Buncome was too close to the bush to see it over his huge paunch when he looked down; so all the berries were soon picked. Then from his pocket Peter pulled a paper of brass buttons and stuck them on the bare branches, where they glittered finely in the sun; so that when the giant glanced back from his path, the bush seemed to bear even more berries than usual, and he went on chuckling at his faithfulness.

Just beyond the hill was the antique, carven, rocky niche in which the great book of empty pages had for years awaited the name of the hero who never came. Down plumped Buncome on his stalwart knees to examine the leaves, whereat Peter had to fly to the length of his chain to keep from under the crush. The sheets were fair as the driven snow, with-



"'HOLD, LUBBER KNIGHT!' SHOUTED LITTLE PETER. 'I YIELD ME TO YOUR MERCY!'"

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out line, or mark, or blot. And then the giant swept the horizon with his spy-glass, that no adventurer might come too close to land. That was Peter's opportunity. He nimbly hopped to Buncome's boot, and clambered to the high desk. Pulling the deep-rusted pen from the clotted ink-well, he scrawled his name in brave characters across the page, turned a few leaves over upon it, and clambered down again just as the giant hurried on.

The rock that figured in the task lay full two miles down the coast, and Buncome ran the entire way. Had Peter not clung desperately to the giant's spur, he would have been jerked to pieces in a little while, or trampled under foot. "Good lack!" he gasped, when at last the giant sat him down upon the stone to breathe, "if thou dost run this awful twenty mile each day, good master, then thou art duller than I dreamed. A pinch of wit would save you this weary task. You can lift this great rock with ease; take it on your broad back, untether me that I may keep good watch for you, and carry the rock home and safely down your own big cellar. No knight could find or move it there, I ween, with you at hand all day; nor would this dreary score of miles be necessary more."

"By my breath, babykin, you have a head like the king's counselor. Where got you it?"

"It was a birthday present, if you must needs know. But hoist you the rock, and get we home, that dinner may not wait."

The towering castle reached, Peter pretended to turn in haste to the dinner, while the giant sprung the great bolts of the cellar trap, threw open the massive door, and, loading the rock upon his shoulders, stepped down the steep, dark stairs. No sooner was his head beneath the floor than Peter sprang to the hatch, slammed down the mighty door, slid to the ponderous beams with all his strength, turned the key in the lock, and with a mocking laugh of triumph sat him down to dine.

Three days, three nights the hungry giant howled and raved amid the dark and damp, which made him sore afraid. Then, his appetite proving greater than his ardor, he surrendered with good grace, and was set free, humble and steadfast to the terms of his release. Three days and three nights he ate all he wanted; then he turned the keys over to Little Peter, and scurried away to a far country where his prowess would not be damaged by reports of his ignominious defeat.

Then Peter rowed right proudly back to join the weeping poet, who was wild with delight at winning the princess even so ingloriously as by proxy of a dwarf. "Such is the blind and eager egotism of them that be in love," thought Little Peter.

But soon again the sad poet began to wail. "Alas! I fear that, having won the kingdom and the princess, you will keep them both, and nevermore shall I have hope to win my love."

"A fever on your foolishness! Be this a poet's nature, to doubt a man of honor, to make a bear of a bugaboo, to weep for lack of else to do, I would liever be a dullard dolt! And faith, I do not want your princess. And should I, she would not have me, weak and stunted as I am, though a giant-conqueror. Give me the kingdom, keep your princess."

"But, alas! mayhap the king will hear of no such parceling of his daughter from hand to hand when the winner will not have her."

"Oh, fie! Why swim afore you even see water? Be poets' heads so dull they borrow all their ideas?"

Then onward they hurried to the palace of the king.

III.

Outside the lofty court, the poet, under Peter's orders, transformed himself into a wretched-looking wight, ill-clad and homely. And, thus disguised, he played esquire to Peter, for Peter must needs have an attendant, as all knights have when cutting a dash before strangers.

But good King Boli-Boli was loath to believe the tale. He sent a messenger in haste, and lo! the rock was gone, the berries were gone, the giant was gone, the castle was locked, and a name was written in the book. Yet still was the king loath to give the princess, Sunbeam, to the stunted stranger. "Forsooth," said he, "it was some great knight did this, whom roads have long delayed. Ye are but impostors come to steal the prize."

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Then waxed Little Peter wroth. "Taunt us not," he boldly cried to the king's very teeth, "or we will leave you as we left your craven giant! Here are the berries. Here is the key of the castle, with your royal seal and signet set upon it. Come, fetch us the princess; we have no time to waste in cavil."

The king was taken with this bold talk, for he was himself a warlike man. "Truly, these are the proofs; and while I marvel, I must fain believe my eyes. My daughter and the kingdom are yours, brave sir. Go call the princess, page."

Like the sunrise on a perfect day, she came: so fair that Little Peter's heart, which faltered not at giants, stood stock-still. "And yet," he mused, "a father would give her for a paltry deed!"

But when the princess looked upon his strange figure, she shook and paled with fright, and, turning to her father, faltered pleadingly, "Oh, father, tell me not this is the man whom I must wed!"

"Silence, daughter! Affront not a greater than all my kingdom knows — who dared his life for your hand. What I promise I perform. Strange sir, here is my daughter — "

"Oh, Father, I cannot! Oh, sir, have pity!" she cried, turning to Little Peter—"have pity, when my father will have none!"

"Sweet maiden," said Little Peter, "pray let me have one word with thee apart."

"Sir," she sobbed, "I have but one word for thee: I love another, a poet, and as handsome a youth as thou art not. Keep me not to this promise, for it is the poet Azair that I love, and none other can I wed."



"'MARRY, SIR, WHAT AILS YOUR SQUIRE?' SAID THE KING."

At this declaration, Little Peter's scarecrow squire leaped in air joyfully, and snapped his stained fingers in an ecstasy.

"Marry, sir, what ails your squire?" said the king.

"Ho! he doth scribble verse, and hankers for a princess's smile." Then rose Little Peter to his tiptoes, and whispered low into the princess's

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ear. What he said she never told; but, blushing sweetly, she smiled with joy, and replying, "That I will," ran to her room, laughing.

Little Peter gazed an instant after her, and spoke: "To-morrow I will claim my bride, O king. Falter not at any change, however great, but give her to the man who here presents this ribbon which she just now gave me as a plight of troth. I go to register my kingdom with the keeper of the seals. To-morrow you shall see her ready to my throne as summer sun to shine."

So saying, Little Peter withdrew, and saw the king and princess no more. He had won his kingdom, and rested his ambition there.

"'Little Great-Heart' men will call you from this day on forever!" sang the poet.

"Ah," said Little Peter, "this 'forever' of men's is a strange eternity, fair sir. They end it often when they change their coats. Yet I have touched a woman's heart with kindness, and there will I live forever. Fare thee well—leave your tearful poesy, and be happy."

Bright and early, when the sun rose on the coming morrow, the poet, brave in his best suit, and bearing gaily the ribbon of his love, was at the court ere yet the sleepy scullions had washed the dishes from the breakfast of the king. Though the monarch did marvel much at the wondrous change that seemed so quickly wrought, he said nothing, not he,—for right glad he was to have his son-in-law so handsome.

As for the princess, she was all gladness, and grew lovelier every day, till people came for miles to see the house in which she lived, although she had long since moved into another dwelling to avoid them. The pilgrims knew no better, and it did just as well.

The old king abdicated in favor of his son-in-law, and the young couple were enthroned amid the rejoicings of their subjects.

And Little Peter, or Little Great-Heart, as all loved to call him, took all his poor relations to his far kingdom, and gave them high offices; hence he did all the work himself, as they were prodigies of indolence. His people loved him so that when he told them there was nothing else for them to want, they believed him, wanted nothing, and so were happy—so happy that they gave up all communication with the outer world; and some day, far away, the lost kingdom of Little Great-Heart may yet be found, with the people all very, very happy, and Little Peter still reigning over them.

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## NOT SO BAD AS IT MIGHT BE.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

I 'm glad that I 'm a little lad,
And not a pussy-cat;
And sometimes when I 'm feeling sad,
Things do not really seem so bad
If I just think of that.

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# THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter V. *(Continued.)*



The hindmost of the black spearmen were disappearing among the trees, and it seemed almost safe for the boys to begin to lead their horses onward; but neither of them mounted until they had worked their way through the woods for about one more mile. They both looked and talked courageously enough, but they cast quick glances behind them.

They had not been followed, as yet, and for very good reasons. Ka-kak-kia's enemies did not know there were any "white fellows," young or old, to follow, and were thinking only of killing him. After his friends heard the noise and came to help him, both parties in the fight had quite enough to think of, and so Ned and Hugh were entirely safe for the time being — and no longer. It was therefore well for the boys that Ka-kak-kia had fallen into difficulties, but there had been no limit to the rage of his own squad of black hunters when the work he had left them at was interrupted. All five of them had obeyed his orders eagerly. They brought the two kangaroos in from the prairie to the very spot from which Ned and Hugh had watched the throwing of the boomerangs. One of them carried, among his collection of sticks, a long piece of wood which smoked a little and which smelled very badly. It was split at one end, and the split contained a bunch of leaves. While the others were skinning a kangaroo (for there was no time to dig a hole in the ground and roast it in their usual way), this warrior was whirling that stick swiftly around his head with one hand, and picking up bits of dry wood and bark and moss with the other. Suddenly a tongue of fire sprang out among the bunch of leaves in the split; for it was a "fire-stick," such as the black men carry on all their expeditions. In a moment more, the heap of dry fragments which he had gathered had been puffed and fanned into a blaze.

The fire danced up merrily, and the pleasant odor of kangaroo venison was soon spread through the hot December air, when suddenly they all turned their heads toward the forest, as if startled.

To the ears of a white man there would have been only silence, or that hum of insects, the murmur of the forest, which is almost silence; but to their quicker senses there came an audible warning. Faint and far away at first, but drawing rapidly nearer, were the sounds of the skirmish between Ka-kak-kia and his pursuers. It was a dreadful thing to have to drop cookery and kangaroo meat, and to pick up spears, and throw-sticks, and shields, and waddy-clubs, and tomahawks, and boomerangs, but there was no help for it. Each man stuck down his twig of meat so that it would cook while he was gone, caught up his heap of weapons, and darted away into the forest.

If there was reluctance to leave the fire, there was also cunning and caution in the manner of their advance toward the skirmish-line. The nearer they arrived, the clearer grew the shouts and yells, but the more silent they became; and more like snakes in the grass, or crouching, creeping wild animals, did they push on. They might possibly have continued to keep still until Ka-kak-kia could retreat among them, if it had not been for a rash forward rush made by one of the enemy. He made the mistake of displaying himself, and instantly the short, withered fellow who had scouted through the grass to find the boys, stepped out from behind a tree, and quivered a spear in the socket of his throw-stick. Then it sped. Down went the too reckless foeman, and all the secrecy of the arrival of



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Ka-kak-kia's friends vanished in a wild storm of savage outcries on both sides.

There was no attempt made by either party at a hand-to-hand encounter. One side knew that it was altogether too weak in numbers, and wanted to get away, while the other did not know how large a majority it had, and was afraid to risk too much. So the queer skirmish of insulting shouts, and fierce gestures, and brandished spears raged among the trunks and bushes and underbrush, until a mile and a half had been slowly traversed. Nearly half the distance had been covered before the speared warrior fell. After that, spears and clubs went back and forth, and were in a manner exchanged; but both sides were experts in parrying, and nobody seemed to be hurt. There were, indeed, a few cuts and bruises here and there, but nothing that an Australian savage would consider worth noticing. Even the speared man seemed to care very little for the wound in his shoulder after the weapon had been broken off and pulled out. It was, doubtless, unpleasant to be disabled, but the shoulder would heal up again, and the man be as ready as ever to throw spears and dodge and parry. His friends felt as he did about it, and wasted no sympathy upon him.

Back, back, carefully concealing their real number, the smaller body fought and retreated toward their fire. Around the blaze the five sticks still stood, each holding out a steak, by this time well done, and ready to be eaten.

Both parties of blacks could now smell the fragrance from that wild cookery, for a light breeze wafted it into the woods, and they all fought the harder and yelled the louder. They shook their spears more furiously, and hurled them farther.

The skirmish, which had so unexpectedly begun with the first appearance of Ka-kak-kia on the trail, had now risen to the dignity of a great battle for a hot dinner; but the table-chances looked dark for the hunters who had actually stalked and killed the two kangaroos. They were forced to give ground, and when they did make a desperate charge toward the fire, it was too late for them to capture anything more than the fire and the very large, freshly killed kangaroo left behind, untouched, by Ka-kak-kia's fellows. That, however, was precisely such a war-prize as suited them just then, better than anything else. Anybody, black or white, whom they might otherwise have chased and speared was entirely safe so long as an uneaten morsel of that kangaroo should remain.

Meanwhile, no one knew anything about the red-bearded cave-man. Yet he was a very important member of the meager population of that forest. He was, indeed, entirely unaware that there was any other population except such as might be following him through the mountains. He was as yet several miles away from his cave-home, and was plodding steadily nearer, but Nig was giving tokens that he had traveled far under a pretty heavy load. Just now, however, the cave-man seemed to be thinking about finding some halting-place.

"They are after me," he said aloud, "and not far behind now. The robbers! What would n't they do to get Nig's pack! They sha'n't get it, though. Not an ounce of it. I don't care to have to shoot any of them, but they ought to be shot. They 're coming; I feel sure of it!"

Then he studied the trees near him, seeming to recognize certain marks upon some of them.

"I 'm pretty close to it now," he said. "I 'll beat them this time"; and a few minutes later he exclaimed, "Here it is!"

It was not another tree, but a swift, deep-looking stream of water, and he halted upon its bank. Off came the burden from the horse. The first part of it was a great cowhide, strung together at the edges with thongs, so as to make a pannier of it. It came down upon the grass, and was quickly ripped open. It had been a remarkably heavy pannier; much heavier than one strong man could lift. Its contents were a number of small bags, some of leather and some of canvas. He picked them up, one after another, and carefully dropped them into the water, a few feet out from the bank.

"It is only about two feet deep," he said, "but it will hide them."

As soon as this secret work was completed, he took off Nig's saddle and bridle, and led him some distance into the woods.

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"I 've got to move quickly," he said. "They are close behind me. There it is. Now!"

This time, what he was looking for and had found was a large tree, the upper half of which had somehow been knocked off, so that a vast stump was left, more than fifty feet high. At that elevation, moreover, its branches were enormous, and it seemed to send them out all the more widely because of having no higher "top" to feed and carry.

Saddle, and bridle, and rifle, and some other things were made into a pack, and that pack was securely fastened to one end of the same long, braided rope-cord with which he had pulled up his water-pail and lassoed the ostrich-like emu at the ledge near his cave. He put a stone at the other end, this time, instead of a noose; and then he skilfully threw that stone over one of the lower branches of the tremendous tree-stump.

"That 's safe," he said. "I can haul them up. Come, Nig, old fellow!"

The horse, which had carried him and his treasure so well, had now enjoyed a long drink of water. He had thrown off much of his overwearied appearance, and was busily nibbling grass. The bare feet of the cave-man left no mark, but Nig's hoofs did, when the horse was taken by the forelock and led away from the foot of the stump. He did not have to go far before he was turned loose and left to himself.

"There, Nig," said his master, "you may take care of yourself, for a while. I hope they won't steal you, but I suppose I have only a few minutes to spare, now."

Not far from the spot where he parted from his horse there hung a ragged and tangled but strong-looking kind of vine, dangling down from the limb of a tree, and he ran to it at once. He must have been a sailor or a monkey, or else he had taken lessons from sailors or monkeys — or from blackfellows. He clambered up that swinging vine with a swiftness which proved the strength of his arms. Once in the tree, he went from branch to branch with an agility like that of the black boy who was now a prisoner in Sir Frederick's camp.

There were dangerous feats to be performed, at perilous heights from the earth, before the cave-man was able to swing himself upon a projecting bough of the great stump. In another minute he was astride of the branch which had caught and held his rope-cord, and he was pulling up his precious package, rifle and all.

"I 'm safe enough, now," he exclaimed, as he clambered cautiously back with it to the huge remnant of the tree-trunk. "They won't guess that I am up here."

The summit of the stump was somewhat rotten, as well as broken off, and there was a hollow there more than six feet wide, and nearly as many deep. It was a capital place for a koala, or an eagle, or a runaway savage, to make a hidden nest in. The cave-man was neither the one nor the other, but there he sat, peering over the edge, when no less than six men on horseback rode up. As they came along, they seemed to be searching watchfully in all directions. They halted at the foot of the stump.

"His trail is plain," remarked one of them.

"These hoof-marks are fresh," replied another. "They lead along here. He is n't far away, now."

"We 've got him!" exclaimed a third.

The tracks of Nig's heavy hoofs did indeed lead away from that tree, and on pushed the six horsemen; but in a minute or so they broke out into a chorus of astonished and angry exclamations. They had found the saddleless quadruped, feeding contentedly, while the master and his precious burden had mysteriously vanished. The clear trail which they had followed so far and so hopefully had at last run out; and back they came, bewildered, arguing, perspiring, to the foot of the stump. There they all dismounted and sat down.

"His hidin'-place is n't far from this, anyhow," remarked one of them. "He has quit his horse."

"Just so," said another, "and he can't get away from us. But what has he done with his nuggets?"

"They 're somewhere nigh to this," said a third, confidently. "We 're all right, boys. Let 's take a good rest, and eat something. All the stuff he washed out of his placer-gulch is just waiting for us to hunt it up and take it."

They all said more or less about being tired and hungry. A fire was quickly kindled, and a kettle put upon it, in a way that showed how

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accustomed they were to camping in the woods. More than half a hundred feet above their heads, the cave-man looked cautiously over, now and then, and he even chuckled almost aloud as he made remarks to himself concerning the perfect security of the manner in which he had hidden the heavy bags.

That part of the Australian bush was becoming somewhat peopled, although not exactly "settled." The area within which all its known inhabitants, black and white, savage and civilized, had been gathered, was very narrow, however—a mere patch in the great wilderness.

Perhaps the top and the bottom of human society were fairly represented around the camp-fires of Sir Frederick Parry and of the black chief Ka-kak-kia.

For a long time Hugh and Ned had been only too ready for supper, but it was getting late before they dared take the risk of halting to cook. They had mounted their horses, after setting out from the scene of the skirmish, but it would not do to ride fast, for heat and thirst and travel were telling upon the poor animals. The boys felt a pretty strong assurance that they were not being pursued, just now, and



"THE CAVE-MAN SAT THERE, PEERING OVER THE EDGE, WHEN SIX MEN ON HORSEBACK RODE UP."

They were near together, but were very much in the dark about one another. They might actually meet on the morrow, and every heart among them was beating with hope, or with dread, concerning that possible meeting.

## Chapter VI.

### THE ESCAPE OF THE COFFEE-POT.

There were several very extraordinary picnics at the same hour and in the same forest. They were only a few miles apart from each other, but no one party knew anything about the others.

that they would not be until after the rival bands of blackfellows should have completely settled whatever difficulties there might be between them.

"I wish they 'd exterminate each other," said Ned, as they rode along.

"That 's what they 'd like to do," said Hugh.

The more they thought and talked about savages, the more they also thought and talked about the excursion party from the Grampians, and of the danger into which it was likely to fall. The great, gloomy forest seemed to grow darker, as they shivered over the cruel idea of

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an attack by cannibals upon the camp they had left. They felt blue and tired, and almost sick at heart.

At that moment Ned's horse uttered a low, faint whinny.

Hugh's horse replied to him a little more loudly, and they both walked onward with a quickened movement.

"I say, Ned," exclaimed Hugh, "do you suppose a horse could really sniff water, if we were getting near it?"

"I 've heard that they could," said Ned. "Maybe it is so. Hark! Hurrah! Do you hear that?"

The sound which the boys now heard was a pleasant, musical murmur into which the roar of heavily falling water dwindled on being sifted and softened through a half mile of forest. Ned and Hugh were, indeed, going farther from the camp of Sir Frederick Parry with every step, but, at the same time, they were drawing nearer to a great bend of the same stream in which he had caught his fish.

The forest grew more open as the eager animals hurried forward; and the sound of the falling water became more distinct. It was not long before the boys broke out into husky cheers, that were followed by expressions of wonder. The mighty torrent plunged down a precipice of nearly a hundred feet, broken half-way by a projecting ledge, so that the water reached the tumbling pool below in a great storm of foam. There was a capital place, at the level edge of the great swirl, for a horse to put down his head, or for a boy to dip a cup, and they all made directly for that spot.

"Now," remarked Hugh, "I don't believe the blackfellows are after us. Let 's make a fire and have supper."

Ned was already looking around and picking up dry wood. There was plenty of it. In a few minutes a fire was blazing, not far from the pool, and the tired horses, unsaddled, were picking at the grass, while their masters were broiling slices of fat and tender kangaroo venison.

Dinner, or supper, was over in the camp of Sir Frederick Parry, a few miles further down stream, and there was not one happy person in that camp.

The white people were unhappy because: they did not know where they were; they did not know what had become of Ned and Hugh; they knew there were savages in the woods, and were uncertain what to do next.

The black boy was unhappy; chiefly because he was tied to a sapling near the water's edge, for fear he might get away and tell older blackfellows about the camp.

Yip and the other dogs were uneasy concerning the black boy, and they came frequently, as if to make sure that he was there.

"He cannot get away while they are watching him," said Sir Frederick.

"Of course he can't, sir," replied Bob McCracken, confidently.

But he had been tied by white men, and he was a bushboy. He seemed to be quiet enough, except his eyes, which were dancing in all directions. There came a moment, however, when his quick glances told him that no other eyes were upon him. He must already have been working at his cord fetters, for in a twinkling he was down flat upon the grass.

"Yip! Yip! Yip!" yelped the large, woolly dog, a few seconds later, as he came bounding across from the other side of the camp, followed by the two hounds.

"Where is that black boy?" suddenly shouted Marsh, the mule-driver.

"Where is he?" echoed Sir Frederick. "You don't mean he is loose?"

"He 's gone!" roared Bob.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Lady Parry. "Now they will all know we are here! They will find the boys, too!"

"Aunt Maude!" said Helen, "we must hunt for them till we find them!"

There was a general rush to the spot where the black boy had been tied, but he was not there, and Yip and the hounds were snuffing furiously along the bank of the river.

"He 's not in the water, sir," said Bob, as he and the rest stared eagerly out at every bubble on the surface.

There were not many bubbles to be seen, but a large tuft of grass and green leaves was floating down stream, not many yards below.

Sir Frederick dashed on along the bank, followed by his dogs and men, but they saw no



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sign of any swimmer. They knew that even a black boy would have to come up to breathe; that is, if he were really under the water.

He did not have to come up to breathe, however, because he was up all the while, breathing as usual, but with grass over his face, just as all his people breathe when they swim out to catch black swans and other waterfowl by the legs and pull them under. The tuft of grass floated down until the dogs and men went away beyond it, and then it came ashore in some bushes. Soon, while the search along the bank continued, a poor little black boy, robbed by rich white men of his club and spear and all his other sticks, darted swiftly away into the forest.

Ka-kak-kia and his five friends, across the prairie beyond the tall cabbage-palm, were compelled to finish their dinner too quickly for comfort. But they knew, as well as if they had seen it, what the other band of blackfellows were doing. They knew they were roasting the other kangaroo, and it helped them decide what they themselves ought to do. While their enemies were roasting and eating so large a kangaroo, there would be time for them to escape entirely, and to follow the two horses and the two white fellows from whose trail their chief had been driven. They picked up their sticks and went off through the woods. They avoided the prairie, making a circuit around it; and before dark the short, thin, ugly-headed fellow, who had played scout at the beginning, uttered a sharp, fierce yell. He had found the hoof-marks of the horses, and Ned and Hugh once more had black enemies on their trail.

The bearded cave-man did not have any dinner to eat. He had nothing to do but to sit in the hollow of the big stump, and be patient.

It was a very remarkable hollow. Upon a more critical examination it showed proofs of having been partly scooped out by human hands. Fires had burned in it. There were even a few scattered bones, to prove that meat had been cooked by its occupants. There was really hiding-room in it for half a dozen men, if they did not mind being crowded somewhat when it was time for sleeping. Its present tenant showed no signs of being sleepy, but rather of an intention to sit up all night.

The six men who were camped at the foot of the tree had not come upon so long an errand without making very complete provision for it. They did not intend to starve, if the loads carried by two led horses would feed them. They made coffee and they fried bacon, and they ate, and all the while they chatted freely concerning what they expected to find.

"You see, boys," said the man they called Jim, "a runaway convict dares n't ever show his face again. Besides, this chap 's done a heap of things to answer for, since he took to the bush."

"Nobody 'll ever care what we do to him," remarked the man they called Bill.

"He had washed all the dust out of that gulch, though," said Jim; "and he won't ever come back to it."

"That 's so," said another; "but we know he 's carried away all his nuggets out here. All we 've got to do is to find them. We did make one pretty good haul out of his pile already."

"Come on, boys," exclaimed Bill, getting up as if that thought started him. "We can cast around a good deal before dark, and we can begin again fresh to-morrow."

They consulted for a minute or so as to how they should search, and then scattered among the woods in several directions.

"They have gone a-hunting after me, have they?" said the man in the tree up above them. "They are going to rob me, are they? Well now, I 'll see about that. Meanwhile I want some coffee."

The searchers were already out of sight, and they had left their big tin coffee-pot, more than half full, standing before the fire. There it stood, simmering pleasantly, and sending up a steamy odor of coffee to mingle with the resinous, balmy breath which pervaded the woods. It was now almost dark.

Something like a very long and slender and flexible vine came gently swinging down through the sultry air. This ropy thread drooped gently, and swung slowly back and forth until a noose at the end of it took in the comfortable coffee-pot, just under its nose and handle.

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"I 've got it!" came in a sharp whisper from a form that reached out over the topmost edge of the stump. "I 've got it!"

The noose drew tight, and the coffee-pot arose as if it had been a kind of tin bird without wings; it swung upward swiftly, steadily, silently, until it reached the place from which that exultant whisper had come. Then it was grasped by the hand of the cave-man, and in half a minute more he was safe in his hollow, drinking hot coffee out of a small tin cup, which had hung at his belt.

"Good!" he said. "I wish I could fish up some of their bacon and hardtack, but I can't. I 'll keep the coffee-pot and carry it home. Mine is about used up. There they come!"

The approach of dusk had put an end to the search, and the six rascals were making their way back to their camp.

Suddenly one of them exclaimed:

"Hullo! Boys, what 's become o' the coffee-pot?"

Then five astonished voices, on all sides of him, inquired: "Why, where is it?"

High in the deepening darkness above them a man, peering over the edge of a tree-hollow, took a long, refreshing draft from a steaming tin cup, and said to himself, with a chuckle:

"It has walked away, coffee and all, you villains! Don't you wish you may get it again?"

Suddenly one of the men exclaimed:

"Blackfellows! Nobody else could ha' crep' in and taken it!"

"Blackfellows? We 'll all be speared if we don't keep a sharp lookout!"

They talked it over with occasional shivers, as they mentioned spears and boomerangs; but when their talk was over their conclusion came from Jim.

"Boys," he said, "our only show is to shoot 'em if we find 'em."

All six agreed to that, but the man in the tree said to himself:

"The worst thing they could do! Just like their sort, though. Anyhow, I can't stay here; and it 's dangerous climbing in the dark. I 'll try it before the fire goes out."

There was as yet a good blaze, sending its glow quite a distance. Any one near the fire could not see far into the forest, but one out in the gloom could profit by the firelight. The bearded cave-man now had his rifle slung at his back, so that his hands were free. His coil of rope-cord was hung over the rifle, and he crept slowly, carefully, out of his hiding-place, along the tree-limb.

"This is risky!" he muttered. "Sure death if I miss my hold, sure death if they catch a glimpse of me! I wish they 'd made their camp somewhere else. Then I could wait until morning."

As it was, there seemed to be no help for it. On he crept, until that bough became small and began to bend. What if it should break? He had no help from the firelight, just there, and he groped anxiously out in the dark.

"I 've got it!" he said. "Careful, now,—here goes!" and soon he was on a limb of another tree, and it was also bending.

It was a fearful undertaking, but he reached the trunk of that tree and went out on a limb in the opposite direction.

"This 'll do," he muttered; "I won't try another change of trees. It can't be more than thirty or forty feet to the ground. The rest is easy."

It seemed to be so, to him, but it might have been difficult for most men. All he did was to seat himself firmly in a loop that he made at one end of the rope; put the rest of the rope over to the other side of the limb he was on, and gripe it hard; swing off and let himself down, hand over hand; reach the ground, and pull down the rope that remained. It was a regular sailor's-hitch performance, precisely as if that limb had been a yard of a ship. It landed him still dangerously near to the camp at the stump, where five men were now lying down while one was pacing slowly around as a sentinel.

Silently and swiftly the cave-man made his way from tree to tree, still guided for some time by the firelight. Here and there, as he groped his course, the forest was open enough for him to see the stars and the moonlight in the tree-tops.

"The stars tell me very nearly which way I 'm going," he said to himself.

The five men who were lying on the ground

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around the stump were as yet as wide awake as was their sentinel. Every now and then, one of them said something to his mates about coffee-pots, convicts, bushrangers, police, gold nuggets, wild blackfellows, boomerangs, and other matters, which seemed to be keeping him from going to sleep.

Ned Wentworth and Hugh Parry had not been lucky enough to secure a coffee-pot, and they were not where they could borrow one from any neighbor. In fact, they did not know that they had any neighbors.

"I wish I knew how that fight ended," said Hugh, "and what those blackfellows did afterward."

"They could n't all have been killed," replied Ned, as he put more wood on the fire. "I guess, though, they all had so much fight that they won't follow us in the dark. Sha'n't we keep watch, one at a time?"

"Of course," said Hugh. "I 'll watch half the night, and then I 'll wake you and you can watch the other half."

"Sailor watches are better than that," said Ned. "It 's nearly eight o'clock now. I 'll keep guard till ten, then you watch till twelve. That will give us two-hour naps."

"All right," declared Hugh, and down he lay, just as if he expected to go to sleep; but his eyes remained wide open.

Two hours went by. The roar of the water began to have something drowsy in it. Ned sat at the foot of a tree with his double-barreled gun in his lap, and Hugh may have been almost dreaming. The fire had burned low. All seemed dull, still, peaceful, and safe, when suddenly both of the boys sprang to their feet, exclaiming:

"What 's that?"

"Ready, Hugh!" sang out Ned, "Ready with your gun. Here they come!"

"Ready!" shouted Hugh. "Stand your ground, Ned! We must fight!"



"'READY!' SHOUTED HUGH. 'STAND YOUR GROUND, NED! WE MUST FIGHT!'"

*(To be continued.)*

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# THE LAMENT OF POLLY CLA:

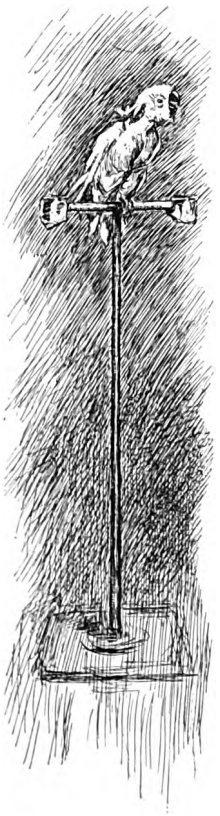
## SHOWING HOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT SHE PLUCKED OFF HER FEATHERS.

*A Ballad of the Orient.*

By H. J. H.

### Part The First.

Wherein Polly Cla makes brief mention of the explorations of her Great Grandfather, and of the disastrous termination of his expedition, about the time of her birth, — giving also some episodes of her early life.



Dear Edie, now I know you well
And the discreetness of your ways,
I have a confidence to tell
Relating to my early days.

Although, alas, you see me now
All plucked and in this sad condition,
You must not think that I would bow
To any Polly for position.

My parents came of noble stock,
Of pure white plume and sulphur crest;
And I was early taught to mock
And screech and chatter from the nest.

My Great Grandfather, old Koko,
Once marshaled all his feathered bands,—
Some twenty score of beaks or so,—
To raid for fruit in foreign lands.

Away! Away! O'er Celebes
And where the cloves and spices grow,
Through pleasant groves of cocoa-trees
He led them on from Borneo.

With plantains and with mangoes sweet,
And nutmegs young by way of spice,
They had provision quite complete
(Without destroying growing rice).

But tamarinds and cocoanuts
That grow in plenty on the trees
Surrounding the Malayan huts,
They eat or ruined most of these.

And it is much to Koko's praise
That, safe from snares and cunning wiles,
He led them south for many days
Among the Australasian Isles.

In sooth he was a skilful chief,
And had his famous name to lose,
As well as — if they came to grief —
Four hundred crested cockatoos.

To Bali town he led them now,
And passed where lofty Lombock stood,
And 'neath Sumbawa's craggy brow
Down to the Isle of Sandalwood.

And then southeast o'er sea they passed,
And arid plains where water fails,
Till, wearied out with travel fast,
They reached the land of New South Wales.

But here they left their leader dead —
Black ruffians through the forest sprang:
Old Koko's crest was dyed with red,
Struck by the flying boomerang!



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Oh! 't was a cruel sight to see
The shocking fate of Grandpapa!
That boomerang brought grief to me,
And trouble sore to dear Mama.



"STRUCK BY THE FLYING BOOMERANG."

She was not with the army, so
An aide-de-camp was soon despatched,
Who brought the news to Borneo
About the time that I was hatched.

I heard her screeches in the egg,—
How it could be I cannot tell,—
As, nestled warm beneath her leg,
Her cry of anguish pierced my shell.

The next thing that I recollect,
And that is painful to relate,
Ere I could barely stand erect,
A sad adventure sealed my fate.

Mama had gone to preen her crest
And get some breakfast for her dear,
When, looking up above the nest,
I saw a round black head appear.



"I SAW A ROUND BLACK HEAD APPEAR."

Two eager eyes were shining bright—
I well recall the look they wore;
With sudden hand he seized me tight,
That naughty little blackamore!

He took me to his dirty hut,
And clipt me lest I 'd fly away;
He gave me rice and cocoanut,
And tried to make me talk Malay.

I lived there till some Dyak men
Destruction to our village brought.
The sad events that happened then
Demand a little time for thought.

My shadow straight beneath my feet
Reminds me that the day is high.
With rest and — something nice to eat,
I might continue by and by.

### Part The Second.

Referring to the marriage of Polly Cla and the melancholy fate of her husband — with her resolve thereupon.

The cruel Dyaks swept along,
Committing deeds of carnage dire,—
A savage band five hundred strong;
Our forest glades were red with fire!

I now was free — the hut was burned —
And all our people fled in haste;
Whichever way my gaze was turned,
The spoiléd land was sad and waste!

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The sweets of liberty, 't is said,
Excel the joys of pampered slaves;
But to be free and badly fed
Is only sweet to one who raves.

I struggled hard my food to win
Of blackened bits and odds and ends;
The cinder-heaps I found them in
Were once the houses of my friends.

My wings were stiff from want of use,
I flew with feeble flight and slow,
Which furnished me with some excuse
For further stay in Borneo.

But soon I left that hated shore
To wander free in southern lands,
Where loved to roam in years before
Old Koko and his raiding bands.

I wandered far, by fancy led;
My star was high, my heart was free;
I lost my heart when I was wed,
But got one back from Silver Bee.

Proudly he held his crested head,
He moved his well-curved beak with grace;
Two gentle eyes of ruby red
Shone radiant from his feathered face.

For twenty years my mate and I
Through sunlit pleasures wandered on—
Would I could lay me down and die;
The sunlight from my life has gone!

I care not to recount the doom
Which met at length poor Silver Bee:
A dreadful sentence, shaped in gloom,
Robbed me of him by Fate's decree.

My better senses from that hour
With his sweet spirit fled away;
Bereft of my linguistic power,
I even ceased to talk Malay!

The crystal sea, the tropic flowers,
The fragrance of the sunny grove,
The peace of calm, reposeful hours,
Soft visions of the isles I love

No more for me—but bitter hate
Enduring till my life be done,
Of those who slew my gentle mate
And left me in the world alone!

Those Isles were meant for cockatoos.
Black imps (whose ghosts may Allah slay!)
Came paddling round in bark canoes,
And stole our heritage away.*

As lovelorn maidens take the veil
For sorry solace of their woe,
I vowed to pluck my wings and tail,—
I vowed to let my freedom go!



From those bright scenes I loved so well
I hastened with the morning dew,
Alighting, ere the evening fell,
Where reigns the Sultan of Sulu.

There, reckless of myself and pride,
I plucked the feathers from my wings,†
Resolved to wait what might betide—
Chance oft decides the fate of kings.

* Although some allowance is to be made for Polly Cla's feelings at this point, her language at this point is not to be praised.

† The cautious historian, while admitting Polly Cla's narrative into his pages, thus far, may be excused for exercising discretion on the subject referred to. Polly Cla may possibly have allowed her love of romance and a desire to excuse herself to lead her into a misstatement: for the bird-fancier tells me her bad habit is the result of too much rich food.

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Now, how She ruled and what befell
Is naught to me while sorrow burns;
But if you care to hear me tell,
Wait till my gentler mood returns.

## Part The Third.

Which treats of Polly Cla's subsequent history and travels; of her arrival in Nagasaki, and some humiliating experiences there until her high station was at length fully recognized and fitting accommodation provided.

An aged man with bended head
Came to an open door to pray,
Bowed low, and with his hands outspread
Made reverence to the breaking day.

Sprung from Mohammed's chosen line,
His gaze was fixed, his prayer intent
To distant Mecca's sacred shrine,
To Allah and his Prophet sent.

His orisons performed, he turned
And raised me with a pitying eye.
May Allah grant this merit earned
May serve him when he comes to die!

He owned a dhow, with thrifty toil,
That traded to this distant post
And took back sandalwood and oil,
And pilgrims for the Red Sea coast.

The sea was high, the wind was chill,
I watched the laughing billows roll,—
They tossed us freely at their will,
And in the region of my—soul

I grew so sick I should have died,
But passing close to Singapore,
The pious Moslem lost a tide
To put a seasick bird ashore.



"THEY SOLD ME FOR A GOOSE, ONE DAY, TO PORTUGUESE ANTONIO."

I sat there, with the lonely moon
Slow traversing the rounded sky;
Damp breezes from the dark lagoon
Blew chiller as the day drew nigh.

When morning tinged the sky with gold,
There, shivering on the dewy ground,
Day broke on me, forlorn and cold,
With all my scattered feathers round.

Now there I had not long to wait,
Because my journey to Japan
Was ordered by propitious Fate,
And by an honest sailorman.

From him I learned your tongue to speak
And shout out, "Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurray!"
With outspread wings and open beak.
This charmed the tedium of the way.

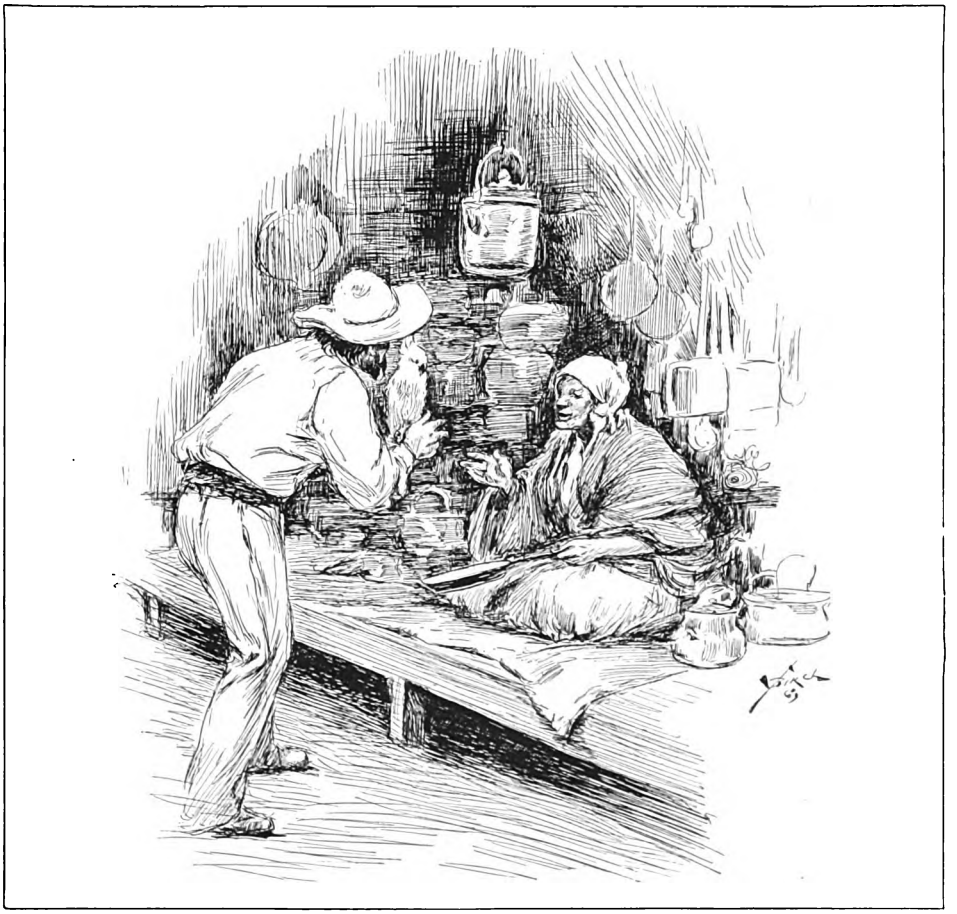
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We sailed with the southeast monsoon,
Heaven favoring our little skiff,
And on the thirteenth day at noon
Passed Takaboka's noted cliff.

Anchored in Nagasaki Bay,
My pride received a fatal blow:
They sold me for a goose one day
To Portuguese Antonio.

To change me for a frying pan,
In barter with a native brown,
Who worked in tin — a kindly man
Of Nagasaki native town.

Near Deshima, where dwell the Dutch,
He kept me hanging at his door;
I pined within a rabbit-hutch,
And plucked my feathers more and more!



"HE CHANGED ME FOR A FRYING-PAN."

With only rice to fill my crop,
Chained by the leg, in grief profound,
Behind Antonio's printing-shop
My screeching woke the echoes round.

But soon, regretful of the goose,
Antonio, bent on further trade,
Found frivolous and mean excuse
In the indignant cries I made,

The sultry days passed one by one,
And I was little understood;
The pleasant autumn had begun,
When, passing by in thoughtful mood,

Your father, guessing my degree
And hoping that my plumes would grow,
For eight round dollars purchased me —
The cockatoo of Borneo!

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My pretty cage and bamboo stand,
  This bungalow in which we dwell,
Though distant from my native land,
  Beseem my high condition well.

I shall remember till I die
  (For no one gave me food all day),
I thought I heard a kitten cry,
  That sleeping on some pillows lay.

My wanderings and my tale are done;
  I hope in peace to end my days
Where yours have happily begun
  With winning smiles and pretty ways.

Learn, little maiden, from my wail,
  The sorrows of a widowed life;
Ne'er listen to a lover's tale,
  And never, never be a wife.



"LEARN, LITTLE MAIDEN, FROM MY WAIL,
THE SORROWS OF A WIDOWED LIFE."

Such creatures then were new to me.
  I gave a soft, inquiring mew,
Uncertain what the thing could be—
  That "kitten," Edie dear, was you!

Learn further — though with grief and smart
  The journey of your life be past,
To those who keep a steadfast heart
  A pleasant haven comes at last.

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# HOW JANET DID IT.

By Katharine Festetits.

They had been out all the afternoon riding together about the ranch, Janet on her little thoroughbred chestnut, her father on his big red-roan. They were just thinking of turning homeward, when suddenly a great trampling sound, as of hundreds of hoofs, was heard behind them, and the whole vast herd of half wild cattle came plunging clumsily up the bank from the river-pasture, urged on by the mounted herdsmen, who were still out of sight below.

Janet's father started, and gave a quick glance of alarm over his shoulder: he had nothing with which to face the great, bellowing, stamping drove but his slender riding-whip. Janet's face grew white with terror. She crowded her little filly close up to her father's horse.

"Oh, Papa! They will be on us! They will trample us to death!" she cried.

Her father's lips were pale and set. "Watch me, Janet," he said in a low, stressful voice. "Do exactly as I do."

Then, straightening himself in his saddle and tightening his rein, he touched his horse with the whip, put him sharply at the gray adobe wall, which rose a few rods in front of them, and vaulted over in a flying leap.

Janet's heart stood still with dread. Death behind and death before threatened her in one wild flash of fear. She had been accustomed to riding ever since she could remember, but she had never dreamed of attempting a feat like this. Beyond that wall she knew a deep ditch lay. Could "Firefly" take them both? And could Janet hold her seat while the filly did it?

Thought is swifter than lightning. Even as that wild fear flashed through the child's mind, the answering assurance flashed back—"Papa knows!" and in the same instant she herself, braced firmly in her little Mexican saddle, the reins clutched tightly in her small fingers, was bounding over the wall, over the trench, and, in a moment, landing safe at her father's side, with Firefly's slim black legs only quivering a little.

"Brava, my daughter! Brava, Firefly! Well done, both of you!" exclaimed her father, the color coming back to his face. "I knew you would follow if I led, and Jove! it was the only thing to do. Look at those beasts now, on the other side!"

Janet lifted her face from where she had hidden it against her father's arm, and looked. The whole inclosure seemed one cloud of flying hoofs, horns, and tails. She shuddered, and hid her eyes again upon her father's shoulder. He put his arm fondly around her.

"Why, you 're not going to keep on being scared now it 's all over!" he said with a laugh that was not quite steady. "Plucky little girl! good little girl!—to mind papa so! I never meant to give you such a neck-or-nothing jump for a first lesson; but now you 'll never be afraid, and you shall go out with the hounds some day at papa's side, and the master of the hunt shall present you with the brush."

"Oh, papa! shall I?" cried Janet, looking up with a radiant face. "And ride with you everywhere, and not have to stay in the house so much with only Cousin Ann and Pepita? I get so tired of Cousin Ann and Pepita!"

Her father did not wonder much as he thought of the tall, prim, maiden lady who had consented to come out to the far Pacific slope to take charge of his widowed home, but who evidently had no affinity for children. Pepita, too, Janet's lazy little half-breed attendant, with a complexion like the bananas she was always munching, and great black eyes that seemed to make up half her face,—she, he knew, cared nothing for play, or for the long rambles about the ranch, in which her young mistress found pleasure. She liked nothing so well as to lie curled up on the grass in the shadow of a wall, and pull down great bunches



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of purple grapes, holding her mouth wide open and letting the winy globes pop one by one into it. Dull companions both, he was well aware, for his all-alive little girl, but he did not know what better to do for her, and all he said now was, with a little laugh:

"Well, we must be getting back to the house, anyhow, or we shall be late for supper; and you know Cousin Ann does n't like us to be late for supper."

"There are so many things Cousin Ann does n't like!" said Janet, naïvely. "But come — we 'll have to go round the long way now, won't we? and for that, I 'll forgive the cattle. Come!" and touching her chestnut with her little whip, she cantered gaily off with a saucy challenge for a race.

Her father galloped after her, smiling, but in his heart he felt grave. He knew better than Janet how great was the peril they had escaped, and he was touched to the core by his little daughter's unquestioning trust in him. What a comfort, what a happiness, she was to him, now that her mother was gone! How could he bear to part with her, too? And yet he knew that he must, for her own sake: this wild, free, untutored life must come to an end some time for the little girl. But not just yet — in another year, perhaps.

Meanwhile, Janet spent half her days in the saddle, riding over the wild country at her father's side, and coming to think no more of a flying leap over wall or ditch than he did himself. He had fulfilled his promise of taking her with him after the hounds, and Janet had had a royal time at first. She had been welcomed with merry surprise by the other huntsmen, had dashed off at the start as gaily as any of them, and kept the pace as bravely as the best huntsman of them all. The mad gallop over hill and plain, the swift bound over hedge or branch, the mellow baying of the hounds, the shrill call of the horns, all made her tingle with joyous excitement, and brought the color to her cheek, the sparkle to her eye. It was glorious fun for a while; but presently, when Janet caught sight of the poor fox, hunted to his death, and taking to the open in desperation,—when she saw the savage dogs rush upon him as he labored along with gasping breath and piteous yelping, and heard them snarling and grinding their fangs, the little girl's cheek turned white; she felt fairly sick with horror and pity, and turning Firefly about, she rode away homeward so fast



THE ESCAPE FROM THE STAMPEDE.

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that her father, half amused, half touched, could scarcely overtake her. Even the presentation of the "brush" by the master of the hounds could not restore her spirits; and Janet's first fox-hunt was her last.

Not a great while after this, Janet's father was summoned East on business, and, stimulated by Cousin Ann's frequently expressed disapproval of "such goings on for a girl," he brought himself to the point of deciding to take the child with him, meaning to leave her in the charge of his sister, who lived in a large city, to grow up with her cousins and learn the things a young lady ought to know. Janet did not quite know whether she wanted to go or not. She had been very happy in this wild, free life with her father; she did not like the idea of separation from him; but the thought of a long journey, of new places to see, of the wonders of a great city, and, above all, the prospect of being with other girls, stimulated her imagination, and promised all sorts of pleasurable possibilities.

Besides, papa wished it, and she was going with him; so when the time of departure arrived, she bade a cheerful good-by to the old life, and went off smilingly, with a promise to Cousin Ann to learn how to *walk* (hitherto that motion had been too dull for her), and to Pepita to bring her the biggest bead necklace she could find, when she came home.

Hard as it was to see her father return without her, she entered cheerfully upon the new life, and promptly fell in love with her aunt and every one of her cousins. There were four of these: Edith, a young lady already in society; Laura, who was to "come out" during the winter; Evelyn, about her own age; and Nan, some two years younger. Her aunt was not wealthy, but she lived well, in a handsome house, and saw a good deal of company; and each of the girls had her own set of young companions, who seemed to be coming and going constantly. Evelyn's little girl friends all called in due form upon the "cousin from the West"; and Janet, who had never made or received a call in her life, was very shy at first, and did not have much to say. But she listened so well, and looked so bright and interested in what the others were talking about, that she was voted "a dear" from the beginning, and taken into things at once.

Her aunt gave a "pink luncheon" in her honor; other entertainments followed; she was taken here and there to "see the sights," and, altogether, the first week or two in her new home brought a succession of fresh delights to the little girl from the lonely ranch.

But when the time came for Janet to go to school, she did not find things so pleasant. It was not the confinement, though that was strange and irksome; it was not the lessons, though she had never been trained to study: but Janet was mortified to discover that she could not be placed in the class with Evelyn or her friends; that she did not know as much of arithmetic or grammar as even little Nan; and she was put to the blush every day by her ignorance of things that seemed to be quite familiar to other children.

At the house it was the same thing. All her cousins played some instrument, danced, drew, embroidered, chattered to each other in French or German. Janet could do none of these things, though she knew the seed-time and blossoming of every flower in her wilderness home, and could whistle like a lark amid the wheat. She could ride like a vaquero, run like a deer; but she had never learned her "steps," and to make a courtesy such as Evelyn's was an unknown art.

Janet presently began to think herself a very ignorant, insignificant little body, and the rueful thought came often that she need not have been quite such a little savage if she had been willing to learn even what Cousin Ann could have taught her.

"It serves me right," she said whimsically to herself; "and all I can do now is to go to work my very hardest to make up for lost time. For it is n't a bit pleasant to be unlike everybody else!"

She felt this specially when, about Christmas-time, everybody was busy with some pretty mysterious trifle, to be kept a great secret, while she could not so much as work an initial upon a handkerchief; and afterward still more, when the time for church fairs and all manner of undertakings for charitable purposes came in their turn.

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The church which her aunt attended had started a plan for a free kindergarten and day-nursery to which poor working-women might bring their little children and leave them to be cared for while they were away at their daily labor. It was a beautiful charity, the salvation of helpless little ones from untold miseries, and the ladies of the congregation had taken it up enthusiastically. All sorts of ways and means were devised for raising the necessary amount; everybody appeared to be suddenly busy in behalf of the new enterprise. All of Janet's cousins were working ardently for it. Edith was painting china; Laura practising for a parlor musical; Evelyn was embroidering a luncheon-set for a bazar; even little Nan, who had decided talent for declaiming, was to come forth upon a platform at a school entertainment, and recite "Robert o' Lincoln"; and she went about the house, chirping "Spink, spank, spink!" with an air of conscious importance.

Poor Janet! she could neither paint nor play, work art-stitches nor declaim. All she could do was to fight down certain very human little impulses of envy and jealousy, and show only a genuine and cordial interest in the performances of the others. Perhaps this was as great an achievement in the eyes of the angels, but Janet would never have thought of that to comfort herself withal; and her poor little heart was sore within her many a time, when, because of her own ignorance, she found herself "left out in the cold."

Her aunt noticed one evening, coming in upon the group of girls laughing and chattering over their work, that the little stranger's eyes had a depressed and wistful look in them,



"THE COLONEL DREW OUT A SHINING DOUBLE EAGLE."

and the wish to give her a pleasure came into her mind.

"Come, Edith," she said, "it is time for you to get ready; and Janet, you may go and put your things on, too." Then, as the others opened their eyes wide, she added: "It is the evening of the 'Grand Equestrian Entertainment' at the riding-school, for the benefit of the kindergarten, you know, and I have taken two tickets. The riding-school is an old story to us, but it will be something new to Janet, so,

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as we were going in company with friends anyhow, you won't need me for a chaperon, Edith, and I think I 'll stay at home and let her go in my place. Would you like it, little girl?"

Janet looked up eagerly. The very word *riding* brought a vivid light to her face. How long it seemed since she had had a gallop with Firefly! How she would love to look in on Firefly in her stall this very minute, pat her silken neck, and give her a handful of sugar or a big Pampino apple! The tears wanted to come as she thought of her pretty comrade, feeling lonely, probably, like herself. She jumped up to hide them, and said quickly:

"Oh, yes, indeed, Aunt Adelaide! I should love to go, and I 'll be ready in just a minute."

Half an hour later, when they had arrived at the riding-school, and the party with whom they came were going up to take their seats in the gallery, which was already crowded with spectators, Edith said to her cousin:

"Janet, if you like, you may stay down here with me instead of going up there with strangers. You can help me with my habit, and I think it will be better fun for you to be more in the midst of the riding."

"Oh, yes, it will, Edith!" said Janet, happy already at the mere sight of horses and riders again. Edith was one of the pupils of the academy, and was to be among the riders this evening. She went at once to the dressing-room to put on her habit, Janet with her, and when they came back, the great tan-covered ring was already dotted with equestrians, pacing their horses to and fro, and Edith's pretty sorrel mare was waiting for her at the entrance, in charge of a groom.

Janet watched her wistfully as she mounted and trotted off to join the others, and she looked on with curious interest when the exercises began. The sight of the beautiful horses, their sleek coats glistening, and the riders in their faultless habits putting them through their paces, set the child's heart to beating, and yet—"What mild little paces they are!" she could not help thinking. It seemed merely playing at riding, this ambling and cantering round and round a track as smooth as a carpet; and even when the exhibition of special feats began, the running and leaping over poles or flags held across by attendants, the little ranch-maiden had to bite her lips to keep from smiling at the way in which the obstacle was lowered to make the jump easy while yet appearing difficult. She thought of her own wild gallops across country.

"Why, Firefly herself would laugh if she were here!" she thought merrily. "Bless her little heart! how I wish she were, and they 'd give me a chance to put her over a hurdle! She 'd show them something worthy of their shouts and clapping!"

For all the throng of spectators in the galleries seemed to think the feats of the young horsewomen something wonderful. They held their breath with real dread as one and another came cautiously up to the jump, and when safely landed on the other side, the loud bursts of applause rang to the very roof, the mamas and papas exchanged glances of pride, and threw bouquets down to their blushing daughters; while their young cavaliers, watching them admiringly from the doorways, gathered gallantly around the horses as they came trotting back, and overwhelmed the riders with compliments.

Janet, standing in the midst of a group at one of the entrances, looked on wondering and amused; and, presently, a little unconscious ripple of merriment broke from her lips at the excitement caused by a rather scrambling leap over what appeared to her a very modest little obstacle. Old Colonel Archer (the father of one of Edith's fellow-pupils), in whose charge Janet had been left, turned and looked at her with a twinkle of fun beneath his bushy gray eyebrows.

"Jumping made easy, you think, eh?" said he. "But could you do it any better yourself, my little miss?"

Janet colored at the abrupt inquiry, but—"I 'm afraid I could, sir!" she answered whimsically.

The old gentleman looked at her curiously.

"Why," he said, "you are but a youngster. Do you know how to ride? Did you ever jump over a hurdle, for instance?"

"Not hurdles, exactly," answered Janet, innocently, "but fences, ditches, walls—anything that came in our way, when my papa and I

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used to be out riding together. We live in the West, on a ranch, you know, when we are at home."

"Well!" exclaimed the colonel, much amused. "That 's refreshing. Anything that came in their way, she says. Ha, ha! Well, now, I 'll tell you what I 'll do, little Miss Di Vernon. This performance is one of your charitable affairs, I believe; we all want to do as much as we can for the good cause. Now, if you 'll mount a horse and take a shy at that thing they 're bringing in over there—do you see?"

Janet looked as he pointed toward the opposite entrance, where some men were bringing in a five-barred gate, some six feet high, and setting it up across the track.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well, if you 'll make your words good and take it clean, I 'll give you this for your special contribution to the thingumbob." He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a shining double eagle. "It came to me in the way of business to-day, and I hate to be bothered with gold coin. Now what do you say?"

Janet's heart gave a great leap. What? Could she truly help so much as that toward a home for the poor little helpless children? She, the good-for-nothing! She looked at the colonel with eyes that sparkled.

"Do you really mean it?" she cried. "Oh, if I might only have the chance!"

Just then her cousin came trotting up to them, and signed to a groom to take her horse.

"I 'm going up to the dressing-room a minute, Janet," she said. "My hair is all tumbling down. You need n't come. The gentlemen are going to do some big jumping; you 'll like to see it."

"There!" said the colonel, as the young lady gathered up her habit and tripped away. "There 's your chance now. Take your cousin's horse."

His face and voice were full of mischievous meaning. Even the colonel's best friends said he was nothing but a grown-up boy, and when anything promised to amuse him, he was apt to forget everything else in the prospect of fun. And there was a touch of excitement which he liked in testing the pluck of this self-confident little maid.

"Come," he repeated, in a challenging tone. "Shall I put you up?"

Just at that moment there was a sudden movement of retreat among the groups that stood about the doorways, for a couple of horsemen, booted and spurred, came galloping along the course from the opposite side, speeding their steeds for the difficult leap. On they dashed, faster and faster, the spectators watching and holding their breath, till the goal was reached, when one of the horses deliberately turned tail and galloped back again, while the other went plunging over, neck or nothing, in a scrambling jump, sending the topmost bar rattling down in front of him, but landing safe on the farther side.

A great shout went up, half laughter, half applause; and Janet, turning breathlessly to the colonel, said:

"Oh, do you truly think Edith would n't mind? I do so want to earn that money!"

"Mind? No. Why should she?" was the reckless answer. "It won't hurt the mare; she has good blood in her. It won't hurt you, either; you see the rails are made loose on purpose so as to let you over anyhow if you happen to hit 'em!"

"But I *sha'n't* hit 'em!" said Janet, with a merry nod, and taking his word simply as she was wont to take her father's. "Put me up quick, please," she added.

The colonel promptly hollowed his hand; Janet touched her little foot to it, and sprang lightly into the saddle; a pat of the sorrel's arching neck, a coaxing word into the quivering ear, and away they went, Janet's long, wavy, dark hair fluttering out from beneath her scarlet "Tam o' Shanter" with the breeze of the flying motion.

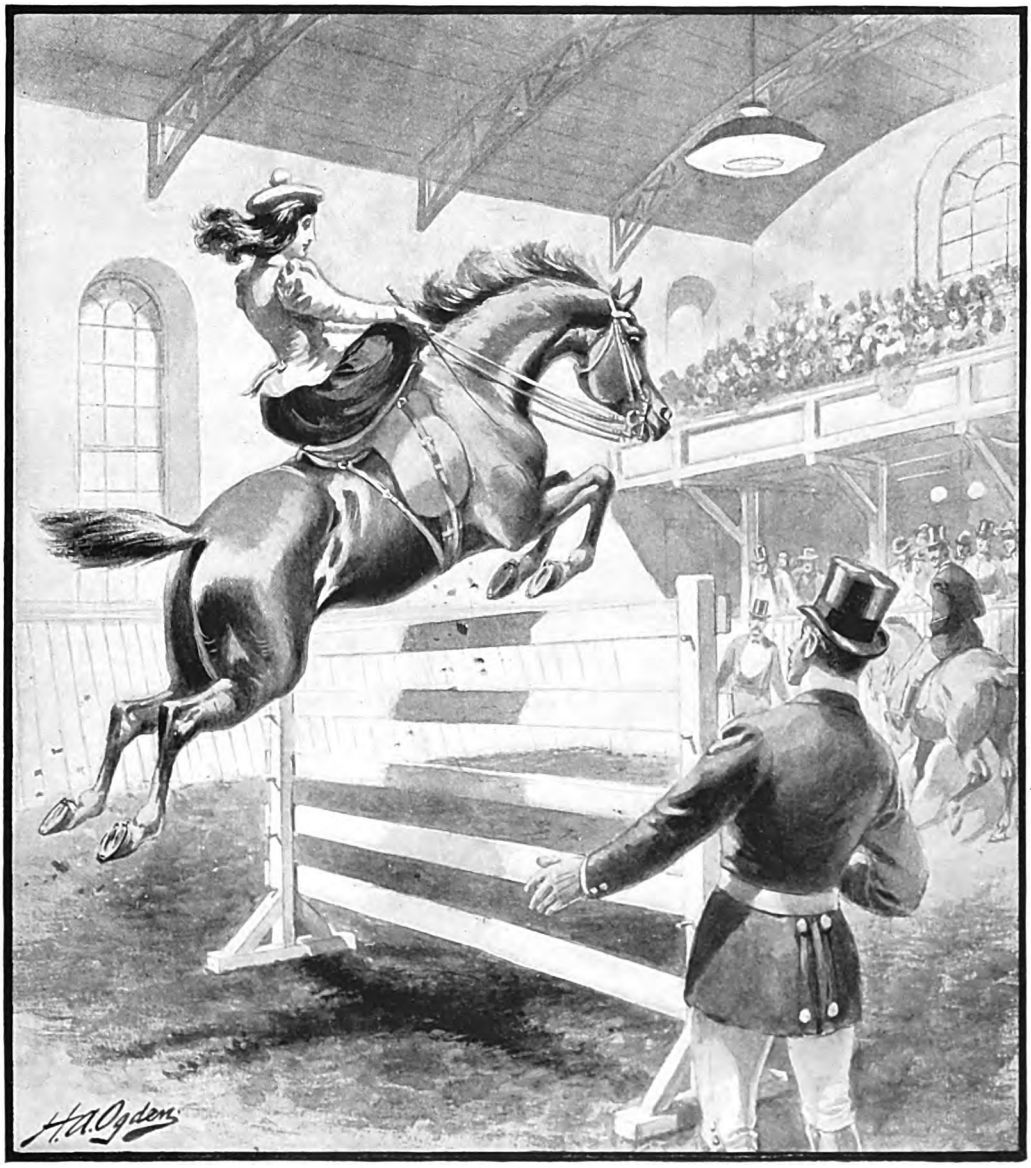
The colonel suddenly felt his heart fail within him.

"What a madman I was to put such a child up to so crazy an undertaking!" he said to himself in dismay, staring desperately after horse and rider. "What—*what*, if anything should happen!"

Powerless now to help or hinder, he could only watch with the watching multitude, as the high-mettled mare, recognizing the touch of a practised hand, bounded onward like a deer,

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quickening her pace as they reached the goal. Then a swift gathering of herself together in response to her rider's touch, a brave leap into the air, and over they went, clear and clean, landing lightly on the carpet of tan, amid a perfect pæan of applause.




"A BRAVE LEAP INTO THE AIR, AND OVER THEY WENT, CLEAR AND CLEAN."

"Who is it? Where did she come from? Such a mere child—and she is not even wearing a habit! What does it all mean?"

The amazed questions flew from one to another around the eager throng, but none could answer. Even the riding-master came forward in astonishment to meet the unknown little horsewoman.

But the colonel was there, forcing his way round in breathless eagerness, to lift his little heroine from the saddle, to pour out in a torrent of eager words his relief and delight, and



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# HOLLY-BERRY AND MISTLETOE.

*(A Christmas Romance of 1492.)*

By M. Carrie Hyde.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

## V. A PLAN.

Back now they go, not slow, I trow,
The three black crows, and Mistletoe.

The cave door closed on Ethelred and Chief Hardi-Hood; and Mistletoe turned homeward. She had seen much of importance in the last few moments, and she must lose no time in reaching Charlock-land again.

So thinking, she straightened her steeple-crowned hat, somewhat battered from its contact with the bushes among which she had been stooping, and hurried away in the direction the crows had taken.

Once there was a crackling in the bushes, that set her heart to beating for fear it was a Hardi-Hood in pursuit of her; but it proved a false alarm. Again, a man in leather roundabout and high top-boots cried, "What do you there?" as he passed through the wood some distance from her; but with her cane she stopped to poke the ground, as if in search of some rare root, and did not answer.

"'T is well to be most cautious on an errand like mine," she whispered to herself, and she avoided the best-trodden path till the light of the full-faced moon showed her that she had reached the wood-cutter's cottage.

"We have had no luck robber-hunting, good Dame Mistletoe," said Jeannie, running to meet her. "No one can give us a single word of them. Canute is foot-sore, tramping over the country for them, and we know not what to do next."

"Leave it to me! Leave it to me!" responded Mistletoe, with a twinkle in her eye.

"That we will, forsooth," said Jeannie, quite satisfied; "'t will not be the first time you have helped us to good luck."

The next morning, still earlier than before, Mistletoe was afoot. The distance no longer seemed hard and long nor the path twisting and bramble-lined. On the king's highway, a carter gave her a ride beside him for several miles, so she was safely home and herself and her crows well fed before nightfall.

The days following Holly-berry's visit to Mistletoe had been doleful and wearing.

The last day had been particularly trying to the little jester. Three times he had helped staghound Thor to evade a hasty kick, and three times had he tried to console the fair Bertha, when he found her in tears.

It was therefore a relief to him when evening settled upon Charlock castle, and Sir Charles bade him begone, telling him not to darken the door again that night.

"No, my lord," responded Holly-berry; "I come not, unless I bring the moon under my arm"; which was then the saying for "I won't return till sent for."

Though a long, lonely way, the little jester betook himself to the three oaks—the moon, bigger and brighter than on his previous walk, lighted so clearly his track that he lost no time, even in the dense grove where the shadow-etchings crossed and recrossed each other most confusingly upon the snow.

"What news, Dame Mistletoe?" he asked, when he found her standing in her doorway, as if awaiting him. "Is all well, and did you find the Hardi-Hoods?"

"Not so fast, good Holly," replied Mistletoe, conducting him to the bench before her fire; "but, then, 't is unkind to keep you in suspense. The Hardi-Hoods are on the Welsh side of England, in a fastness among the rocks. And the lad is with them, alive and well, as I espied when he followed the chief of these outlaws, who was about to skewer a crow with his arrow-burdened crossbow."

"How shall one know the place?" questioned Holly-berry.

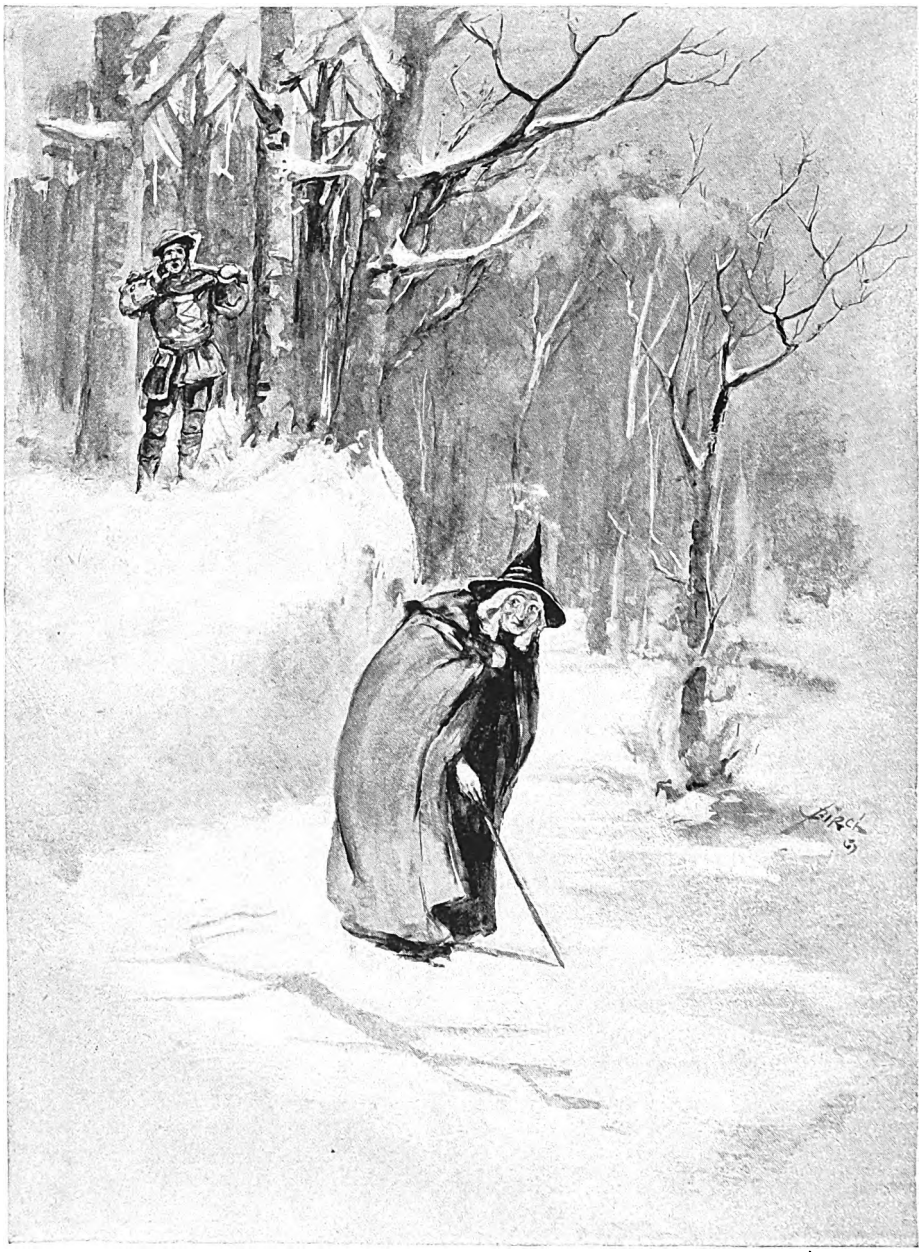


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"'T is simple enough. Go due west, passing wood-cutter Canute's cottage, till one comes to three diverging paths; follow the mid one, though it is as rocky and seemingly untraveled

"The next question is, Who is to go there?" said Holly-berry, crossing his finger-tips like a judge. "Sir Charles has so weakened that—"

"Did you not once gossip to me of some love



"WITH HER CANE SHE STOPPED TO POKE THE GROUND, AS IF IN SEARCH OF SOME RARE ROOT, AND DID NOT ANSWER."

as the others. After many twists and turns, it brings one out upon the edge of a ravine. In this tree-bound hollow live the Hardi-Hoods."

'twixt Bertha and Count Egbert?" asked Mistletoe, interrupting Holly-berry.

"Truly," nodded the little jester.

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"And did you not further gossip that a feud, long-ripened 'twixt their families, caused Sir Charles to vow mightily that none of his should marry a Traymore of Twin Towers?"

"Truly," said Holly-berry, again.

"Then," said Mistletoe, "as it grieves me sore to have an affair of true love go so awry, how would it do, think you, to lay the matter before Count Egbert? He deserveth not his name of 'sword-brightness,' I ween, if he cannot so try its sharp point upon these robbers that he shall win your Ethelred from them and restore him to his parents."

"And wed the fair Bertha," added Holly-berry, his bright eyes dancing; and this time he allowed himself a somersault.

"Go to, Holly-berry! That is far-fetched to the plan, and no answer," remonstrated Mistletoe. "What think you of it?"

"Think of it?" repeated Holly-berry, "'t is the very best that was e'er devised! Who shall be messenger to tell the count of this?"

"Who but fair Bertha, herself?—that is, I will send a request that shall bring him here to the three oaks, while you send maid Bertha on some pretext unexpectedly to meet him. It will be a pretty sight, the meeting of the two." And Mistletoe pictured to herself the scene.

"But he dares not set a foot in Charlock-land," demurred Holly-berry.

"Forsooth, Holly, what manner of Egbert carry you in mind?—a nilly-nad who dares not risk a little danger for his lady-love? Not so *this* Egbert. Persuade, then, the lady fair to come here by eleven of the clock to-morrow morning, and Egbert will be awaiting. So hie you hence, without somersaults or other loss of time, to do your part."

Not at all affronted, the little jester made a deep bow, and was off like the wind—Thor, who had slyly followed him, capering and frisking at his heels.



"I WILL BE WITH HIM ERE FIVE MINUTES LEAVE US."

"Now, straight to fair Bertha," said Holly-berry to himself, as he reached Charlock castle; and, entering the broad hall by a side door, he tried to escape notice.

"By my halidom! you are tardy," said a retainer stationed in the hall. "Sir Charles has been calling for you high and low, vowing you shall be dismissed his service if you

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cannot be at your post to make light his heavy spirits."

"Post, indeed!" said Holly-berry. "Make light his heavy spirits!" he repeated. "As if one were, in truth, to carry a moon under his arm! Post you to him," and here he shook his head at the retainer like a playful goat, thus setting his cap-bells into their merriest jingle—"post you to him post-haste, and tell him that though fair Luna could not come with me to-night, being much needed at home, I shall be with him ere five minutes leave us, and will so light his heavy spirits with a jolly tale that he shall shout with laughter!"

Skipping past the retainer, he scampered up the stairs and knocked daintily on the door of the apartments occupied by Bertha.

"Surely," she said to herself, "that dainty knocklet and bell-jingle belong to none other than Holly-berry. What wants the little rogue? He must have news to bring him where he has ne'er come before." Upon her calling, "Enter," the jester came in, made a fantastic bow, and seated himself upon a stool at her feet.

"Fair Bertha," he began at once, "I know more of your affairs for the next four minutes than it behooves me to e'er know again. At eleven of the clock to-morrow morning, wrap yourself warmly and hie you to the three oaks in the old grove. Ethelred is with the Hardi-Hoods, and can be rescued and brought away in safety if you will but meet the brave knight you will see under the three oaks, and tell him where to find the little lad."

Bertha raised her slim hands in astonishment, dropped the illuminated missal out of which she had been trying to spell some Latin comfort, and stared at Holly-berry.

"'T is a secret?" she at length questioned.

"The same," said Holly-berry, springing to his feet, and bowing so low that his pointed cap touched the floor.

"No one must know that I go, nor why I go?" she questioned.

"The same," he repeated, gallantly bowing.

"How can I direct this valiant knight to a place I know not of?" she next asked.

"The recipe is easily given. He must go west, by the highway, till he comes to a stile and mile-stone, in mid England; thence, still keeping to the westward, upon a narrow path till he has passed wood-cutter Canute's cottage, and come to where his path divides in three. Of these the midmost one, after many rough crooks and turns, brings him upon the edge of the ravine in which dwell these Hardi-Hoods. What then to do he will see for himself once he is there."

Bertha shivered, but she said, "Thank you, kind Holly-berry, I will go."

"And I will go," said the jester, hurrying from the room, and entering Sir Charles's presence with a bit of tumbling just as the last of the five minutes he had allowed himself was expiring.

Soon, by some chicanery known to the jester's art, Sir Charles was set to laughing louder and louder, as he caught Holly-berry's merry spirit, and listened to his clever jokes.

"By my faith," said he, "I know not why I am so merry, my jolly jester-berry, but there is a feeling upon me that the little lad will yet be found, alive and well. What think you?"

"The same," said Holly-berry.

### VI. UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Through valor two are oft made one;
Through valor too, is oft maid won.

No sooner had Holly-berry disappeared than Bertha found her heart fluttering with more hope and expectation than she could account for. It gave to her cheeks a dash of color that had not been there since the day Egbert was driven from Charlock castle, and threatened with quick death or the dungeon for life if he but set foot within the premises again.

That was three months agone, and Bertha had not seen Egbert since, nor heard from him.

Impatiently she awaited the next morning. At the time set, she put a long cloak over her trailing gown, a hood over her fair hair, and going down a back stair, was through the door and on her way to the three oaks without having attracted notice.

As she entered the grove, she followed the snow path Holly-berry had worn, and coming at last to a little opening in the tangled growth of the trees' low, wide branches, she saw Count Egbert pacing back and forth near the three

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oaks, a look of impatient expectation upon his face.

He was a goodly knight and well-looking. He wore a suit of fine-linked armor, over which was a scarlet tabard embroidered in querls of gold. The Traymore arms, a jessant lion, were worked skilfully upon his breast, while a handsome mantle of silver-fox swung from his shoulders, partly making up for the lack of warmth in the low-throated, short-sleeved tabard. His head-piece was an open helmet, over which a scarlet feather nodded or tossed to and fro in the playful breeze.

"Bertha!" he exclaimed, looking up suddenly. "By my troth, this is wondrous kind! I was expecting something, but not *this!*" and going toward her, he greeted her as reverently as if she had dropped from the sky. "You show trouble,—nor is it to be wondered at. Time goes hard with you and me; yet patience! and it shall all come right at last, if my sword is long and strong enough."

"What mean you, Egbert?" she asked quickly. "Surely you would not war upon my father?"

"No; if you wish it not; but my sword can scarce stay within its sheath, so anxious is it to use its steel tongue in our cause"; and as he spoke, forgetful of his first advice to patience, he half drew the blade from its scabbard.

"A truce to family feuds three hundred years ago!" he cried. "What have they to do with you and me, Bertha? I disdain such silliness!"

"Your sword shall yet be a peacemaker, Egbert," said Bertha, brightening. "Listen that I may tell you *how*."

In a few words she told him of Ethelred's loss, of how to find him in the Hardi-Hoods' stronghold, and even discussed how he might then be rescued.

"Truly, Bertha, the task, as you call it, is but pleasure; I will off at once, that no more time be lost. Say naught to your father of this, and worry not, but by Christmas Day, only two days away, have all in readiness for the usual merry-making. I shall surely come, and with me the little lad, both safe and sound." Pulling from the oak-branch above him a sprig of mistletoe, he gave it to her as a parting keepsake.

Egbert escorted her to the edge of the grove, and, wishing him God-speed, she watched him spring upon his horse, that was neighing in impatience to be off. Soon he was out of sight,—at a speed equal to that of the robber Hardi-Hood with Ethelred, and, like him, over stones, sticks, hedges, bushes,— whatever lay in his way, till safe beyond Sir Charles's land.

"Caw, caw, caw!" cried three black crows, as they caught from far above the tops of the trees a bird's-eye view of the knight.

*(To be continued.)*

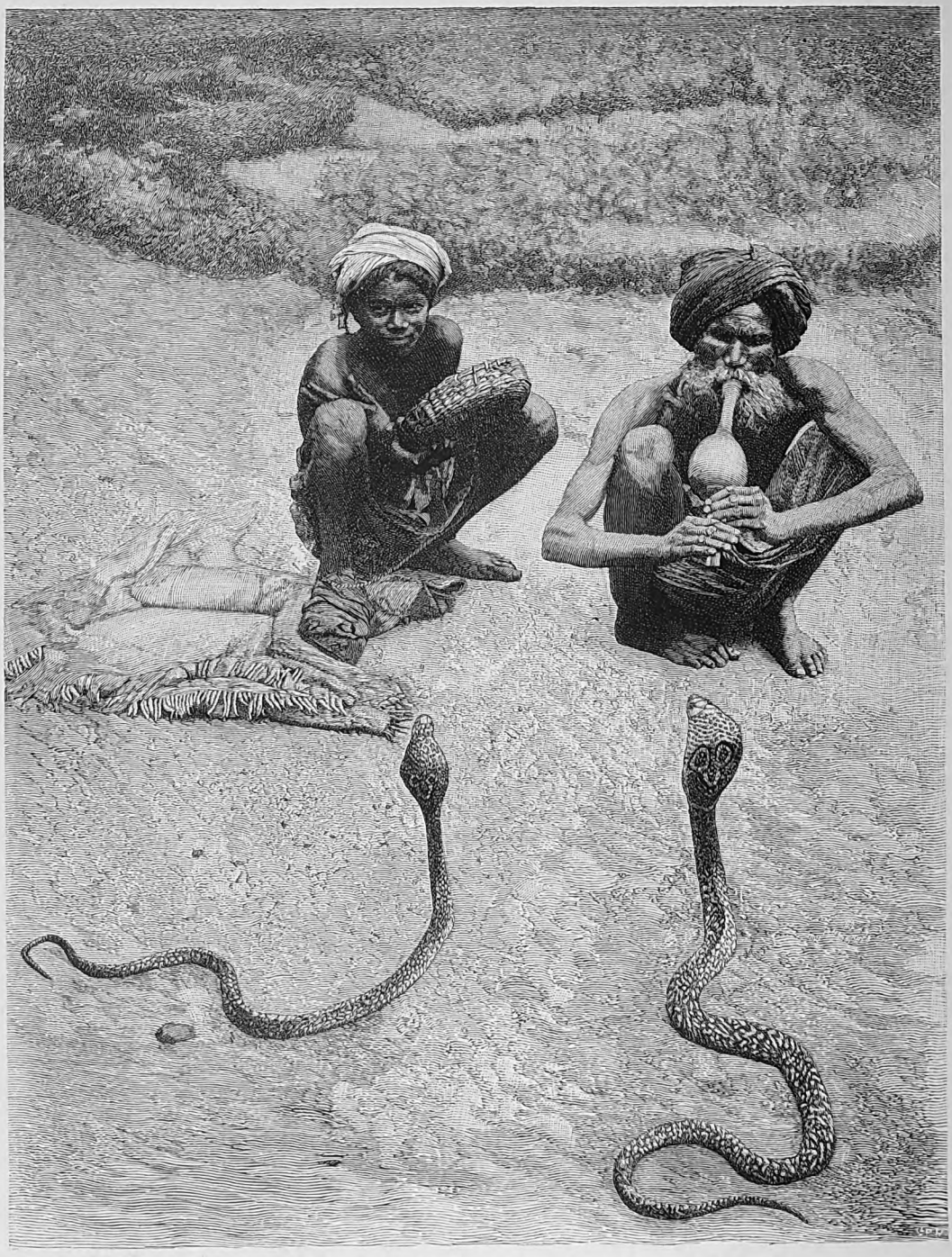
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# THE LITTLE GIRL THAT CRIED.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Once the Little Girl that Cried,
Looking through her tears, espied
Lovely motes of colored light
In the fringes of her eye—
Just as when the weather clears,
And the clouds are put to flight,
There 's a rainbow in the sky.
And the Little Girl that Cried,
When she saw this lovely sight,—
This fine rainbow in her tears,—
Would forget the reason why
She had thought it best to cry.

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SNAKE-CHARMERS OF CEYLON, WITH COBRAS.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. (BY PERMISSION OF MR. S. ELLWOOD MAY.)

(SEE PAGE 316.)



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# POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

*Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.*

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter IX.

### HARD TIMES.

The new arrangement worked exceedingly well.

As to Edgar's innermost personal feelings no one is qualified to speak with any authority. Whether he experienced a change of heart, vowed better things, prayed to be delivered from temptation, or simply decided to turn over a new leaf, no one knows; the principal fact in his life at this period seems to have been an unprecedented lack of time for any great foolishness.

Certain unpleasant things had transpired on that eventful Friday night when he had missed his appointment with his fellow-students, which had resulted in an open scandal too disagreeable to be passed over by the college authorities; and the redoubtable Tony had been returned with thanks to his fond parents in Mendocino County.

Edgar Noble was not too blind to see the happy chance that interfered with his presence on that occasion, and was sensible enough to realize that, had he been implicated in the least degree (he scorned the possibility of his taking any active part in such proceedings), he would probably have shared Tony's fate.

Existence was wearing a particularly dismal aspect on that afternoon when Edgar had met Polly Oliver in the Berkeley woods. He felt "nagged," injured, blue, out of sorts with fate. He had not done anything very bad, he said to himself,—at least, nothing half as bad as lots of other fellows,—and yet everybody frowned on him. His father had, in his opinion, been unnecessarily severe; while his mother and sister had wept over him (by letter) as if he were a thief and a forger, instead of a fellow who was simply having a "little fling." He was annoyed at the conduct of Scott Burton, "king of snobs and prigs," he named him, who had taken it upon himself to inform Philip Noble of his (Edgar's) own personal affairs; and he was enraged at being preached at by that said younger brother.

But of late everything had taken an upward turn, and existence turned a smiling face toward him by way of variety. He had passed his examinations (most unexpectedly to himself) with a respectable percentage to spare. There was a time when he would have been ashamed of this meager result. He was now, just a little, but the feeling was somewhat submerged in his gratitude at having "squeaked through" at all.

A certain inspired Professor Hope, who wondered what effect encouragement would have on a fellow who did n't deserve any, but might possibly need it, came up to him after recitations one day, and said:

"Noble, I want to congratulate you on your papers in history and physics. They show signal ability. There is a plentiful lack of study evinced, but no want of grasp or power. You have talents that ought to put you among the first three men in the University, sir. I do not know whether you care to take the trouble to win such a place (it *is* a good deal of trouble), but you can win it if you want it. That 's all I have to say, Noble. Good morning!"

This unlooked-for speech fell like balm on Edgar's wounded self-respect, and made him hold his head higher for a week; and, naturally, while his head occupied this elevated position, he was obliged to live up to it. He also felt obliged to make an effort, rather reluctantly, to maintain some decent standing in the classes of Professor Hope, even if he shirked in all the rest.



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And now life, on the whole, was very pleasant save for one carking care that perched on his shoulder by day and sat on his eyelids at night; though he could not flatter himself that he was absolutely a free agent.

After all ordinary engagements of concerts, theaters, lectures, or what not, he entered the house undisturbed, and noiselessly sought his couch. But one night, when he ventured to stay out till after midnight, just as he was stealing in softly, Mrs. Oliver's gentle voice came from the head of the stairs, saying "Good night, Edgar; the lamp is lighted in your room!"

Edgar closed his door and sat down disconsolately on the bed, cane in hand, hat on the back of his head. The fire had burned to a few glowing coals; his slippers lay on the hearth, and his Christmas "easy jacket" hung over the back of his great arm-chair; his books lay open under the student-lamp, and there were two vases of fresh flowers in the room: that was Polly's doing.

"Mrs. Oliver was awake and listening for me; worrying about me, probably; I dare say she thought I 'd been waylaid by bandits," he muttered discontentedly. "I might as well live in the Young Women's Christian Association! I can't get mad with an angel, but I did n't intend being one myself!"

But all the rest was perfect; and his chief chums envied him after they had spent an evening with the Olivers. Polly and he had ceased to quarrel, and were on good, frank, friendly terms. "She is no end of fun," he would have told you; "has no nonsensical young-lady airs about her, is always ready for sport, sings all kinds of songs from grave to gay, knows a good joke when you tell one, and keeps a fellow up to the mark as well as a maiden aunt."

All this was delightful to everybody concerned. Meanwhile the household affairs were as troublesome as they could well be. Mrs. Oliver developed more serious symptoms, and Dr. George asked the San Francisco physician to call to see her twice a week at least. The San Francisco physician thought "a year at Carlsbad, and a year in Nice, would be a good thing"; but, failing these, he ordered copious quantities of expensive drugs, and the reserve fund shrank, though the precious three hundred and twelve dollars was almost intact.

Poor Mrs. Chadwick sent tearful monthly letters, accompanied by checks of fifty to sixty-five dollars. One of the boarders had died; two had gone away; the season was poor; Ah Foy had returned to China; Mr. Greenwood was difficult about his meals; the roof leaked; provisions were dear; Mrs. Holmes in the next block had decided to take boarders; Eastern people were grumbling at the weather, saying it was not at all as reported in the guide-books; real-estate and rents were very low; she hoped to be able to do better next month; and she was Mrs. Oliver's "affectionate Clementine Churchill Chadwick."

Polly had held a consultation with the principal of her school, who had assured her that as she was so well in advance of her class, she could be promoted with them the next term, if she desired. Accordingly, she left school in order to be more with her mother, and as she studied with Edgar in the evening, she really lost nothing.

Mrs. Howe remitted four dollars from the monthly rent, in consideration of Spanish lessons given to her eldest daughter, who was studying for a certificate to teach in the Cosmopolitan School. This experiment proved a success, and Polly next accepted an offer to come three times a week to the house of a certain Mrs. Baer at North Beach, to amuse (instructively) the four little Baer cubs, while the mother Baer wrote a "History of the Dress-reform Movement in English-speaking Nations."

For this service Polly was paid ten dollars a month in gold coin, while the amount of spiritual wealth which she amassed could not possibly be estimated in dollars and cents. The ten dollars was very useful, for it procured the services of a kind, strong woman, who came on these three afternoons of Polly's absence, put the entire house in order, did the mending, rubbed Mrs. Oliver's tired back, and brushed her hair until she fell asleep.

So Polly assisted in keeping the wolf from the door, and her sacrifices watered her young heart and kept it tender. "Money may always

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be a beautiful thing. It is we who make it grimy."

Edgar shared in the business conferences now. He had gone into convulsions of mirth over Polly's system of accounts, and insisted, much against her will, in teaching her book-keeping, striving to convince her that the cash could be kept in a single box, and the accounts separated in a book.

These lessons were merry occasions, for there was a conspicuous cavity in Polly's brain where the faculty for mathematics should have been.

"Your imbecility is so unusual that it 's a positive inspiration," Edgar would say. "It is n't like any ordinary stupidity; there does n't seem to be any bottom to it, you know; it 's abnormal, it 's fascinating, Polly!"

Polly glowed under this unstinted praise. "I am glad you like it," she said. "I always like to have a thing first-class of its kind, though I can't pride myself that it compares with your Spanish accent, Edgar—that stands absolutely alone and unapproachable for badness. I don't worry about my mathematical stupidity a bit since I read Dr. Holmes, who says that 'everybody has an idiotic area in his mind.'"

There had been very little bookkeeping to-night. It was raining in torrents. Mrs. Oliver was talking with General M—— in the parlor, while Edgar and Polly were studying in the dining-room.

Polly put down her book and leaned back in her chair. It had been a hard day, and it was very discouraging that a New Year should come to one's door laden with vexations and anxieties, when everybody naturally expected New Years to be happy, through January and February at least.

"Edgar," she sighed plaintively, "I find that this is a very difficult world to live in, sometimes."

Edgar looked up from his book, and glanced at her as she lay back with closed eyes in the Chinese lounging-chair. She was so pale, so tired, and so very, very pretty just then, her hair falling in bright confusion round her face, her whole figure relaxed with weariness, and her lips trembling a little, as if she would like to cry if she dared.

"What 's the matter, pretty Poll?"

"Nothing specially new. The Baer cubs were naughty as little demons to-day. One of them had a birthday-party yesterday, with four kinds of frosted cake. Mrs. Baer's system of management is n't like mine, and until I convince the children I mean what I say, they give me the benefit of the doubt. The Baer place is so large that Mrs. Baer never knows where disobedience may occur, and that she may be saved steps she keeps one of Mr. Baer's old slippers on the front porch, one in the carriage-house, one in the arbor, one in the nursery, and one under the rose hedge at the front gate. She showed me all these haunts, and told me to make myself thoroughly at home. I felt tempted to-day, but I resisted."

"You are working too hard, Polly. I propose we do something about Mrs. Chadwick. You are bearing all the brunt of other people's faults and blunders."

"But, Edgar, everything is so mixed: Mrs. Chadwick's year of lease is n't over; I suppose she cannot be turned out by main force, and if we should ask her to leave the house it might go unrented for a month or two, and the loss of that money might be as much as the loss of ten or fifteen dollars a month for the rest of the year. I could complain of her to Dr. George, but there again I am in trouble. If he knew that we are in difficulties, he would offer to lend us money in an instant, and that would make mama ill, I am sure; for we are under all sorts of obligations to him now, for kindnesses that can never be repaid. Then, too, he advised us not to let Mrs. Chadwick have the house. He said that she had n't energy enough to succeed; but mama was so sorry for her, and so determined to give her a chance, that she persisted in letting her have it. We shall have to move into a cheaper flat, by and by, for I 've tried every other method of economizing for fear of making mama worse with the commotion of moving."

## Chapter X.

### Edgar goes to confession.

"I 'm afraid I make it harder, Polly, and you and your mother must be frank with me,

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and turn me out of the Garden of Eden the first moment I become a nuisance. Will you promise?"

"You are a help to us, Edgar; we told you so the other night. We could n't have Yung Lee unless you lived with us, and I could n't earn any money if I had to do all the housework."

"I 'd like to be a help, but I 'm so helpless!"

what the Nobles had told them, that he was in danger of falling behind his class. This, they judged, was a contingency no longer to be feared; as various remarks dropped by the students who visited the house, and sundry bits of information contributed by Edgar himself, in sudden bursts of high spirits, convinced them that he was regaining his old rank, and certainly his old ambition.



"EDGAR LOOKED UP FROM HIS BOOK, AND GLANCED AT HER AS SHE LAY BACK WITH CLOSED EYES IN THE LOUNGING-CHAIR."

"We are all poor together just now, and that makes it easier."

"I am worse than poor!" Edgar declared.

"What can be worse than being poor?" asked Polly, with a sigh drawn from the depths of her boots.

"To be in debt," said Edgar, who had not the slightest intention of making this remark when he opened his lips.

Now the Olivers had only the merest notion of Edgar's college troubles; they knew simply

"To be in debt," repeated Edgar, doggedly, "and to see no possible way out of it. Polly, I 'm in a peck of trouble! I 've lost money, and I 'm at my wit's end to get straight again!"

"Lost money? How much? Do you mean that you lost your pocket-book?"

"No, no; not in that way."

"You mean that you spent it," said Polly. "You mean you overdrew your allowance."

"Of course I did. Good gracious! Polly, there are other ways of losing money than by

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dropping it in the road. I believe girls don't know anything more about the world than what the geography tells them — that it 's a round globe like a ball or an orange!"

"Don't be impolite. The less they know about the old world the better they get on, I dare say. Your colossal fund of worldly knowledge does n't seem to make you very happy, just now. How could you lose money, I ask? You 're nothing but a student, and you are not in any business, are you?"

"Yes, I am in business, and pretty bad business it is, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I 've been winding myself up into a hard knot, the last six months, and the more I try to disentangle myself, the worse the thing gets. My allowance is n't half enough; nobody but a miser could live on it. I 've been unlucky, too. I bought a dog, and some one poisoned him before I could sell him; then I lamed a horse from the livery-stable, and had to pay damages; and so it went. The fellows all kept lending me money, rather than let me stay out of the little club suppers, and since I 've shut down on expensive gaieties they 've gone back on me, and all want their money at once; so does the livery-stable keeper, and the owner of the dog, and a dozen other individuals: in fact, the debtors' prison yawns before me."

"Upon my word, I 'm ashamed of you!" said Polly, with considerable heat. "To waste money in that way, when you knew perfectly well you could n't afford it, was — well, it was downright dishonest, that 's what it was! To hear you talk about dogs, and lame horses, and club suppers, anybody would suppose you were a sporting man! Pray, what else do they do in that charming college set of yours?"

"I might have known you would take that tone, but I did n't, somehow. I told you just because I thought you were the one girl in a thousand who would understand and advise a fellow when he knows he 's made a fool of himself and acted like a cur! I did n't suppose you would call hard names, and be so unsympathizing, after all we have gone through together!"

"I 'm not! — I did n't! — I won't do it again!" said Polly, incoherently, as she took a straight chair, planted her elbows on the table, and leaned her chin in her two palms. "Now, let 's talk about it. How much is it?"

"Over a hundred and fifty dollars! Don't shudder so provokingly, Polly; that 's a mere bagatelle for a college man, but I know it 's a good deal for me — a good deal more than I know how to get, at all events."

"Where is the debtors' prison?" asked Polly in an awe-struck whisper.

"Oh, there is n't any such thing! I was only chaffing; but, of course, the men to whom I am in debt can apply to father, and get me in a regular mess. I 've pawned my watch to stave one of them off. You see, Polly, I would write and tell father everything, and ask him for the money, but circumstances conspire just at this time to make it impossible. You know father bought that great ranch in Ventura County with Albert Harding of New York. Harding has died insolvent, and father has to make certain payments or lose control of a valuable property. It 's going to make him a rich man some time, but for a year or two we shall have to count every penny. Of course the fruit crop this season was the worst in ten years, and of course there has been a frost this winter, the only severe one within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, — that 's the way it always is, — and there I am! I suppose you despise me, Polly?"

"Yes, I do!" (hotly) — "no, I don't altogether, and I 'm not good enough myself to be able to despise people. Besides, you are not a despisable boy. You were born manly and generous and true-hearted, and these hateful things that you have been doing are not a part of your nature a bit; but I 'm ashamed of you for yielding to bad impulses when you have so many good ones, and — oh dear! — I do that very same thing myself. But how could you, *you*, Edgar Noble, take that evil-eyed, fat-nosed, common Tony Selling for a friend? I wonder at you!"

"He is n't so bad in some ways. I owe him eighty dollars of that money, and he says he 'll give me six months to pay it."

"I 'm glad he has some small virtues," Polly replied witheringly. "Now, what can we do,

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Edgar? Let us think. What can, what *can* we do?" and she leaned forward reflectively, clasping her knee with her hands and wrinkling her brow with intense thought.

That little "we" fell on Edgar's loneliness of spirit consolingly; for it adds a new pang to self-distrust when righteous people withdraw from one in utter disdain, even if they are "only girls" who know little of a boy's temptations.

"If you can save a little each month out of your allowance, Edgar," said Polly, finally, with a brighter look, "I can spare fifty dollars of our money, and you may pay it back as you can. We are not likely to need it for several months, and your father and mother will not care to be troubled with this matter, now that it 's over and done with."

The blood rushed to Edgar's face as he replied stiffly: "I may be selfish and recklessly extravagant, but I don't borrow money from girls. If you wanted to add the last touch to my shame, you 've done it. Don't you suppose I have eyes, Polly Oliver? Don't you suppose I 've hated myself ever since I came under this roof, when I have seen the way you worked and planned and plotted and saved and denied yourself? Don't you suppose I 've looked at you twenty times a day, and said to myself, 'You miserable, selfish puppy, getting yourself and everybody who cares for you into trouble, just look at that girl and be ashamed of yourself down to the ground!' And now you offer to lend me money! Oh, Polly, I would n't have believed it of you!"

Polly felt convicted of sin, although she was not very clear as to the reason. "Your mother has been a very good friend to us, Edgar; why should n't we help you a little, just for once? Now let us go in to see mama, and we can talk it over."

"If you pity me, Polly, don't tell her; I could not bear to have that saint upon earth worried over my troubles; it was mean enough to add a feather's weight to yours."

"Well, we won't do it, then," said Polly, with maternal kindness in her tone. "We 'll find some other way out of the trouble; but boys are such an anxiety! Do you think, Edgar, that you have reformed?"

"Bless your soul! I 've kept within my allowance for two or three months. As Susan Nipper says, 'I may be a camel, but I 'm not a dromedary!' When I found out where I was, I stopped; I had to stop and I knew it. I 'm all right now, thanks to—several things. In fact, I 've acquired a kind of appetite for behaving myself now, and if the rascally debts were only out of the way, I should be the happiest fellow in the universe."

"You cannot apply to your father, so there is only one thing to do — that is, to earn the money."

"But how, when I 'm in college three fourths of the day?"

"I don't know," said Polly, hopelessly. "I can tell you what to do, but not how to do it: I 'm nothing but a miserable girl."

"I must stay in college, and I must dig and make up for lost time; so most of my evenings will be occupied."

"You must put all your 'musts' together," said Polly, decisively, "and then build a bridge over them, or tunnel through them, or span them with an arch. We 'll keep thinking about it, and I 'm sure something will turn up; I 'm not discouraged a bit, you see, Edgar"; and Polly's face flushed with feeling as she drew patterns on the table-cloth with her tortoise-shell hair-pin. "You see, of course, the good fairies are not going to leave you in the lurch when you 've turned your back on the ugly temptations, and are doing your very best. And now that we 've talked it all over, Edgar, I 'm not ashamed of you! Mama and I have been so proud of your successes the last month. She believes in you!"

"Of course," said Edgar, dolefully; "because she knows only the best."

"But I know the best and the worst too, and I believe in you! It seems to me the best is always the truest part of one, after all. No—we are not going to be naughty any more; we are going to earn that hateful Tony's money; we are going to take all the class honors,—just for fun, not because we care for such trifles,—and we are going home for the summer holidays in a blaze of glory!"

Edgar rose with a lighter heart in his breast than he had felt there for many a week. "Good night, Parson Polly," he said, rather formally,

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for he was too greatly touched to be able to command his tones; "add your prayers to your sermons, and perhaps you 'll bring the black sheep safely into the fold."

The quick tears rushed to Polly's eyes. She feared she had annoyed him by too much advice. "Oh, Edgar," she said, with a quivering lip, "I did n't mean to pose or to preach! You know how full of faults I am, and if I were a boy I should be worse! I was only trying to help a little, even if I am younger, and a girl! Don't—don't think I was setting myself up as better than you; that 's so mean and conceited and small!"

Suddenly Edgar's heart throbbed with a new feeling. He saw as in a vision the purity, fidelity, and tender yearning of a true woman's nature shining through a girl's eyes. In that moment he wished as never before to be manly and worthy. He seemed all at once to understand his mother, his sister, all women better, and with a quick impulsive gesture which he would not have understood a month before, he stooped over astonished Polly's hand, kissed it reverently without a word, then closed the door, and went to his room.

## Chapter XI.

### THE LADY IN BLACK.

"I 've had a little adventure," said Polly to her mother one afternoon. "I went out, for the sake of the ride, on the Sutter street cable-cars with Milly Foster. When we came to the end of the line, Milly walked down to Geary street to take her car home. I went with her to the corner, and as I was coming back I saw a lady in black alighting from an elegant carriage. She had a coachman and footman, both with weeds on their hats, and she seemed very sad and grave; but she had such a sweet, beautiful face that I was sorry for her the first moment I looked at her. She walked along in front of me toward the cemetery, and there we met those little boys that stand about the gate with bouquets. She glanced at the flowers as if she would like to buy some, but you know how hideous they always are,—every color of the rainbow crowded in tightly together,—and she looked away, dissatisfied. I don't know why she had n't brought some with her—she looked rich enough to buy a whole conservatory; perhaps she had n't expected to drive there. However, Milly Foster had given me a whole armful of beautiful flowers (you know she has a 'white garden'): there were white sweet peas, Lamarque roses, and three stalks of snowy Eucharist lilies. I need n't tell my own mother that I did n't stop to think twice; I just stepped up to her and said, 'I should like to give you my flowers, please. I don't need them, and I am sure they are just sweet and lovely enough for the place you want to lay them.'

"The tears came into her eyes,—she was just ready to cry at anything, you know,—and she took them at once, and said, squeezing my hand very tightly, 'I will take them, dear. The grave of my own (and my only) little girl lies far away from this,—the snow is falling on it to-day,—but whenever I cannot give the flowers to her, I always find the resting-places of other children, and lay them there. I know it makes her happy, for she was born on Christmas Day, and she was full of the Christmas spirit, always thinking of other people, never of herself.'

"She did look so pale, and sad, and sweet, that I began to think of you without your troublesome Polly, or your troublesome Polly without you; and she was pleased with the flowers, and glad that I understood, and willing to love anything that was a girl or that was young—oh! you know, Mamacita, and so I began to cry a little, too; and the first thing I knew I kissed her, which was most informal, if not positively impertinent. But she seemed to like it, for she kissed me back again, and I ran and jumped on the car, and here I am! You will have to eat your dinner without any flowers, madam, for you have a vulgarly strong, healthy daughter, and the poor lady in black has n't."

This was Polly's first impression of "the lady in black," and thus began an acquaintance which was destined before many months to play a very important part in Polly's fortunes and misfortunes.

What "the lady in black" thought of Polly, then and subsequently, was told at her own fireside, where she sat, some six weeks later,

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chatting over an after-dinner cup of coffee with her brother-in-law.

"Take the arm-chair, John," said Mrs. Bird; "for I have 'lots to tell you,' as the little folks say. I was in the Children's Hospital about five o'clock to-day. I have n't been there for three months, and I felt guilty about it. The matron asked me to go up-stairs into the children's sitting-room — the one Donald and I fitted up in memory of Carol. She said that a young lady was telling stories to the children, but that I might go right up and walk in. I opened the door softly,— though I don't think the children would have noticed if I had fired a cannon in their midst,— and stood there, spellbound by the loveliest, most touching scene I ever witnessed. The room has an open fire, and in a low chair, with the firelight shining on her face, sat that charming, impulsive girl who gave me the flowers at the cemetery — I told you about her. She was telling stories to the children. There were fifteen or twenty of them in the room,— all the semi-invalids and convalescents, I should think,— and they were gathered about her like flies round a saucer of honey. Every child that could was doing its best to get a bit of her dress to touch, or a finger of her hand to hold, or an inch of her chair to lean upon. They were the usual pale, weary-looking children, most of them with splints and weights and crutches, and through the folding-doors that opened into the next room I could see three more little things sitting up in their cots and drinking in every word with eagerness and transport.

"And I don't wonder. There is magic in that girl for sick or sorrowing people. I wish you could have seen and heard her. Her hair is full of warmth and color; her lips and cheeks are pink; her eyes are bright with health and mischief, and beaming with love, too; her smile is like sunshine, and her voice as glad as a wild bird's. I never saw a creature so alive and radiant, and I could feel that the weak little creatures drank in her strength and vigor, without depleting her, as flowers drink in the sunlight.

"As she stood up and made ready to go, she caught sight of me, and ejaculated, with the most astonished face: 'Why, it is my lady in black!' Then, with a blush, she added, 'Excuse me! I spoke without thinking — I always do. I have thought of you very often since I gave you the flowers; and as I did n't know your name, I have always called you my lady in black.'

"'I should be very glad to be your "lady" in any color,' I answered, 'and my other name is Mrs. Bird.' Then I asked her if she would not come and see me. She said, 'Yes, with pleasure,' and told me also that her mother was ill, and that she left her as little as possible; whereupon I offered to go and see her instead.

"Now, here endeth the first lesson, and here beginneth the second, viz., my new plan, on which I wish to ask your advice. You know that all the money Donald and I used to spend on Carol's nurses, physicians, and what not, we give away each Christmas Day in memory of her. It may be that we give it in monthly instalments, but we try to plan it and let people know about it on that day. I propose to create a new profession for talented young women who like to be helpful to others as well as to themselves. I propose to offer this little Miss Oliver, say, twenty-five dollars a month, if she will go regularly to the Children's Hospital and to the various orphan-asylums just before supper and just before bedtime, and sing and tell stories to the children for an hour. I want to ask her to give two hours a day only, going to each place once or twice a week; but of course she will need a good deal of time for preparation. If she accepts, I will see the managers of the various institutions, offer her services, and arrange for the hours. I am confident that they will receive my *protégé* with delight, and I am sure that I shall bring the good old art of story-telling into fashion again, through this gifted little girl. Now, John, what do you think?"

"I heartily approve, as usual. It is a novelty, but I cannot see why it 's not perfectly expedient, and I certainly can think of no other way in which a monthly expenditure of twenty-five dollars will carry so much genuine delight and comfort to so many different children. Carol would sing for joy if she could know of your plan."

"Perhaps she does know it," said Mrs. Bird, softly.

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And so it was settled.

Polly's joy and gratitude at Mrs. Bird's proposal baffles the powers of the narrator.

It was one of those things pleasant to behold, charming to imagine, but impossible to describe. After Mrs. Bird's carriage had been whirled away, she watched at the window for Edgar, and, when she saw him nearing the steps, did not wait for him to unlock the door, but opened it from the top of the stairs, and flew down them to the landing as lightly as a feather.

As for Edgar himself, he was coming up with unprecedented speed, and they nearly fell into each other's arms as they both exclaimed, in one breath, "Hurrah!" and, then, in another, "Who told you?"

"How did you know it?" asked Edgar. "Has Tom Mills been here?"

"What is anybody by the name of Mills to me in my present state of mind!" exclaimed Polly. "Have you some good news, too? If so, speak out quickly."

"Good news? I should think I had; what else were you hurrahing about? I 've won the scholarship, and I have a chance to earn some money! Tom Mills's eyes are in bad condition, and the oculist says he must wear blue goggles and not look at a book for two months. His father wrote to me to-day, and he asks if I would read over the day's lessons with him every afternoon or evening, so that he can keep up with the class; and said that if I would do him this great service he would be glad to pay me any reasonable sum. He 'ventured' to write me on Professor Hope's recommendation."

"Oh! Edgar, that is too, too good!" cried Polly, jumping up and down in delight. "Now hear my news. What do you suppose has happened?"

"Somebody has left you a million."

"No, no!" (scornfully) "My lady in black, Mrs. Donald Bird, has been here all the afternoon, and she offers me twenty-five dollars a month to give up the Baer cubs, and tell stories two hours a day in the orphan-asylums and the Children's Hospital! Just what I love to do! Just what I always longed to do! Just what I would do if I were a billionaire! Is n't it heavenly?"



POLLY READING IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

"Well, well! We are in luck, Polly! Hurrah! Fortune smiles at last on the Noble-Oliver household. Let 's have a jollification! Oh! I



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forgot. Tom Mills wants to come to dinner. Will you mind?"

"Let him come, goggles and all; we 'll have the lame and the halt as well as the blind if we happen to see any. Mama won't care. I told her we 'd have a feast to-night that should vie with any of the old Roman banquets! Here 's my purse; please go down on Polk street — ride both ways — and buy anything extravagant and unseasonable you can find. Get forced tomatoes; we 'll have 'chops and tomato sauce' à la Mrs. Bardell; order fried oysters in a browned loaf; get a quart of ice-cream, the most expensive variety they have, and a loaf of the richest cake in the bakery. Buy roses, or orchids, for the table, and give five cents to that dirty little boy on the corner there. In short, as Frank Stockton says, 'Let us so live while we are up that we shall forget we have ever been down!" and Polly plunged up-stairs to make a toilet worthy of the occasion.

The banquet was such a festive occasion that Yung Lee's Chinese reserve was sorely tried, and he giggled while waiting on the table.

Polly had donned a trailing black silk skirt of her mother's, with a white chuddah shawl for a court train, and a white lace waist to top it. Her hair was wound into a knot on the crown of her head and adorned with three long black ostrich feathers, which soared to a great height, and presented a most magnificent and queenly appearance.

Tom Mills, whose father was four times a millionaire, wondered why they never had such gay times at his home, and tried to fancy his sister Blanche sparkling and glowing and beaming over the prospect of earning twenty-five dollars a month.

Then, when bedtime came, Polly and her mother talked it all over in the dark.

"Oh, Mamacita, I am so happy! It 's such a lovely beginning, and I shall be so glad, so glad to do it! I hope Mrs. Bird did n't invent the plan for my good (for I have been frightfully shabby each time she has seen me), but she says she thinks of nothing but the children. Now we will have some pretty things, won't we? — and oh! do you think, not just now, but some time in the distant centuries, I can have a string of gold beads?"

"I do, indeed," sighed Mrs. Oliver. "You are certainly in no danger of being spoiled by luxury in your youth, my poor little Pollikins; but you will get all these things some time, I feel sure, if they are good for you, and if they belong to you. You remember the lines I read the other day:

> "Hast not thy share? On wingèd feet,
> Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
> And all that Nature made thy own,
> Floating in air or pent in stone,
> Will rive the hills and swim the sea
> And, like thy shadow, follow thee."

"Yes," said Polly, contentedly; "I am satisfied. My share of the world's work is rushing to meet me. To-night I could just say with Sarah Jewett's Country Doctor, 'My God, I thank Thee for my future.'"

*(To be continued.)*

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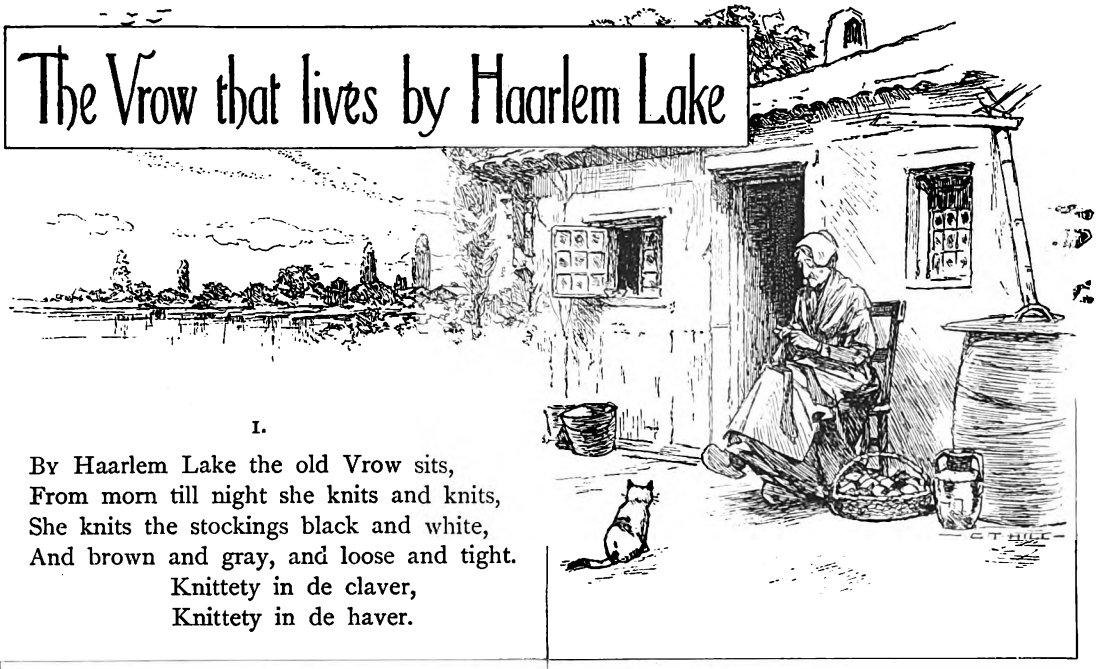
## THE CONJURER.

By Julie M. Lippmann.

Into the world from far away
Where the year is always tuned to May
And the wind sounds soft as a lark aloft,
A conjurer came once on a day.
Many a mystic spell he knew
Wherewith to turn gray skies to blue;
To make dull hours grow bright as flowers,
And tasks that are old turn light as new.
A touch of his magic wand, and lo!
From empty hands sweet favors flow,
And pleasures bloom in lives of gloom
Where naught but sorrow seemed to grow.
Out of the stormy sky above
He brings white Peace, like a heavenly dove.
His might is sure and his art is pure,
And his name — the conjurer's name — is Love.

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# The Vrow that lives by Haarlem Lake



I.

By Haarlem Lake the old Vrow sits,
From morn till night she knits and knits,
She knits the stockings black and white,
And brown and gray, and loose and tight.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



II.

She never stops to eat or sleep,
She knits the wool all off the sheep,
She knits the yarn all out of shops,
She knits and knits, and never stops.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.

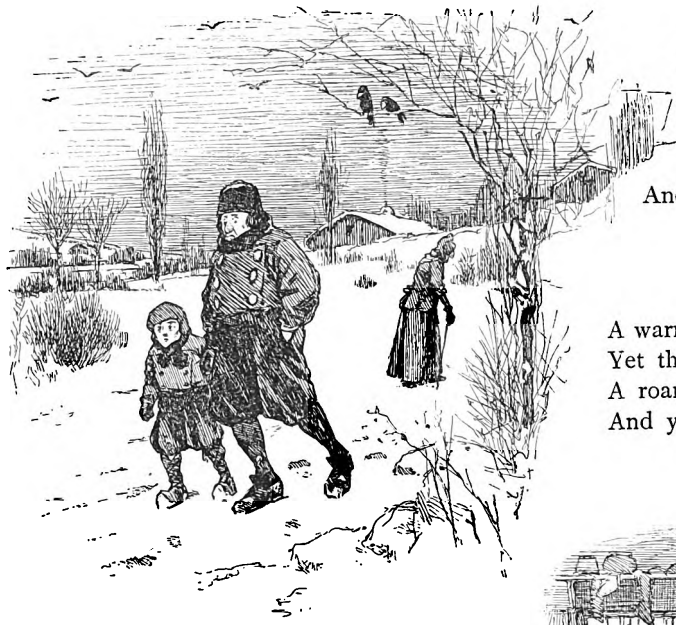


III.

And when the sun sets every day,
She packs the stockings safe away;
On every shelf and every board
By hundreds are the stockings stored.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.

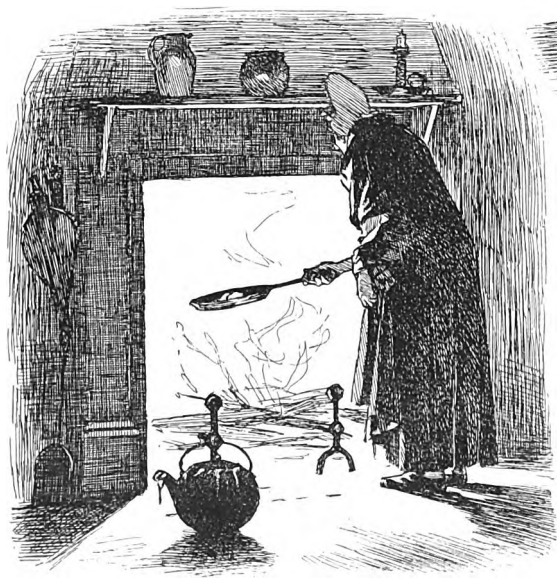


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IV.

With tearless eyes the old Vrow sees
The winter come and the people freeze;
In all the country, miles around,
There 's not a stocking to be found.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



V.

A beggar-child came to her door,
The child no shoes nor stockings wore;
But the Vrow, she turned the child away,—
And began to shiver from that day.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.

VI.

A warm cloak roùnd her she does fold,
Yet the old Vrow is always cold;
A roaring fire of logs she makes,
And yet she shivers and she shakes.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



VII.

The stubborn kettle mocked her toil;
The water froze and would not boil;
Within the pan the sausage nice
Turned to a solid lump of ice.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.

VIII.

She shook with cold, there by herself,
Till she shook the tea-cups from the shelf;
She shook the garments from the pegs,
She shook the tables off their legs.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.

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IX.

Then the old Vrow from the door did call,
"Come here! Come here! good people all!"
And all came trooping through the snows,
And she gave them stockings for their toes.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.



X.

And still she knits from morn till night,
And gives her stockings left and right;
The people call her "The good old Vrow,"
And she 's always warm and happy now.
Knittety in de claver,
Knittety in de haver.

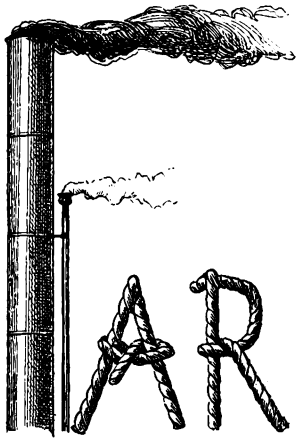





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# RAILWAY SPEED AT SEA.

By J. O. Davidson.



Far back in the year 1834, Captain John Ericsson, whom we all remember as the builder of the first ironclad "Monitor," applied for a patent on a screw propeller to be used in driving ships through the water. Ten years later the secretary of the British Admiralty persuaded that body to make a trial of the new machine in the frigate "Arrogant."

The device was a success. The frigate went faster than others of her size using sails alone; she could move about in the water when there was no wind, and when other ships were motionless or at anchor; and although her speed, even with the wind, was but little increased, and the sailors growled at having the ship's hold filled up with "tea-kettles and b'ilers," they had to admit that she was safer in a gale, and could go better than before. Popular feeling was against the propeller, however, and it was not until 1852 that it was placed in the larger ships of war.

All great inventions have to fight their way, and this was no exception. It gradually came into use among merchant ships, and when the naval authorities saw its advantages most of the opposition ceased, and they decided to try it in the greatest ship they had. The "Windsor Castle" had just been completed at the Royal Dockyard, Pembroke. She was 255 feet long, 60 feet wide, and had three tiers of port-holes, —room for 120 guns. She was the result of years of labor, and was then the greatest war-ship in the world.

It seemed a pity to desecrate this noble craft by loads of coal, tons of oily machinery, hot boilers, and a company of "greasy engineers," but it would never do to have England's greatest war-ship lacking in anything that could give her greater speed and strength. Therefore it was decided to cut the vessel in two, and lengthen her so as to accommodate the machinery. She was sawed directly through amidships, the stern was pushed back twenty-three feet, and the gap built up solid with the rest of the ship. When she was launched the machinery was put in. Complete, she was 278 feet long, and carried 20 more guns.

In making a report of this great ship to the French Navy, Lieutenant Labrousse urged the French also to adopt the propeller, and wrote that "the use of the screw as a means of propulsion is far from diminishing a ship's sailing qualities. It is, on the contrary, *capable of adding* to the certainties of navigation."

In 1859 we find the "Great Eastern" using the propeller, but only as an aid to her paddle-wheels. In fact, for many years thereafter, all the ocean steamers used paddles only. The war-ships alone continued to experiment with the propellers.

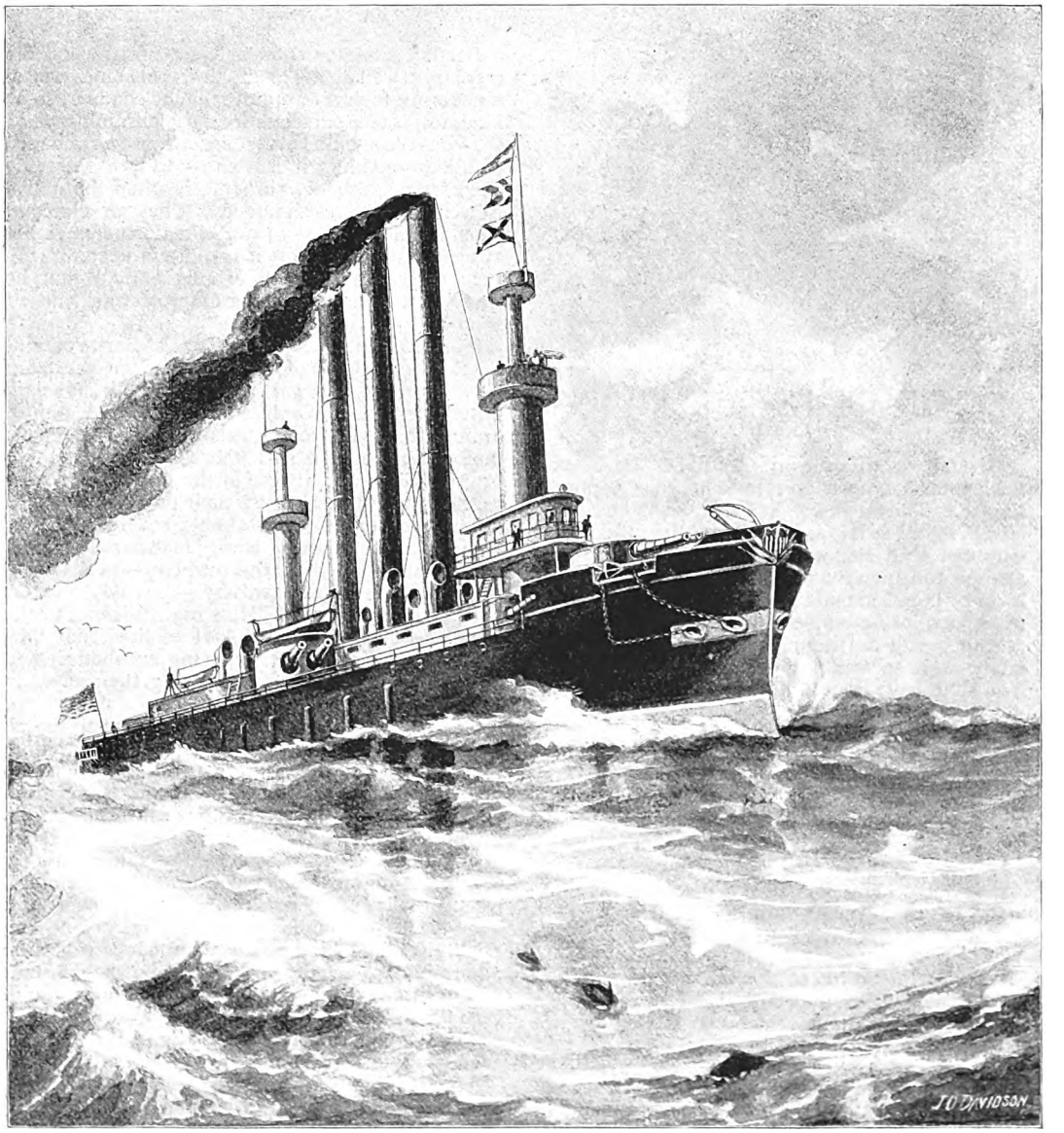
Now, however, everything has changed in favor of the screw, and, except some light river-boats drawing little water, all steamers are run by propellers. Boats were soon built with propellers under the keel, then others used two, one on either side of the keel, and now three are being successfully operated.

Then came the days of "forced draft," when the fire-rooms were closed up tight, and air was pumped in to go roaring up through the chimneys after fanning the fires into greater heat. The engines worked faster, and the ship's speed was increased; but the increase soon reached a limit, for the boiler-room became so hot that the poor firemen could not stay at their posts for more than fifteen minutes at a time. One hundred and sixty-five degrees was



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the awful heat they had to work in recently on the fast United States ship "Concord." The men fainted in front of the furnaces, and others were hard to hire. What was to be done? dred feet high. These have the same effect as the tall factory chimneys on land. The firemen do not find this natural draft so oppressive, and these smoke-stacks give a steam power that



THE NEW SHIP OF WAR "BROOKLYN," WITH SMOKE-STACKS ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH.

The limit of speed for ships seemed to be reached, while more speed was wanted.

Commodore George W. Melville, of the United States Navy, has solved the puzzle by designing a ship with smoke-stacks one hun- sends the great ship, with spinning screws, at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour. And, even at this railway speed, she will use so little coal that she can run 24,000 miles, or almost around the world, without renewing her supply.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD DAY to you, my friends! The heart of the winter is yours, and Jack at your honorable service. The crisp, bright earth, when one knows it well, is still as fair as in any month of the twelve. One can read the writing of the bare branches against the blue; and this clear, ringing, sport-loving winter air makes me glad that a ST. NICHOLAS Jack-in-the-pulpit may be alert in all seasons.

And here I am reminded of an odd fancy that lately came to this pulpit from Adalena F. Dyer. You shall have it straightway. The lady calls it

### WHEN JACK FROST PLUCKS HIS GEESE.

JACK FROST is plucking geese to-day;
The snowy feathers everywhere,
Like white doves, take their silent way
Down through the frosty air.

They light on roof and fence-top brown,
They cling to naked trunk and bough,
They hide 'neath coverlets of down
The hilltop's blighted brow.

They linger where the flowers sleep
In dells by north winds never stirred;
They build in forest coverts deep
Warm homes for beast and bird.

When Jack Frost plucks his downy geese,
The children watch with noisy mirth,
To see the soft, white drifts increase,
And hide the faded earth.

Young blood is strong and mocks at cold,
And snow is just as warm as fleece
To boys and girls who revel hold,
When Jack is plucking geese.

THIS is very pretty, good poet, and as it should be. Jack Frost may pluck his geese in his own airy fashion with never a word of reproof from this pulpit, you may be sure.

Now you shall hear my friend, Meredith Nugent discourse upon one of the bright doings of that bulky, brave and burly fellow—the Elephant:

### AN ELEPHANT'S SUNSHADE.

ON hot summer days in New York, when the mercury is well up in the nineties, it becomes almost a necessity to carry an umbrella, or shade of some kind, to protect ourselves from the burning rays of the sun. We should hardly expect, however, a native of India—residing in this city—to have the same need for a sunshade, particularly when the native is a huge Indian elephant. That an elephant should feel the heat in our climate seems rather absurd, but as he does, it is quite in keeping with the general intelligence of this animal that he should invent some means of protecting himself from it.

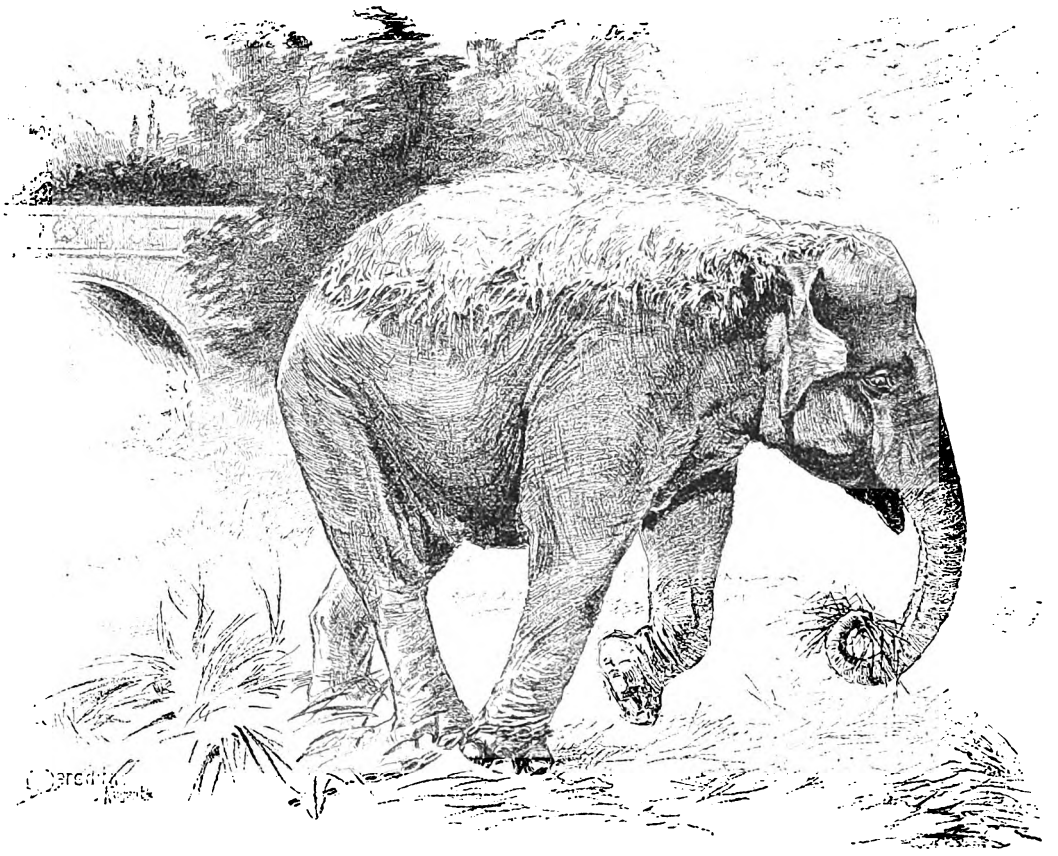
The elephant inclosure in Central Park contains no trees nor shade of any kind, and on those hot days when the heat is almost unbearable, it seems hotter there than any place in New York. Grouped around the inclosure are usually scores of persons, many with sunshades and umbrellas, intently watching the elephants. Some of the huge animals are carefully tossing hay upon their own backs, whilst others, whose backs are almost covered, may be seen peacefully resting. Newly mown grass is what the elephant prefers for this purpose,—perhaps because it feels cooler than hay,—but hay answers the purpose very well. How many visitors to the park on these warm days have realized that they were not the only ones carrying sunshades, and that the elephants were protecting themselves in like fashion!

The fact that elephants never attempt to thatch their backs with hay during the winter, although the same opportunities for doing so exist, seems to prove that they use the hay as a protection from heat. They may sportively throw a little hay about, but nothing more. However, in fly-time, there are good and sufficient reasons for the animals adopting the same means of defense again; therefore, when the flies are fierce, the elephants cover their huge backs as on hot summer days. One can readily see that in this way their backs would be admirably protected from flies, while the constant tossing of hay so that it falls all over the body would, for a while, keep the annoying insects at bay. The elephants will keep the flies away in this manner even when under cover.

That elephants should be troubled by flies seems almost as odd as that they should feel the sun of our climate. Their powerful bodies are covered with a skin that one would think would be proof against all flies, but in spite of the elephant's ruggedness, he is a most sensitive creature. In his native country, when carrying travelers, he will sometimes stop by the roadside, select a leafy switch about five feet long, and keep the flies at bay by flapping his great body with it.

In their wild state, I suppose, elephants go out in the sun but very little; the natural histories

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THE ELEPHANT PROTECTS HIS BACK IN HOT WEATHER.

speak of their going to the pools at night to quench thirst and to enjoy a frolic in the water. In the daytime they usually are found beneath the friendly shade of a grove of trees. Of course, with this natural shade there would be no necessity for them to protect themselves from the sun by artificial means, and the fact that they thatch their backs in Central Park to shield them is only another proof of the wonderful intelligence which these animals always exhibit.

### THE ANT AS AN ENGINEER.

NOW comes another curious story—a true story, showing the ingenuity and skill of the little ants that, I am told, often find their way into home-pantries, and vex the souls of housekeepers. The author, Lutie E. Deane, for reasons of her own, tells this bit of natural history in verse; and so in verse you shall hear it:

THE pastry was delicious, and I wanted it myself,
So I put it in the pantry on the very lowest shelf;
And to keep it from the insects, those ants so red and small,
I made a river round it of molasses, best of all.

But the enemy approached it, all as hungry as could be,
And the captain with his aide-de-camp just skirmished round to see
Whether they could ford this river, or should try some other plan,
And together with his comrades he around the liquid ran.

To his joy and satisfaction, after traveling around,
The place where the molasses was the *narrowest* he found;
Then again he reconnoitered, rushing forward and then back,
Till he spied some loosened plaster in the wall around a tack.

He divided then his forces, with a foreman for each squad,
And he marshaled the whole army and before him each ant trod.
His directions all were given; to his chiefs he gave a call;
While he headed the procession as they marched off up the wall.

Every ant then seized his plaster, just a speck and nothing more,
And he climbed and tugged and carried till he 'd brought it to the shore;
Then they built their bridge, just working for an hour by the sky,
After which they all marched over and all fell to eating pie.

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# The Cruise of the Elves



By Felix Leigh.

Three elves sailed forth on a flake of snow,
And a great wind soon began to blow.
"We must take in sail at once," said they,
"With a yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay!"



Then they looked about them, fore and aft,
But they found no sail on their snowflake craft.
"We must port our helm instead," said they,
"With a yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay!"

But, alas, there was n't a helm to shift,
So they ran aground on a big snowdrift.
"This *is n't* bad seamanship," said they,
"With a yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay!"

"You can't reef sails that you have n't got,
Or port your helm where a helm is not;
But we know what *should* be done," said they,
"With a yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay!"

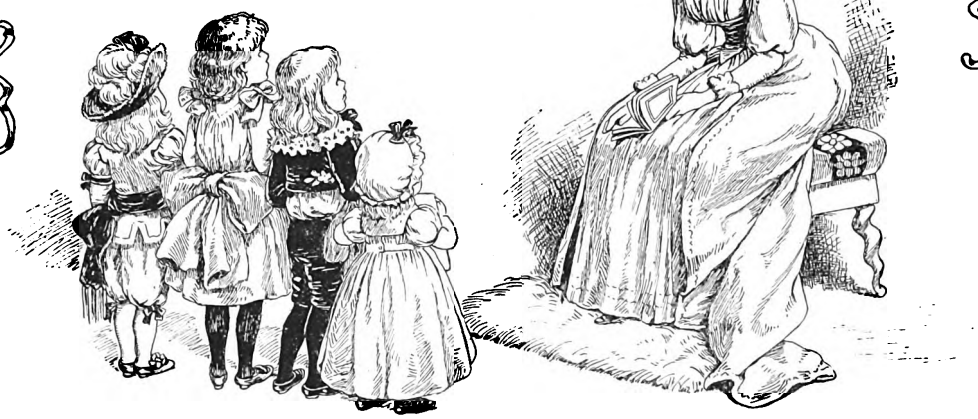
To Elftown straight from that spot they sped,
And they paced the streets with a naval tread.
"'T was a most successful cruise," said they,
"With our yeo, heave ho!—heave ho, belay,"



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# Valentine Verses

By D.J.B.





Bessie:

Four little children coming in a line
To bring their Mother a Valentine.

Norman:

Of all the pretty girls, far and near,
The prettiest is my Mama dear!



De Forest:

The proudest Knight in all the land
Bows low to kiss his Mother's hand



Doris

The rose is red, the violet's blue.
Sugar's sweet, and so are you!





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# EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE frontispiece to this number of ST. NICHOLAS shows a very remarkable occurrence — one that is perhaps without a parallel in all history. During the invasion of Holland by the army of the first French Republic, in 1794, word was brought to the invaders that some of the Dutch ships were ice-bound in the Zuyder Zee, and that the ice was thick enough to bear horsemen. The French Hussars were at once sent galloping over the ice, and succeeded in capturing the Dutch men-of-war — probably the only case where horsemen have captured an enemy's fleet at sea.

ANOTHER picture, that on page 296, is especially interesting because it is taken from an actual photograph of two snake-charmers and their cobras. ST. NICHOLAS will give in an early number a paper by Mr. G. P. O'Reilly, explaining how some of the Eastern snake-charmers perform their feats.

TWO of the illustrations to the article "Battling under Water" show instances of torpedo warfare, during our Civil War,— the destruction of the "Tecumseh," which led the fleet when Admiral Farragut passed the forts at Mobile Bay, as described in a striking paper published in *The Century* for June, 1881; and the sinking of the Confederate ram "Albemarle," while anchored in the Roanoke River, N. C. Of this exploit Captain Warley, commander of the Albemarle, declared, "A more gallant thing was not done during the war." In *The Century* for July, 1888, Lieutenant Cushing, who destroyed the ram, has told the thrilling story of his expedition.

A letter from the author of the article on submarine boats, received since that article was put into type, gives some later information. He writes:

The "Gymnote" has proved her superiority by severe trials in the harbor of Toulon, and the "Zede," a new boat now nearly complete, will be an even better boat of the same general kind. The "Peral" has lately failed to meet the requirements of a commission of Spanish naval experts. An experimental boat has been designed and built by Naval Constructor Pullini, of Italy; it is of one hundred tons burden, driven by an electric motor, carries four men, and can remain under water for five hours. Other details and its actual merits are not yet known. Mr. George C. Baker, of Chicago, has built and tried a new boat, that has a wooden, walnut-shaped hull, is of seventy-five tons burden, driven by steam when on the surface and by electricity when submerged. Her side-screws not only propel the boat but regulate her sinking. Her trial was on the Detroit River, May 24, 1892, in the presence of the Chief of the Navy Bureau of Ordnance and other Government experts. With a crew of two men, and supplied with only natural air, she remained under water for 1 hour and 45 minutes. She kept on an even keel, rose and descended repeatedly, and was completely in control of her pilot. She is regarded as a very promising boat — next to the Gymnote and Zede. Mr. Baker had no knowledge of the subject till attracted to it by magazine and periodical articles two or three years ago, and yet he has now succeeded in making the second-best boat.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for thirteen years, and I don't believe we have missed one number. First you were taken for my eldest sister, and as she grew older there were the rest of us to read you. There are six children,— four girls and two boys,— so you see we have a nice big family. One of my sisters is at Smith's College, and we often have long and interesting letters from her.

My father is stationed at a naval hospital near Mt. Desert, Maine, where we go every summer. Papa is the surgeon, and as there are no patients, we have a good deal of fun. We play tennis, croquet, and go rowing, but what we like most is sailing. One day we went quite far out to sea. The waves were high, and the bow of the sloop went under water. My brother and one of his friends were standing near the bow. A big wave came, and the sailor, seeing it, turned the sloop in such a way that they got a good ducking. I guess they felt rather wet. Anyhow, the water just dripped off them as if they had jumped overboard.

I remain your loving reader,

MARY W. H——.

MT. ST. JOSEPH, CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our class have had most of your letters and short stories for dictation, and we have never yet seen a letter from Chestnut Hill, so we have each to write one for our composition this week. The best ones are going to be sent; mine is going first, and I hope it will not be the last.

We have been taking you ever since there was such a magazine as ST. NICHOLAS, and we shall never stop taking you, for you are so interesting. We have many bound volumes of you in the library, and happy is the one whose turn it is to read one of these.

I am twelve years old, and have been going to boarding-school — Mt. Joseph's, on the Wissahickon — for three years; I am very happy here. I am in "Junior B," and we have nine in the class. We are a very happy party of girls when at play, and very studious in study-time; our time is divided into periods of three-quarters of an hour. We rise very early, and retire generally at about half-past eight; the children of the Elementary Department go to the "Land of Shut-eye" at about half-past seven. On Saturdays we take long walks; on Sundays we write our letters.



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After supper we are always free for about an hour and a half, and during that time we dance, play some games, or, if we are tired, a Sister reads us a story from your magazine.

Recreation days are the glorious times, for then we are free all day long; on those golden days a party of us get together, play ball, lawn-tennis, or whatever we have arranged to do. For weeks previous we have our program made out. In the evenings of those free days we usually dress up in costume.

I remain your interested reader, SYBIL G——.

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CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I will write you something about the celebrated Thousand Islands, near which we live, and let some boys and girls know something about the beauties of our Canadian scenery.

Part of the great St. Lawrence River is covered with islands of all sizes. On some of these islands there are built beautiful summer residences, which are occupied through the summer months by families from all over Canada and the United States.

Last summer there was a government auction of the islands, and purchasers were obliged, within two years, to have a residence built on their island costing not less than one thousand dollars. Some of these islands are owned by very distinguished personages.

The finest of all the islands is the Thousand Island Park, on which is built a hotel where there are many Americans. Two summers ago it was burned, but it has since been rebuilt.

You are sent to us by a kind lady, who has sent you for five years.

Wishing you every success, and a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year, I am your loving admirer, H. M. F——.

---

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about some ivy. It is a true story.

About Christmas-time, last year, I saw it peeping through the ventilation hole, which is under the fireplace. I wanted to keep it a secret, so I did not tell any one. About six months afterward my sister called our attention to it; the rest were very surprised, but of course I was not, as I had seen it before. The ventilation hole connects with outdoors, where there is some ivy growing. It had a hard time growing outside, so one branch came through. It shows that life can go into darkness and come out as fresh as ever.

I remain your devoted reader, ETHEL G——.

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ATHENS, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl thirteen years old. I go to Sapelo Island, on the coast of Georgia, every summer, to visit my grandpa. I have a lovely time there; all of my cousins come too.

I learned to swim there. We go in bathing every day.

Once last summer we went out on a pilot-boat, and we met a tug-boat bringing in a schooner.

The last time you came was my birthday, and I read you all day. Your little reader, SUSIE B——.

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FRANKLIN, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. Last winter my papa and mama took me to Cuba, and I thought I would tell you about it.

At Port Tampa, Florida, we took a steamer for Cuba. It was a beautiful boat, called the "Olivette."

The steamer left the wharf at night. All the next day we were on the water. That night the boat reached Key West, anchored there about two hours, and the next morning, at daybreak, entered the harbor of Havana, but we could not go up to the wharf, for ours was an American boat, so we anchored near the dock.

Presently a great many little boats came flocking around us; they were very small, and had a framework over the seats with a piece of canvas stretched over it.

We took a boat and went ashore. When we got there, we entered a hack and rode to the hotel. Such queer sights as we saw — so many uniformed soldiers, and little mules with bright red tassels on their harness.

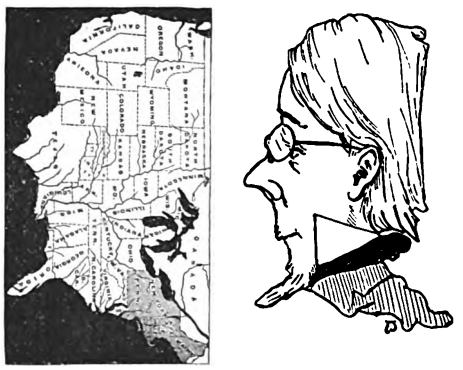
Every morning before breakfast we went out on the balconies and watched guard-mounting, and after breakfast we went to market. I thought it was the queerest of all.

They bring the things to market by placing immense panniers made of straw on the horse's back, and loading them down with sugar-cane, and potatoes, and oranges and bananas, and a great many other things.

We stayed in Cuba ten days, and then went back to Port Tampa. It was a novel and pleasant experience.

Yours sincerely, AGNES M. R——.

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF "UNCLE SAM."

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MATTAPOISETT, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS I am a little girl, seven years old.

I had four allegateors sent me from florida. Three have died from a disese, my uncle calles it dispeptia, the other one seems to miss them but still eats. My uncle says he weeps crocodile tears, but aint he funny. I hope you will print my letter as I want to surprise uncle Georgy.

Please excuse my spelling.

Your ever reader FLOSSIE H——.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read so many letters from your readers that I thought you could find a little room for my letter.

I have traveled all over Europe; I have also been South and West. When I was at Bremen I went to a fair, which is given every year. It is usually given the last of October.

Bremen is not a very large town; it has few streets.

There is one street which is very wide, and it runs through a small park. This street goes to another street where all the shops are.

Near this street is an open square, where there is a large circus. This circus is not like the ones in America. It is in a large wooden house. Inside it is very pretty; the seats are more like the ones in an opera-house.

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There is only one ring in the middle, and only one thing at a time is going on. Next to the circus is a merry-go-round, and other amusements. The streets during the fair are crowded. On both sides of the streets are stands or counters with covers. The best time to see the fair is by night, when the streets are lighted.

I am sincerely yours, ANITA LENORE H——.

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JOHNSTOWN, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The story "Two Girls and a Boy" has interested me a great deal because my past summer's experience is so similar to Mildred's.

Though I did n't come from Washington and did n't go to California, I came from Hartford, Connecticut, to Wyoming; and I know just how Mildred felt when she was on the trains, and when she crossed the Missouri River.

When we reached the end of our railroad journey, Papa met us with the same kind of a wagon that Mildred rode to her cousin's ranch in.

Don't you think it is very queer that the ranch we are on is called the "Sweet Water" ranch too?

We had to ride sixty-five miles in a wagon, while Mildred only had to ride thirty.

My brother and I can ride horseback pretty well. We each have a pony.

I am eleven years old.

From a reader who looks forward to you every month.

KATHARINE G. C——.

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FORT SAM, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think maybe your readers might be interested in how my sister Marion and myself were in quarantine this summer. We went north and passed a very pleasant summer in the Catskills and other places, and we returned home during the cholera scare in September, on the S. S. "Comal," with our friend Captain R——, with whom we had sailed four times before. We had a very pleasant time on board, and the captain was very kind to us.

When we were going out of New York harbor, we passed the cholera ships and looked at them with great curiosity, wondering how it would seem to be quarantined, not dreaming that we ourselves might be. When we reached Galveston Bay we were told by the pilot we were to be quarantined five days. We were very much surprised, and wondered how we should pass the time; but, oh! it passed too quickly. We had great fun riding backward and forward on the tug, the "Hygeia," which took the things from the ship to the island on which the fumigator was. There we bathed and fished, and I never enjoyed anything more. The quarantine doctor, Dr. B——, was very kind to us, and he and the captain did everything in their power for us. When the end came we were very, very sorry indeed, and we then returned home.

Of course we were glad to get home, and I found a safety bicycle awaiting my arrival. It was a present from papa. We each have a pony, and both of them are white, and we enjoy riding them very much.

Your sincere reader, ALICE WHITE B——.

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NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you of the lovely times I have in the country. Our country residence is in the eastern part of New York State, nine miles' drive from Schenectady. When I am there I ride horseback and drive. I was also in Dorchester, Mass., in the summer. One day we went to Salem and saw many historical things. One was a church that was built in 1629; the beams are the same old ones, but the siding is new. In Essex Institute we saw the lock from the door of the room in which the Declaration of Independence was written, the mittens and shirt that Governor Bradford was baptized in, the carving-knife and fork that Napoleon Bonaparte used at St. Helena, a piece of the chair Penn sat in when he made the treaty with the Indians, and two bottles of the tea that was thrown overboard at the Boston tea-party,—it was found in the shoes of Lot Cheever after removing his disguise,—and many other things. I am your constant reader, "PEGGY."

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## THE "DEESTRICK SKULE."

BY ANNA MARLATT PIERCE (TEN YEARS OLD).

WE go every day
To a little school,
Where the teacher is strict
If you break a rule.

And the scholars are fond
Of their studies and books,
And don't get from the teacher
Many bad looks.

But sometimes the boys
Have to go in a corner,
Where they can't have a plum,
Like "little Jack Horner."

And some are kept in
If they break a rule,
And they don't like *that* part
Of the "Deestrick Skule."

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BIRMINGHAM, CT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you what happened last night. We live on a farm and have several horses. There is a wood-house attached to the house. My bedroom is in the corner of the house nearest the wood-house, and last night I heard a good deal of noise in the wood-house; it sounded like a horse stamping. Papa went down into the shed, and there, in the dark, was one of our oldest horses eating apples out of a bag.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS a long time, ever since 1880, and I like it very much.

Your loving reader, OWEN S——.

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WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Nora K., Frank S. C., C. H. B., Edmund O., I. L. J. M., Phyllis W., Charlie A., E. E. M., L. M. V., Maude M., Claire Van G., Madelaine and Juliette F., Elsie C. C., Neely T., Nathan A., Robert W. M., Daisy R., E. M. B., Marguerite and Nona S., Margaret D. R., Edward B. S., Margaret H., Edith and Stuart H., L. B., E. B., Muriel W. C., Estelle S. de G., Diana H., Louise M. W., Adelaide, Louise P., Rhéa E., Gertrude H., Mabel B., Flora C. and Grace B., Theresa B., Sarah L., E. G. M., Elizabeth H. M., B. D. M. and G. S. R., Charles G. N. Jr., George R. DeB., Harriet C. T., J. J. La F., Edwin B., Agnes B., Joseph K. A., Alice McA., Ethel C., Marie O., Sara L. H., N. and S., Olga B., Vida L., Edna I. D., Muriel A. B., Hazel S., Gay R. T., T. L., A. B. D., M. A. G. and A. C. H., Ellen J., Hazel L. E., Evan T. S.

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# THE RIDDLE-BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, D; finals, opposite. Cross-words: 1. Dido. 2. Deep. 3. Drop. 4. Dodo. 5. Dais. 6. Demi. 7. Dint. 8. Dime.

WORD-BUILDING. E, Ed, den, rend, trend, tender, tenders, resident, president.

PENTAGONS. Counter-charmed. I. 1. C. 2. Boa. 3. Bouts. 4. Counter. 5. Attire. 6. Serge. 7. Reel. II. 1. C. 2. She. 3. Shard. 4. Charmed. 5. Ermine. 6. Dents. 7. Desk.

ZIGZAG. "Mantuan Swan." Cross-words: 1. Mob. 2. Car. 3. Bin. 4. Ate. 5. Una. 6. Sap. 7. Ban. 8. Ask. 9. Wan. 10. Tan. 11. Fun.

SYNCOPATIONS. Murillo. 1. Chamois, mosaic. 2. Premium, umpire. 3. Correct, rector. 4. Diction, indict. 5. Elegant, legate. 6. Glisten, legist. 7. Inroads, ordain.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS. Hens, lens, legs, logs, cogs, cows, cowl, coil, coin, coon, coop.

CONCEALED WORDS. "Toys" and "candy."

HOLLOW STAR. From 1 to 2, cantata; 1 to 3, crabbed; 2 to 3, aground; 4 to 5, canvass; 4 to 6, charred; 5 to 6, subdued.

PI.

I hear you, blithe new year, ring out your laughter
And promises so sweet:
I see the circling months that follow after,
Arm-linked, with waltzing feet.
Before my door I stand to give you greeting,
As swift you speed along,
And hear afar the echoes still repeating
Your trills of jocund song.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Idaho. 2. Droop. 3. Aorta 4. Hotel. 5. Opals. II. 1. Rollo. 2. Ocean. 3. Leaps. 4. Lapse. 5. Onset. III. 1. Solar. 2. Osage. 3. Laden. 4. Agent. 5. Rents. IV. 1. Taper. 2. Amice. 3. Pills. 4. Eclat. 5. Rests.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Josephine Sherwood — L. O. E. — Maude E. Palmer — Paul Reese — "Guion Line and Acme Slate Co." — "The McG's" — Chester B. Sumner — Mama and Jamie — E. M. G. — Uncle Mung — "The Peterkins" — Helen C. McCleary — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — Jo and I — "The Wise Five minus Jim" — "Infantry" — "Hector and Rhipeus" — "Cranston and Doctor" — Ida C. Thallon — Blanche and Fred — Ida and Alice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Minnie and Lizzie, 1 — Elaine S., 1 — Carrie Chester, 1 — Grace Isabel Shirley, 1 — S. A. Gardner, 1 — C. Wagner, 1 — Alice V. Farquhar, 3 — Mama and Clara, 2 — "Stars and Stripes," 1 — Etta and Agnes Sonntag, 1 — E. S. Bauer, 1 — H. M. Landgraff, 1 — D. Neville Smith, 1 — F. E. and A. T. R., 1 — Nannie L., 1 — "Mama and Sadie," 4 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Melville Hunnewell, 5 — Hubert L. Bingay, 7 — Laura M. Zinser, 7 — Jessie Chapman, 10 — D. F. Hereford, 8 — Nellie Archer, 3 — Bessie R. Crocker, 5 — Gwendolen Reid, 6 — Louise L. Hubbard, 2 — Harriet L. Rose, 1 — Elizabeth C. Grant, 3 — Lillian Davis, 1 — "Number Thirteen," 2 — Rosalie Bloomingdale, 9 — "May and '79," 4 — "We Girls," 8 — "Wareham," 10 — Mama and Marion, 3.

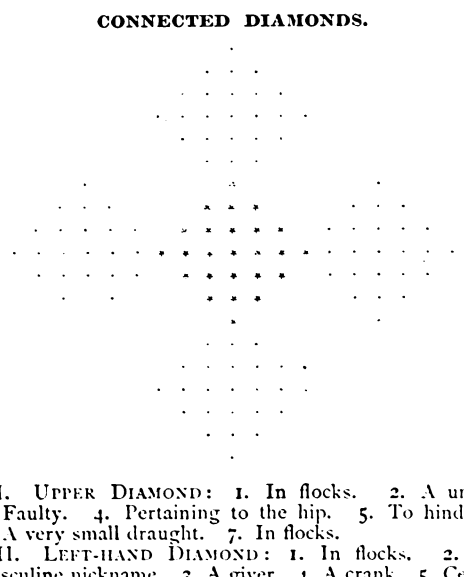
### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals name the same hero.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A famous soldier. 2. A river flowing into the Atlantic Ocean. 3. The state of a poet. 4. A musical term meaning "indispensable." 5. The quantity sufficient to fill a ladle. 6. To relax or weaken. 7. A Scripture narrative set to music. 8. A famous Corsican.

"SCÆVOLA."

### CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A unit. 3. Faulty. 4. Pertaining to the hip. 5. To hinder. 6. A very small draught. 7. In flocks.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A giver. 4. A crank. 5. Celebrated. 6. Disencumber. 7. In flocks.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A state of equality. 3. Popish. 4. A large letter. 5. Classed. 6. A youth. 7. In flocks.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A rug. 3. A slimy substance. 4. Pithy. 5. A musical adjuster. 6. A title. 7. In flocks.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In flocks. 2. A vehicle. 3. To provide food. 4. Pertaining to the sides. 5. A small fruit. 6. A line of light. 7. In flocks.

H.

### DIAMOND.

1. IN singer. 2. A number. 3. Modifies. 4. A book of the Old Testament. 5. Collections of boxes. 6. A familiar abbreviation. 7. In singer.

M. S. HUTTON.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and nine letters, and am a saying of Beau Brummel's.

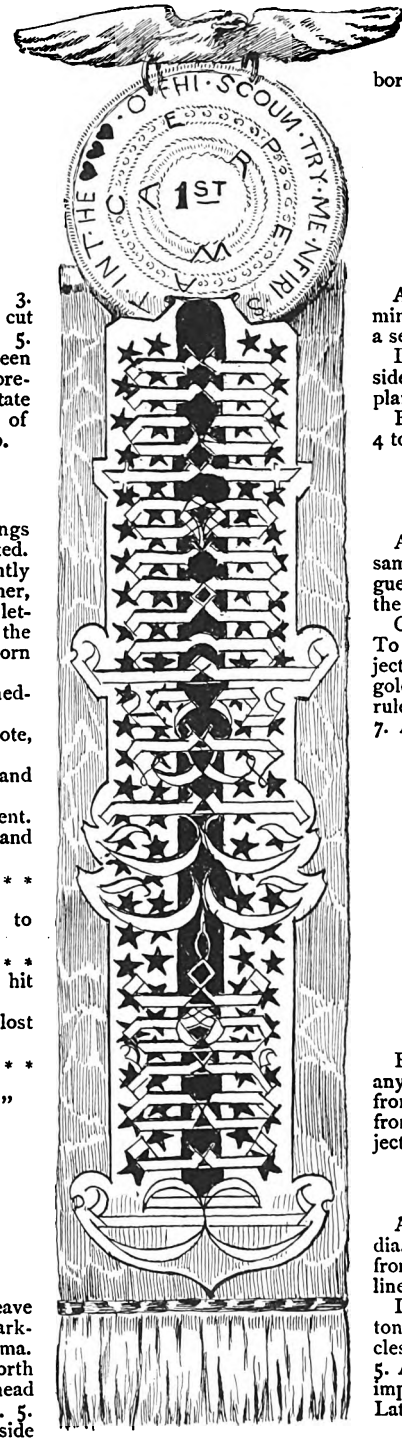
My 43-62-94 is to entreat. My 80-70-55-13 is twelve months. My 48-21-40-89-5-108-29 is an apparition. My 58-99-45-84-16 is a hard, black wood. My 37-82-104-19-11 is very particular. My 27-65-74-33-92-70 is ordinary quartz. My 87-2-22-60-63 is a sea-duck. My 17-24-34-8 is gaunt. My 67-96-72-15-78 is a passage into which the pews of a church open. My 1-52-3-105-69-6-98-109 is one whose pursuits are those of civil life. My 90-30-57-102 is a strong broth. My 32-107-59-20-9 is a king of Tyre, mentioned in the second book of Samuel. My 26-86-36-41 is the "Buckeye State." My 56-14-101 is suitable. My 88-83-64-38-47 is the smallest liquid measure. My 77-4-93-42-81 is the greenlet. My 49-100-18-35-71-44-25-75 is grace. My 79-54-10-95-103-51 is obscurity. My 7-12-23-28-31-39-46-50-53-61-66-68-73-85-91-97-106 are all the same consonant.



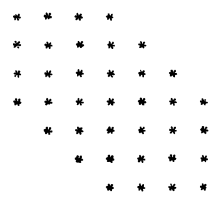
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### ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

FIND in the accompanying badge the name of a famous American, and a quotation from a eulogy upon him. J. C. B.




### A HEXAGON.



1. A soft mineral. 2. Watchful. 3. Residents. 4. Having the margin cut into rounded notches or scallops. 5. Followed by some mark that had been left by a person or thing that had preceded. 6. A spirited horse for state or war. 7. A mythological book of the old Scandinavian tribes. C. D.

### PROVERB PUZZLE.

IN each of the ten following sayings a word of five letters is omitted. When these ten words are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous poet, who was born in February, 1807.

1. Idle * * * * * are always meddling.
2. A bird is * * * * * by its note, and a man by his talk.
3. Make yourself all * * * * *, and the flies will devour you.
4. A * * * * * is a fool's argument.
5. * * * * * a fool your finger, and he will take your whole hand.
6. A small leak will sink a * * * * * ship.
7. A person's * * * * * ought to be his greatest secret.
8. He that shows his ill temper * * * * * * his enemy where he may hit him.
9. A rascal * * * * * rich has lost all his kindred.
10. Do as most do, and * * * * * will speak evil of thee.

"TOM NODDY."

### ANAGRAM.

A distinguished poet:
BLESS YE, CHEERY SYLPH.

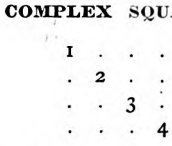
### BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the staff of life, and leave to peruse. 2. Behead a place of darkness, and leave a pictorial enigma. 3. Behead to attain by stretching forth the hand, and leave every. 4. Behead an unbeliever, and leave a believer. 5. Behead having little distance from side to side, and leave a missile weapon of offense. 6. Behead an apparition, and leave a number of men gathered for war. 7. Behead agitation of mind, and leave action. 8. Behead a large river, and leave a whetstone.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a French lyric poet, born in Paris, in 1780.

A. W. ASHHURST.

### A COMPLEX SQUARE.



ACROSS: 1. A fish. 2. To be diminished. 3. An exterior covering of a seed. 4. A hideous cry.

DOWNWARD: 1. To swing from side to side. 2. A fleet animal. 3. A plant yielding indigo. 4. A woody glen.

From 1 to 4, to begin a voyage; from 4 to 1, a geological stratum.

ELDRED IUNGERICH.

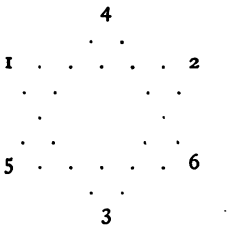
### PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials will spell a famous battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A thin cake. 2. To change in some respect. 3. A subject on which a person writes. 4. A gold coin of the United States. 5. To rule. 6. A spear carried by horsemen. 7. A color. 8. To suppose.

"JOKER AND CLIP."

### HOLLOW STAR.



FROM 1 to 2, a slender rod on which anything turns; from 1 to 3, arachnids; from 2 to 3, enrolls; from 4 to 5, aching; from 4 to 6, short oars; from 5 to 6, conjectures. "ANNA CONDOR."

### RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A snake found in India. 2. An insect. 3. A cover for the front of a dress. 4. A short fishing-line. 5. More aged.

DOWNWARD: 1. In turkey. 2. A tone of the diatonic scale. 3. An ecclesiastical pitcher. 4. Little demons. 5. An inferior kind of tin-plate. 6. An implement. 7. To bow slightly. 8. A Latin prefix. 9. In turkey.

"XELIS."

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XX. MARCH, 1893. NO. 5.

## THE BOY'S CARTOON.

(*Scene: Florence, A. D. 1540*)

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"GOOD Master! I crave your service. See,
I am not the beggar I seem to be;
Though you 'll say, as I tell my story o'er,
It is such as you 've often heard before.

"'T is not for myself," he sobbing said,—
"'T is not for myself I 'm asking bread:
But my mother is breaking her heart to-day;
For she 's ill, and may lose her place, they say,
In the silk-mill. If I could only get
A florin or two, she might hold it yet.
Old Tito, the picture-dealer, said
He would give me enough to buy us bread
For a month or more, should I chance to meet
Some one of your craft upon the street,
And beg him to draw on the panel I hold
A sketch of the Sibyl gaunt and old
Whom the greatest of Florentine painters all
Has drawn on the Sistine Chapel wall.
A dozen I 've asked, good Master mine,
But none of them paused to draw a line.
You have pencils with you. Dare I claim
A picture, in charity's holy name?"

With a kindly look on his stern sad face.
The artist at once began to trace
The Sibyl ancient, and with such art
As quickened the throb of the boy's warm heart.
No word as he worked did he deign to say,
But, signing his name, he went his way.

"Whose name is this?" asked the boy of one
To whom he displayed the picture done.
"Where got you—?" came the question. "Who
Has given a prize so rich to you?
Why, lad, that one cartoon you hold
Will bring you many a piece of gold;
And that you, a Florentine, should not know
The name!—It is Michelangelo!"

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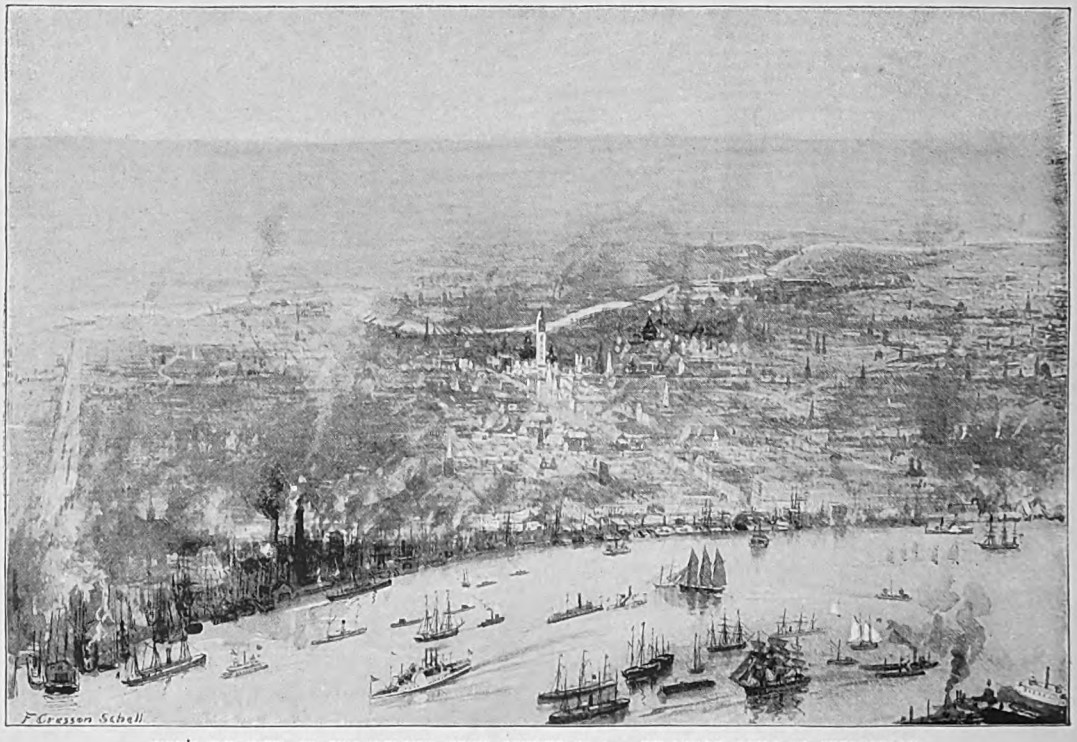


PHILADELPHIA IN 1720.

# PHILADELPHIA—A CITY OF HOMES.

By Talcott Williams.

States and cities exist to make families comfortable, because this makes children comfortable. Unless the children are comfortable now, the next generation will fare ill. If you, my dear boy and girl, who are reading this page, are comfortably seated; if you have light enough on these lines; if the air about you is pure; if you find the house you are in a true home, be it large or small; if you are not told every time you jump not to make too much noise, or the people above or below will object; if the street is safe for you at all hours of the day or evening; if it is, as nearly as may be, like a village street, quiet and clean, and not like a city street, noisy and noisome; if there is room for you to play outside the house, and room inside its walls to amuse yourself; if you are fed and warm, and happy—above all, if you feel in your house an atmosphere of security, and understand in a dim way that father and mother




BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA FROM CAMDEN, N. J.,—DELAWARE RIVER IN FOREGROUND.

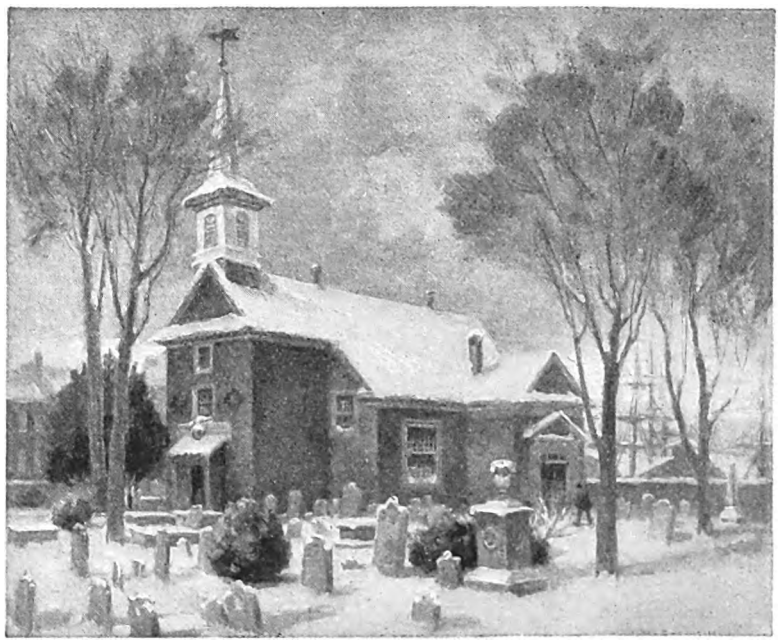


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own the spot called home and are safe there, then, as far as you are concerned,— and to the extent that this is true as far as all children are concerned,— the United States is a success. Unless there are a great many more of you children enjoying all I have said than are without such comforts, then the United States is a failure, no matter how big, or how rich, or how populous it may be, or how glorious its history. The United States is here first, and chiefly, not to make history, as you might imagine from your school histories, but to make families and their children comfortable in houses of their own. Failing to do that, it fails in all.

This is just as true of cities as it is of countries. Their first business is to make children comfortable. They may wax large and great, and be famed and known without doing this, but even then they are just where the base-ball player is if he makes third and yet misses the home-plate. So far as winning the game goes, he might just as well have gone out on three strikes. His base-hits may help his record and win a cheer, but they do not win the game unless he gets home. The only way to make children comfortable is to make families comfortable; and the best way to make families comfortable is to put each in a separate house which it owns. As far as a city succeeds in doing this, it succeeds as a city. As far as it fails in doing this, it fails as a city. If the families of a city are cramped and crowded, if each lives in a house it does not own, and dreads rent day; if it sees the sky only through a window-pane, and has neither roof nor yard it calls its own; if it has to share its staircase and its doorway with other families— and the staircase was never built which is broad enough for two families; if the street is not a family street, and the seething and turbid tide of city life wells and swells past its door, then neither the family nor the children will be comfortable. The city has failed.

It may, like Paris, fill its galleries with paintings worth a king's ransom, and sculpture which men cross sea and land to see for a brief moment and remember for a lifetime; it may carry its Eiffel Tower to the skies and set a light there whose glory is as of the sun; it may line its ways with palaces, and draw to it all the world's wealth and wonder; but, for all this, failure is its portion. Families are not comfortable within its walls. Children are not at sweet ease in its ways. It has failed. Its day will come, as it came to Paris in 1871. The grim and iron girdle of war will surely bind its beauty, and for soft splendors there shall be desolation. All its garish glory shall be smoke, and garments rolled in blood shall be spread in all its streets. Famine shall devour its people, and fire its beautiful places.



OLD SWEDISH CHURCH.

I propose to tell you of a city which for two hundred years has grown so as to make families more and more comfortable; so as to set each in its own house; so as to make life easier

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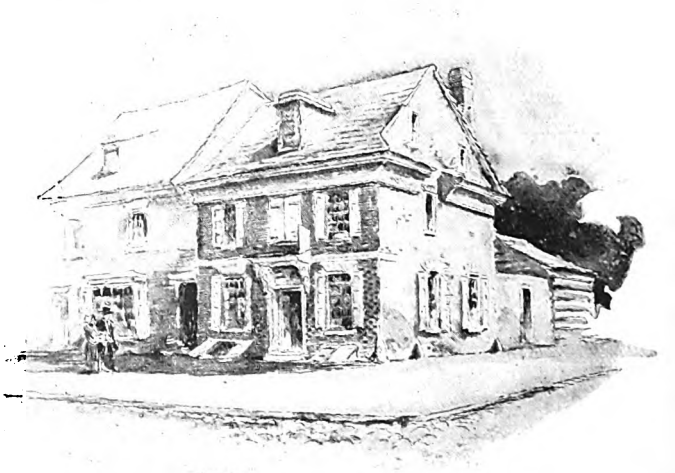



OLD MAP OF PENNSYLVANIA.

and easier for the average ordinary family which is neither rich nor poor, which wins its way by work, owns the roof over its head, and stands secure in modest unquestioned independence. Philadelphia is a dingy city by the side of Paris; it is outdone by most of the world's centers in all by which the world reckons greatness; but no city that is, or ever was, has done more to make families, and therefore children, comfortable. If all Paris were to file past you, every fifth person would be a child under fifteen years of age. If all Philadelphia were to do the same, there would be three such children for every ten persons. File for file, there would be one half more children in Philadelphia than in Paris; more, file for file, than in New York or London; more than in any of the world's old great cities:—more, because Philadelphia makes life more comfortable for families and for children.

This is not an accident. Nothing is an accident in the characters of cities or of persons. If you were late to school this morning and do not stop being late, *now*, you will be late to everything all your life; even in getting an article ready for ST. NICHOLAS, though this seems as impossible to you now as it would have done to me when I read ST. NICHOLAS, and wondered if I should ever write for it.

Philadelphia came late among American cities. It was founded 58 years after New York, 50 years after Boston. The voyage had few risks, and no suffering. William Penn, in 1681, came on no exploring expedition. For almost the first time in history, a new city was to be laid out by amicable purchase, and not by conquest. We are used to this now. It was an altogether new thing two hundred years ago. The day for Indian fighting along the coast was practically over. The sea-coast was known. There were no discoveries to be made. The land was secure. England held it without a rival. The little Dutch and Swedish settlements on Delaware Bay, and Philadelphia's future site, were glad to come under the English flag. Almost the only trace left of either is the Swedes' church, the oldest in the city,



PENN'S HOUSE IN LETITIA COURT. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

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for all the world like those you may see on Swedish fiords to-day.

Penn sat in London over maps and plans, and laid out his new city on paper just as "boom" towns are laid out to-day in the West and South. He knew the ground. He understood its advantages. No seaboard river carried navigation so far inland. The Southern rivers were shallower. The Hudson ended in impenetrable forest. On the Delaware vessels stopped between the fattest fields along the whole coast. The very soil of the narrow peninsula between the Delaware and the Schuylkill is the only fertile city-site on our coast. It lies far enough south to gain the teeming life of fin and feather that fills the coasts and waters of the south Atlantic. You can still stand on the steps of Independence Hall on a still October day, and hear the crack of fowling-pieces among the reed-birds on the river.




PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN IN HIS TWENTY-SECOND YEAR.

Within the memory of men not old the chief meat-supply of the city was fattened on the flat rich farms which make up the "neck" where the Delaware and the Schuylkill meet. The land around Philadelphia is to-day a vast kitchen-garden. It always has raised more food than any area as large around any other of our great or growing cities. Lastly, just beyond these two rich river-valleys lie the first Western wheat-fields, in the fertile stretch of Delaware, Chester, Montgomery, and Lancaster counties.

The farms of these counties fed the army of Washington. His baker-general was a Pennsylvania German, Christopher Ludwig, who after a youth spent in fighting the Turk on the Danube, sold gingerbread to the boys of the Revolution, in Letitia street. Beginning by baking bread at Valley Forge, he ended by baking six thousand pound-loaves for the surrendered army of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Uncle Sam's wheat-farm, which has cheapened the world's bread, began at the doors of Philadelphia. It was the first city to get rich selling wheat. Pennsylvania farms gave it the first big rich thickly settled "back-country," on whose trade an American city grew great. Under the first President Adams, Lancaster, Pa., was the biggest American city back of the sea-coast. In 1890 instead of the first it was the sixty-first of such cities in population.

All this meant foreign trade and swift growth for Philadelphia. In its first forty years it grew faster than any other American city in its first hundred. It was the Chicago of the last century. In twenty years 2500 houses went up.

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was founded, it built the largest public building any American city had ever erected, the State House, now Independence Hall,—as it has to-day, in its city hall, the most costly. The Declaration of Independence was issued from the Pennsylvania State House because it was natural for the Continental Congress to meet in the largest, the wealthiest, and the most thriving of American cities, and to sit in the most imposing building in the thirteen colonies. It was not until the Erie Canal gave New York the trade of the West beyond the Alleghanies, that it became a larger city than Philadelphia.

Philadelphia in the last century was a big place for trade. In this hundred years, it has been a big place for making things. It has the biggest carpet-mills in the world. Its locomotive works, turning out two engines a day, are the biggest anywhere. But big works, although everybody talks about them, do not do as much for a city as a great many small ones. In no other city can a man find work of so many kinds near his house as in Philadelphia. This is because—there is always a "because" in cities—coal is near, and comes down the Schuylkill cheaply. But cheap coal is mere cheap, black stones, unless people first know how to make things. Philadelphia, first of American cities, received people skilled in all the crafts of central Europe, which two centuries ago was ahead of England in making things. It is not now. If you will open your Physical Geography at the map of Europe, you will see a deep groove right down the Rhine to Lake Constance, and then by the Rhone to the Mediterranean, while another groove runs east by the Danube. This groove, in the Middle Ages, when the pirate Norsemen closed the seas

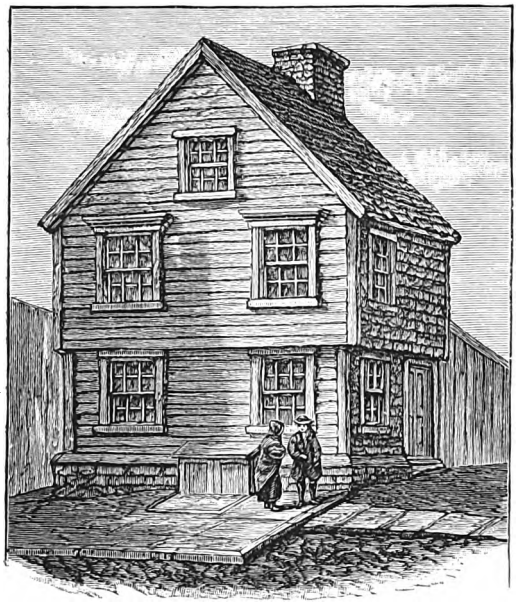



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SUGGESTION OF THE OLD PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY IN THE BACKGROUND.

MEMORIALS OF FRANKLIN.

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to peaceful folk, was the great highway of Europe. In it sprang up earliest cathedrals, universities, and factories. Right from the center of this industrial channel, there came to Philadelphia a German immigration, skilled in weaving, in iron, and in all the industries of two hundred years ago.



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE, ON MILK STREET, BOSTON.

The English immigration, also, while it was led by Quakers,—good business-men all, people who paid their debts, told no trade lies, and had one price for all,—was made up of men and women from the cities of southern England. At that time, pretty nearly all the cities and most of the manufactures of England were in its southern half. They are not now. While New England and the South drew their immigration from country England, the incomers to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania were from the cities, the stores, and the shops of south England. When you look on the map of Philadelphia to-day, you see London names—Richmond, Kensington, and Southwark; and the largest places near are Bristol and Chester, named after the busiest ports of England in the seventeenth century.

Cheap food and industry will not make the families in a city comfortable unless a city has room to grow, is well planned, and wisely governs itself. Philadelphia is fortunate in all three respects. The site is flat. All directions are open to growth. It is not cramped by river and bay, as are Boston and San Francisco. It is not on an island, as is New York. Swamps do not hedge it in as they pen Chicago. Building land, city lots, have always cost less and been more nearly of about the same price in its different quarters, than in any other city of a million people ever seen. The growth of the city has never been crowded. It has spread out in two- or three-story fashion over an occupied area which comes close to that of London itself. English towns, laid out on the lines of old Roman camps, with a Broad and a High street crossing each other at right angles, and lesser streets crossing each other checkerboard fashion, gave Penn the thought of his plan for Philadelphia.

When you have your big town, some one must own the land and the houses. If a few own them, the many will not like it. They ought not to like it. In a city where everything is right, every family will own something. That city is most near to the right thing where the most people own something. This will not come about unless the laws are right. The laws are not good unless bread is cheap, unless men have skill in their work, and are of saving habits, and unless land is cheap, the city



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE, FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

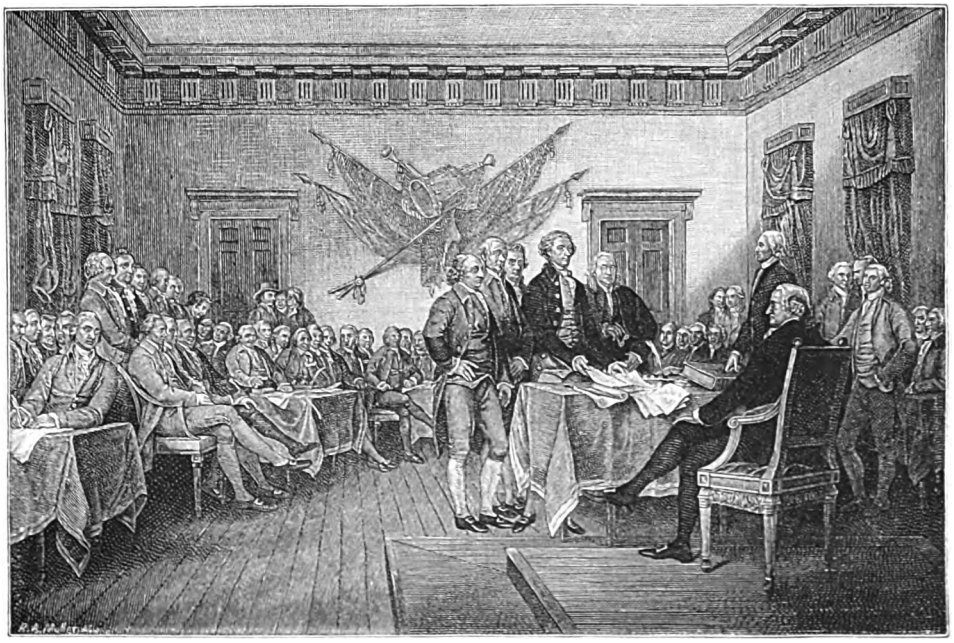
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INDEPENDENCE HALL, AT THE TIME OF THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

plan good, and wrong-doers are locked up at once. But all these things will not bring about the right city, in which most people own something, unless the laws make it easy for a man who works with his hands to buy the house he lives in. If a man owns that, he will care more about looking after his home than about making a row because some one else is richer than he is.

This row is what older people call the "social question." Now, a man who owns the house he lives in does not want to make a row. He is too busy taking care of his house. You cannot make a rioter out of that man. He



"THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE." (FROM JOHN TRUMBULL'S PAINTING.)

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is a "capitalist." He will never be a turbulent striker. He is, in the best sense of the word, independent. Riches are worth what they give. The best things they can give are comfort and security. The man who owns the house he lives in has these. In Philadelphia any industrious, saving man can own his home before he dies; and more such men own houses than do not. Philadelphia is the only city in the world in which this is true. This is the biggest and best thing which can be said of any city.

The law in Philadelphia has made this easy, in the first place, by separating the owning of the ground on which a house is built and the owning of the house which stands on the ground. This is done by what are called fixed "ground-rents." A ground-rent is paid for the use of the ground independent of the house which stands on it. In Philadelphia, a ground-rent once



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE FRANKLIN AND WASHINGTON WENT TO CHURCH.

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fixed by the man who first sells use of the land cannot be changed, and lasts forever. A ground-rent does not grow if the ground gets to be worth more: it stays the same. If the ground and house get to be worth more, the man who owns the ground-rent does not benefit by this, but the man who owns the house. Practically, when a house is bought under this plan, only the house is bought — the land is paid for by a fixed yearly sum which cannot be added to.



THE NEW CITY HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

The law did this. This is one step. The next must be a desire to save money, and ability to use it after it is saved. This is done in Philadelphia by savings-banks, which depositors themselves manage, in order to get together the money for each to pay for a house. When you and ten thousand other persons put your pennies in a savings-bank, they make many dollars. These dollars are taken by those in charge of the savings-bank and lent to men who pay interest. This interest is finally paid to you, less the cost of taking care of the money.

But you can see how, if a hundred of you got together and paid your pennies in, you might

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sample one which has been put up at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. When you go there, you must look at it. There is nothing more wonderful in all that marvelous Exposition than this proof that the laws, the habits, and the business of a city of one million people can be so arranged that even the day-laborer earning only $8 or $10 a week can own the roof over his head and call no man landlord.

The result of all this is that Philadelphia is not a city of palaces for the few, but a city of homes for the many—which is better. It is not magnificent, but it is comfortable. In 1890 its 1,046,964 inhabitants were living in 187,052 dwellings. This means that with only two-thirds as many people, it had twice as many houses as New York. With just as many people as Chicago, it had one half more houses. Of the 200,000 families in Philadelphia, seven out of eight had separate houses, and three-quarters of its families, or 150,000, owned the houses they lived in. In New York only one family in six lives in a separate house, and of these not one family in six owns the house it lives in. In Chicago less than half the families are in separate houses. In general, in big cities much less than half the families live in separate houses, and less than a quarter own the houses they live in. It is the privilege of the prosperous. The number of families owning the house in which they live is from four to six times greater in Philadelphia than in any other great city of the world. You cannot know, until years and life have taught you more than any boy or girl should know of this hard and bitter world, how much of comfort, peace, and happiness is summed up in that statement. It means room and air and health. It means that each family can have its own bath-tub, its own yard, its own staircase, and its own door-step. These are simple daily blessings for most of us; but for tens and hundreds of thousands in all large cities they are absent. They are not enjoyed by half the people who live in the world's great cities.



PHILADELPHIA WORKINGMEN'S HOUSES.

As for owning a home, this is a blessing undreamed of probably by eight families out of ten elsewhere. To have given this blessing to eight citizens out of ten, is to work one of the world's great industrial miracles.

Home-owning for the wage-earner, comfort for the family, and room for the children are not all that a city ought to provide, but they are its first and most important duty. A city will not be all it should be even after they are got, as they are in Philadelphia. Street after

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street of small two-story brick houses looks rather mean and dingy. If the great mass of voters are men owning small houses and living in a small way, then all the work of the city will be done in a small way, too. Pavements will be cobblestones, rough and dirty; the drinking-water will be plentiful, but indifferent. The schools will be numerous enough, but the pay of the teachers will be low. But it is better to spread a carpet on the poor man's floor than to spread an asphalt pavement under the carriage-wheels of the rich. It is better to have



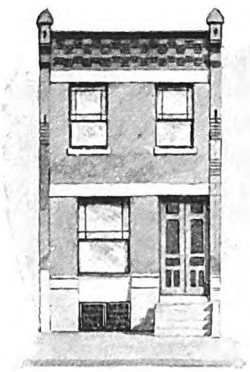
CHEAP HOMES IN PHILADELPHIA.

bath-rooms by the ten thousand in small homes, than to have brilliant fountains playing in beautiful squares. If one must choose between schools which are all they should be, and separate dwelling for the children of each family, better the separate home every time. The Declaration of Independence has unspeakably dignified Philadelphia in all history. Here a nation was born in a day, and the freedom of man crowned with everlasting honor. But the



TENEMENT HOUSES, THE CHEAP HOMES OF NEW YORK.

independence which has been secured for the man who works and for his family, is a not less wonderful triumph of the rights of man. It is a crowning victory for the comfort of children. When one is asked, as I was asked in writing this article, to tell the children of ST. NICHOLAS where Philadelphia could be justly praised among the world's cities, he can but point to the little home set among the splendors of the Exposition and say 150,000 of these, owned by the families which live in them, are such a triumph of right living in a great city as the world never saw before, and can see nowhere else but in Philadelphia, a city of homes.



"150,000 OF THESE."

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# ANOTHER HISTORY.*

By Arlo Bates.

"Welcome, old friend, Lysander Pratt!"
"Welcome, my dear Philander Sprat."
"What have you all these years been at?"

"I traveled to the wondrous East,
Its greatest marvels saw, and least."

"Oh, how extremely good was that!"
"Not wholly good, Philander Sprat."
"Now, wherefore not, Lysander Pratt?"

"Upon a raging Eastern sea,
The ship was wrecked that carried me."

"Alas! How terrible was that!"
"Not wholly so, Philander Sprat."
"Now, tell me why, Lysander Pratt."

"A swelling wave my body bore,
And cast unharmed upon the shore."

"What luck! Now surely good was that!"
"Not wholly good, Philander Sprat."
"Why not? Why not, Lysander Pratt?"

"Men were less kind than the cold wave;
They sold me then to be a slave."

"Ah, what a cruel thing was that?"
"Yet not all bad, Philander Sprat."
"What good was there, Lysander Pratt?"

"I sang, and pleased the Sultan so,
That gifts and gold he did bestow."

"Good quite unmixed, I 'm sure, was that."
"Not good unmixed, Philander Sprat."
"What bad was there, Lysander Pratt?"

"So jealous were his favorites then,
They threw me in a lion's den."

"Oh, horrible indeed was that!"
"Yet not all bad, Philander Sprat."
"Say quickly why, Lysander Pratt."

"I found, dropped down into that lair,
"The Sultan's long-lost signet there."

"Well, joyful chance most sure was that!"
"Yet not all good, Philander Sprat."
"Why not all good, Lysander Pratt?"

"So doting did the Sultan grow,
That home he would not let me go."

"Doleful most certainly was that."
"Yet not so bad, Philander Sprat."
"Tell me why not, Lysander Pratt."

"At last, so gracious had he grown,
He made me heir to crown and throne."

"In truth most wonderful was that!"
"But not all good, Philander Sprat."
"I see not why, Lysander Pratt."

"His sons both day and night sought still
How they my guiltless blood might spill."

"Alas, what woe, what pain was that!"
"Yet not all woe, Philander Sprat."
"Not all? Why not, Lysander Pratt?"

"'T was by their aid at last I fled,
And safely backward home was sped."

"Now surely wholly good was that!
On your feet fall you like a cat
Whatever haps, Lysander Pratt."

"Yes, safe through all I came at last,
And smiled to think of dangers past.

"Yet, I, who on high thrones have sat,
Came home as poor as toothless rat.
That was not good, Philander Sprat."

* See "Quite a History," in St. Nicholas for February, 1880.



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# THE GARRET AT GRANDFATHER'S.

By Mary Hallock Foote.

The rooms at grandfather's house had been used so long, they were almost human themselves. Each room had a look of its own, when you opened the door, as expressive as a speaking countenance.

"Come in, children dear!" the sunny sitting-room always seemed to say.

"Sit still and don't talk too much, and don't handle the things on the tables," said the large, gleaming, dim-lighted parlors.

"Dear me, what weather this is!" grumbled the poky back-entry where the overshoes and water-proofs and wood-boxes were kept.

"There 's a piece — of cake — in the cupboard for you," quietly ticked the dining-room clock, its large face looking at no one in particular.

But of all the rooms in that house, up stairs or down, not one had the strangeness, the mysterious nod and beck and whisper, of the murky old garret.

"Hark, what was that?" it would seem to creak; and then there was silence. "Hush! I 'll tell you a story," it sometimes answered.

Some of its stories were true, but I should not like to vouch for all of them.

What a number of queer things it kept hidden away under the eaves that spread wide a broad-winged cloak of shadows! What a strange eye it had; its one half-moon window peering at you from the high, peaked forehead of the gable.

The garret door was at the far end of the long upper hall; from it the stairs (and how they did creak!) led up directly out of the cheerful daylight into that uncarpeted wilderness where it was always twilight.

It was the younger children's business to trot on errands, and they were not consulted as to when or where they should go. Grown people seem to forget how early it gets dark up-garret in winter, and how far away the house-noises sound with all the doors shut between.

When the children were sent up-garret for nuts,—for Sunday dessert with mince-pie and apples, or to pass around with cider in the evening,— they were careful to leave the stair door open behind them; but there was little comfort in that, for all the people were two flights down and busy with their own concerns.

Down-stairs in the bright western chambers nobody thought of its being late, but up-garret, under the eaves, it was already night. Thick ice incrusted the half-moon window, curtaining its cold ray that sadly touched an object here and there, and deepened the neighboring gloom.

The autumn nut-harvest was spread first upon sheets, on the garret floor to dry, and then it was garnered in the big, green bath-tub which had stood, since the children could remember, over against the chimney, to the right of the gable window. This tub was for size and weight the father of all bath-tubs. It was used for almost anything but the purpose for which it was intended.

In summer, when it was empty, the children played "shipwreck" in it; it was their life-boat, and they were cast away on the high seas. Some rowed for dear life, with umbrellas and walking-sticks, and some made believe to cry and call for help,— for that was their idea of the behavior of a shipwrecked company; and some tramped on the bulging tin bottom of the tub, which yielded and sprang back with a loud thump, like the clank of oars. It was very exciting.

In winter it was the granary. It held bushels and bushels of nuts, and its smooth, out-sloping sides defeated the clever little mice, who were always raiding and rummaging among the garret stores.

Well, it seemed a long distance, to the timid little errand-girl, from the stairs, across the garret floor, to that bath-tub. "Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness," she stepped. Then, what a shock it was, when the first loud handfuls of nuts bumped upon the bottom of the



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pail! The nuts were pointed, and cold as lumps of ice; they hurt the small hands that shoveled them up in haste, and a great many handfuls it took to fill the pail.

Hanging from the beams that divided the main garret from the eaves, dangled a perfectly useless row of old garments that seemed to be there for no purpose but to look dreadful. How they might have looked in a different light cannot be said; there seemed to be nothing wrong with them when the women took them down at house-cleaning time and shook and beat them about; they were as empty as sacks, every one. But in that dim, furtive light, seen by over-shoulder glimpses they looked like dismal malefactors suffering the penalty of their crimes. Some were hooded and seemed to hang their heads upon their sunken breasts; all were high-shouldered wretches with dangling arms and a shapeless, dreary suggestiveness worse than human. The most objectionable one of the lot was a long, dark weather-cloak, worn "about the twenties," as old people say. It was of the fashion of that "long red cloak, well-brushed and neat," which we read of in John Gilpin's famous ride.

But the great-grandfather's cloak was of a dark green color, and not well brushed. It had a high, majestic velvet collar, hooked with a heavy steel clasp and chain; but for all its respectable and kindly associations, it looked, hanging from the garret rafters, just as much a gallows-bird as any of its ruffian company.

The children could not forgive their great-grandfather for having had such a sinister-looking garment, or for leaving it behind him to hang in the grim old garret and frighten them. Solemn as the garret looked, no doubt this was one of its jokes: to dress itself up in shadows and pretend things to tease the children; as we have known some real people to do. It certainly was not fair, when they were up there all alone.

The scuttle in the roof was shut, in winter, to keep out the snow. A long ladder led up to it from the middle garret, and close to this ladder stood another uncanny-looking object — the bath-closet.

The family had always been inveterate bathers, but surely this shower-bath must have capped the climax of its cold-water experiments.

It was contrived so that a pail of water, carried up by the scuttle-ladder and emptied into a tilting vessel on top of the closet, could be made to descend on a sudden in a deluge of large drops upon the head of the person inside. There was no escape for that person; the closet gave him but just room to stand up under the infliction, and once the pail was tilted, the water was bound to come.

The children thought of this machine with shivering and dread. They had heard it said — perhaps in the kitchen — that their little grandmother had "nearly killed herself" in that shower-bath, till the doctor forbade her to use it any more.

Its walls were screens of white cotton-cloth, showing a mysterious opaque glimmer against the light, also the shadowy outlines of some objects within, which the children could not account for. The narrow screen door was always shut, and no child ever dreamed of opening it or of meddling with the secrets of that pale closet. It was enough to have to pass it on their lonesome errands, looming like a "sheeted ghost" in the garret's perpetual twilight.

The garret, like some of the great foreign churches, had a climate of its own; still and dry, but subject to extremes of heat and cold, in summer it was the tropics, in winter the frozen pole.

But it had its milder moods also,— when it was neither hot nor cold, nor light nor dark; when it beamed in mellow half-tones upon its youthful visitors, left off its ugly frightening tricks, told them "once upon a time" stories, and even showed them all its old family keepsakes.

These pleasant times occurred about twice every year, at the spring and fall house-cleaning, when the women, with brooms and dust-pans, invaded the garret and made a cheerful bustle in that deserted place.

The scuttle-hole in the roof was then open, to give light to the cleaners, and a far, bright square of light shone down. It was as if the garret smiled.

All the queer old things, stowed away under the eaves, behind boxes and broken furniture

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and stoves and rolls of carpet, were dragged forth; and they were as good as new discoveries to the children, who had not seen them nor heard their stories since last house-cleaning time.

There was the brass warming-pan, with its shining lid, full of holes like a pepper-box. On this warming-pan, as a sort of sled, the children used to ride by turns — one child seated on, or in, the pan, two others dragging it over the floor by the long, dark wood handle.

And there were the pattens "which step-great-grandmother Sheppard brought over from England"; one pair with leather straps and one with straps of cotton velvet, edged with a tarnished gilt embroidery. The straps were meant to lace over a full-grown woman's instep, but the children managed somehow to keep them on their feet, and they clattered about, on steel-shod soles, with a racket equal to the midnight clatter of Santa Claus's team of reindeer.

There was a huge muff of dark fur, kept in a tall blue paper bandbox; the children could bury their arms in it up to the shoulder. It had been carried by some lady in the time of short waists and scant skirts and high coat-collars; when girls covered their bare arms with long kid gloves and tucked their little slippered toes into fur-lined foot-muffs and went on moonlight sleighing parties, dressed as girls dress nowadays for a dance.

One of these very same foot-muffs (the moths had once got into it) led a sort of at-arm's-length existence in the garret, neither quite condemned nor yet allowed to mingle with unimpeachable articles of clothing. And there was a "foot-stove" used in old times on long drives in winter or in the cold country meeting-houses. They were indefatigable visitors and meeting-goers,— those old-time Friends. Weather and distance were nothing thought of; and in the most troublous times they could go to and fro in their peaceful character, unmolested and unsuspected — though no doubt they had their sympathies as strong as other people's.

A china bowl is still shown, in one branch of grandfather's family, which one of the great-aunts, then a young woman, carried on her saddle-bow, through both the British and Continental lines, from her old home on Long Island to her husband's house on the west bank of the Hudson above West Point.



"GRANDFATHER."

No traveling member of the society ever thought of "putting-up" for the night anywhere but at a Friend's house. Journeys were planned in stages from such a Friend's house to such another one's, or from meeting to meeting. In days when letter-postage was dear and newspapers were almost unknown, such visits were keenly welcome, and were a chief means by which isolated country families kept up their communication with the world.

There were many old-fashioned household utensils in the garret, the use of which had to

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be explained to the children; and all this was as good as history, and more easily remembered than much that is written in books.

There was one of the old "Dutch ovens" that had stood in front of the roaring hearth-fires in days when Christmas dinners were cooked without the aid of stoves or ranges. And there were the iron fire-dogs, the pot-hooks, and the crane which were part of the fireplace furniture. And the big wool-wheel for the spinning of yarn, the smaller and lady-like flax-wheel, and the tin candle-molds for the making of tallow candles; and a pleasure it must have been to see the candles "drawn," when the pure-white tallow had set in the slender tubes and taken the shape of them perfectly, so that each candle, when drawn out by the wick, was as cold and hard and smooth as alabaster. And there was the "baby-jumper" and the wicker "run-around," to show that babies had always been babies—just the same restless little pets then as now—and that mother's and nurse's arms were as apt to get tired.

The garret had kept a faithful family record, and hence it told of sickness and suffering as well as of pleasure and business and life and feasting.

A little old crutch, padded by some woman's hand with an attempt to make it handsome as well as comfortable, stood against the chimney on the dark side next the eaves. It was short enough for a child of twelve to lean upon, and it had seen considerable use, for the brown velvet pad was worn quite thin and gray. Had the little cripple ever walked again? With what feelings did the mother put that crutch away up-garret when it was needed no more? The garret did not say how that story of pain had ended; or whether it was long or short. The children never sought to know. It was one of the questions which they did not ask: they knew very little about pain themselves, and perhaps they did not fully enter into the meaning of that sad little relic.

Still less did they understand the reverence with which the house-cleaning women handled a certain bare wooden frame neither handsome nor comfortable-looking. It had been made to support an invalid in a sitting posture in bed; and the invalid for whom it was provided, in her last days, had suffered much from difficulty of breathing, and had passed many weary hours, sometimes whole nights, supported by this frame. It had for those who knew its use the sacredness of association with that long ordeal of pain, endured with perfect patience and watched over with constant love.

But these were memories which the little children could not share. When their prattling questions touched upon the sore places, the wounds in the family past, they were not answered, or were put aside till some more fitting occasion, or till they were old enough to listen with their hearts.

Under the eaves there was an old green chest whose contents, year after year, the children searched through, in the never-failing hope that they should find something which had not been there the year before. There were old account-books with their stories of loss and gain, which the children could not read. There were bundles of old letters which they were not allowed to examine. There were "ink-portraits," family profiles in silhouette, which they thought very funny, especially in the matter of coat-collars and "back-hair." There were school-girl prizes of fifty years ago: the school-girls had grown into grandmamas — and some were dead. There was old-fashioned art-work: paintings on velvet or satin; boxes covered with shells; needle-books and samplers showing the most exemplary stitches, in colors faded by time. There were handsomely bound volumes of "Extracts," containing poems and long passages of elegant prose copied in pale brown ink, in the proper penmanship of the time. And there was a roll of steel-plate engravings which had missed the honor of frames; and of these the children's favorite picture was one called "The Wife."

It is some time since I have seen that picture; I may be wrong about some of the details. But as I remember her, the wife was a long-necked lady with very large eyes, dressed in white, with large full sleeves and curls falling against her cheek. She held a feather hand-screen, and she was doing nothing but look beautiful and sweetly attentive to her husband, who was seated on the other side of the table

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and was reading aloud to her by the light of an old-fashioned astral lamp.

This, of course, was the ideal wife, the little girls thought. Every other form of wifehood known to them was more or less made up of sewing, and housework, and every-day clothes. Even in the family past, it had the taint of the Dutch oven, and the spinning-wheel, and the candle-molds upon it. They looked at their finger-tips; no, it was not likely they would ever grow to be long and pointed like hers. *The* wife no one of them should ever be — only *a* wife perhaps, with the usual sewing-work, and not enough white dresses to afford to wear one every evening.

It took one day to clean the garret, and another to put things away; winter clothing had to be brushed and packed in the chests where it was kept; the clothes-closet had to be cleaned; then its door was closed and locked. The last of the brooms and dust-pans beat a retreat, the stair door was shut, and the dust and the mystery began to gather as before.

But summer, though no foe to dust, was a great scatterer of the garret mysteries. Gay, lightsome summer peeped in at the half-moon window and smiled down from the scuttle in the roof. Warm weather had come, the sash that fitted the gable window was taken out permanently. Outdoor sounds and perfumes floated up. Athwart the sleeping sunbeams golden dust-motes quivered, and bees from the garden sailed in and out on murmuring wing.

If a thunder-storm came up suddenly, then there was a fine race, up two flights of stairs, and whoever reached the scuttle-ladder first had the first right to climb it, and to pull in the shutter that covered the scuttle-hole. There was time, perhaps, for one breathless look down the long slope of bleached shingles,—at the tossing tree-tops, the meadow-grass whipped white, the fountain's jet of water bending like a flame and falling silent on the grass, the neighbor's team hurrying homeward, and the dust rising along the steep upward grade of the village road.

Then fell the first great drop — another, and another; the shutter hid the storm-bright square of sky, and down came the rain — trampling on the shingles, drumming in the gutters, drowning the laughing voices below; and suddenly the garret grew cool, and its mellow glow darkened to brown twilight.

Under the gable window there stood for many years a white pine box, with a front that let down on leather hinges. It was very clean inside and faintly odorous. The children called it the bee-box; and they had a story of their own to account for the tradition that this box had once held rich store of honey in the comb.

A queen bee, they said, soaring above the tops of the cherry-trees in swarming-time, had drifted in at the garret window with all the swarm in tow; and where her royal caprice had led them the faithful workers remained, and formed a colony in the bee-box, and, like honest tenants, left a quantity of their sweet wares behind, to pay for their winter's lodging.

There may have been some truth in this story, but the honey was long since gone, and so were the bees. The bee-box, in the children's time, held only files of old magazines packed away for binding. Of course they never were bound; and the children who used to look at the pictures in them, grew into absent-minded girls with half-lengths of hair falling into their eyes when they stooped too low over their books, as they always would to read. The bee-box was crammed till the lid would no longer shut. And now the dusty pages began to gleam and glow, and voices that all the world listened to spoke to those young hearts for the first time in the garret's stillness.

The rapt young reader, seated on the garret floor, never thought of looking for a date, nor asked, "Who tells this story?" Those voices were as impersonal as the winds and the stars of the summer night.

It might have been twenty years, it might have been but a year before, that Lieutenant Strain led his brave little band into the deadly tropic wilderness of Darien. It is doubtful if those child-readers knew why he was sent, by whom, or what to do. The beginning of the narrative was in a "missing number" of the magazine — it mattered not; they read from the heart, not from the head. It was the toils, the resolves, the sufferings of the men they cared about; their characters and

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UP THE LADDER TO THE SCUTTLE.

conduct under trial. They agonized with "Truxton" over his divided duty, and wept at his all but dying words:

"Did I do right, Strain?"

They worshiped, with unquestioning faith, at the shrine of that factitious god of battles, Abbott's "Napoleon." With beating hearts and burning cheeks they lived in the tragic realism of "Witching Times." "Maya, the Princess," and "The Amber Gods," "In a Cellar," "The South Breaker," stormed their fresh imaginations and left them feverishly dreaming, and there in the garret's tropic warmth and stillness they first heard the voice of the great master who gave us Colonel Newcome, and who wrought us to such vivid sympathy with the fortunes of Clive and Ethel. And here the last number was missing, and for a long time the young readers went sorrowing for Clive, and thinking that he and Ethel had been parted for all their lives.

These garret readings were frequently a stolen joy, but perhaps "mother" was in the secret of the bee-box and did not search very closely or call very loud when a girl was missing, about the middle of the warm, midsummer afternoons.

About midsummer the sage was picked and spread upon newspapers upon the garret floor to dry. That was a pleasant task. Children are sensitive to the touch of beauty connected with their labors. Their eyes lingered with delight upon the color, the crêpe-like texture of the fragrant sage, bestrewing the brown garret floor with its delicate life, already wilting in the dry warm air.

"September winds should never blow upon hops," the saying is: therefore the hops for a whole year's yeast-making were gathered in the wane of summer; and here, too, was a task

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which brought its own reward. The hops made a carpet for the garret floor, more beautiful, even, than the blue-green sage; and as the harvest was much larger so the fair living carpet spread much wider. It was a sight to see, in the low light of the half-moon window, all the fragile pale green balls, powdered to the heart's core with gold-colored pollen — a field of beauty spread there for no eye to see. Yet it was not wasted. The children did not speak of what they felt, but nothing that was beautiful, or mysterious, or stimulating to the fancy in those garret days was ever lost. It is often the slight impressions that, like the "scent of the roses," wear best and most keenly express the past.

No child ever forgot the physiognomy of those rooms at grandfather's: the mid-afternoon stillness when the sun shone on the lemon-tree, and its flowers shed their perfume on the warm air of the sitting-room; the peculiar odor of the withering garden, when October days were growing chill; the soft rustle of the wind searching amongst the dead leaves of the arbor; the cider-mill's drone in the hazy distance; the creaking of the loaded wagons, the bang of the great barn-doors when the wind swung them to.

No child of all those who have played in grandfather's garret ever forgot its stories, its solemn, silent make-believes; the dreams they dreamed there when they were girls, or the books they read.

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## GOOD NIGHT.

Now you sleep, dear! Do you dream?
  Are you sailing far away?
On some fairy shallop bound
  For a land where it is May —

Where no cloud is dark with rain —
  Whence are banished ice and snow —
Where the roses have no thorns,
  And the rude winds never blow?

Do you hear a music strange,
  Wiling you to that bright shore —
Home of dreams that dance and sing,
  Free of Earth forevermore?

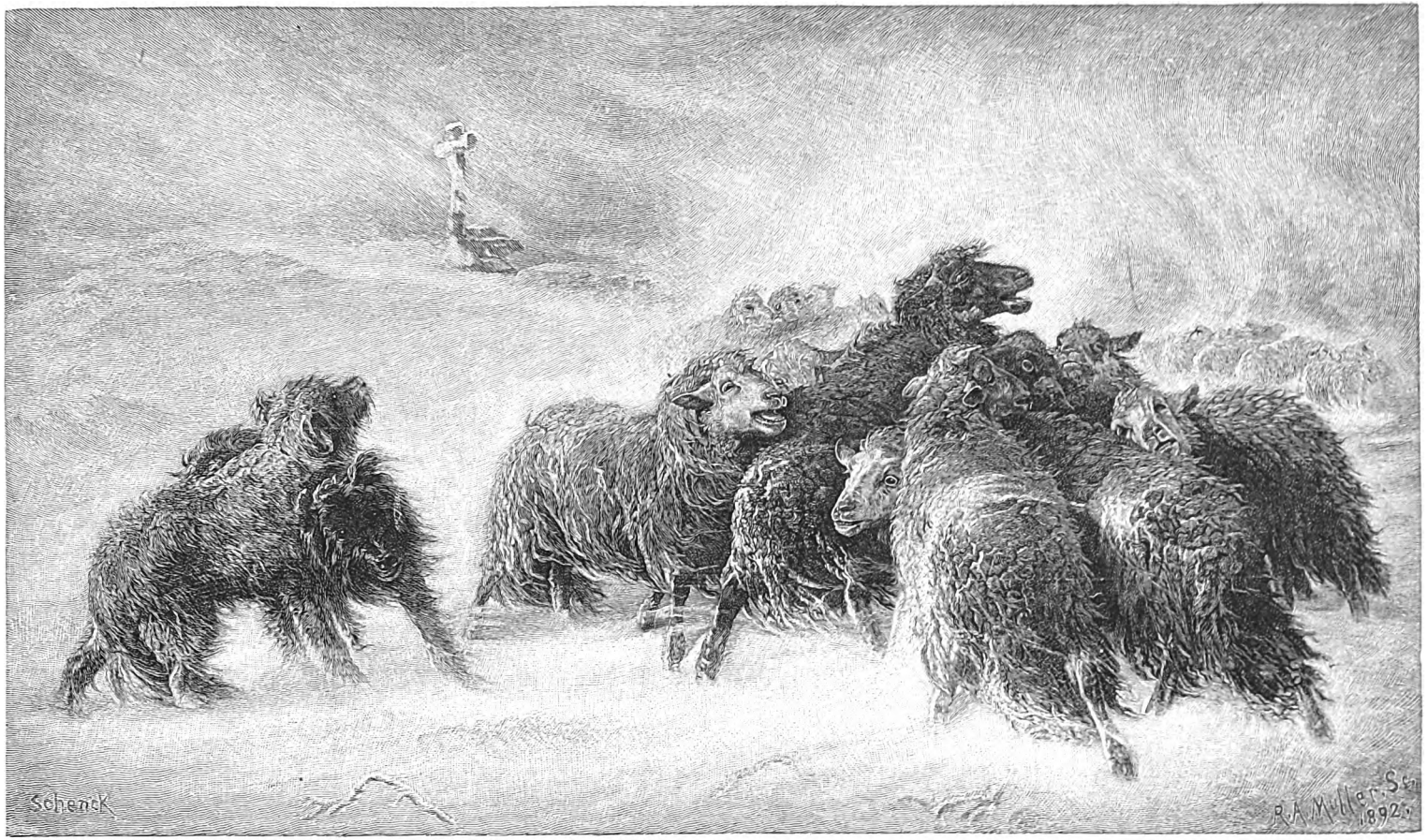
Do you fancy you would be
  Glad, like them, to idle there;
Far away from tasks and rules
  Their light-hearted mirth to share?

Nay, I think you would come back,
  Longing for the changeful days,
Wild with wind, or white with snow,
  And the dear, familiar ways.

For the fairies, fairy-land —
  Idle dreams for elf and sprite:
But for you — a child of Earth —
  Earth's commingled shade and light.

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

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"LOST."

ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS," FROM THE PICTURE BY AUGUSTE SCHENCK. BY PERMISSION OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

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# POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

*Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.*

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter XII.

### THE GREAT SILENCE.

The months of April and May were happy ones. The weather was perfect, as only California weather understands the art of being; the hills were at their greenest; the wind almost forgot to blow; the fields blazed in wild flowers; day after day rose in cloudless splendor, and day after day the Golden Gate shone like a sapphire in the sun.

Polly was inwardly nervous. She had the "awe of prosperity" in her heart, and everything seemed too bright to last.

Both she and Edgar were very busy. But work that one loves is no hardship, especially when one is strong and young and hopeful, and when one has great matters at stake — such as the health and wealth of an invalid mother, or the paying off of disagreeable debts.

Even the limp Mrs. Chadwick shared in the general joy; for Mr. Greenwood was so utterly discouraged with her mismanagement of the house, so determined not to fly to ills he knew not of, and so anxious to bring order out of chaos, that on the spur of the moment one day he married her. On the next day he discharged the cook, hired a better one the third, dunned the delinquent boarder the fourth, and collected from him on the fifth; so the May check (signed Clementine Chadwick Greenwood) was made out for eighty-five dollars.

But in the midst of it all, when everything in the outside world danced with life and vigor, and the little house could hardly hold its sweet content,— without a glimmer of warning, without a moment's fear or dread, without the precious agony of parting, Mrs. Oliver slipped softly, gently, safely, into the Great Silence.

Mercifully it was Edgar, not Polly, who found her in her accustomed place on the cushions, lying with closed eyelids and smiling lips.

It was half-past five. . . . Polly must have gone out at four, as usual, and would be back in half an hour. . . . Yung Lee was humming softly in the little kitchen. . . . In five minutes Edgar Noble had suffered, lived and grown ten years. He was a man. . . . And then came Polly,— and Mrs. Bird with her, thank Heaven! Polly breathless and glowing, looking up at the bay-window for her mother's smile of welcome.

In a few seconds the terrible news was broken, and Polly, overpowered with its awful suddenness, dropped before it as under a physical blow.

It was better so. Mrs. Bird carried her home for the night, as she thought, but a merciful blur stole over the child's tired brain, and she lay for many weeks in a weary illness of delirium and stupor and fever.

Meanwhile, Edgar acted as brother, son, and man of the house. He it was who managed everything, from the first sorrowful days up to the closing of the tiny upper flat where so much had happened: not great things of vast outward importance, but small ones — little miseries and mortifications and struggles and self-denials and victories, that made the past half-year a mile-stone in his life.

A week finished it all! It takes a very short time, he thought, to scatter to the winds of heaven all the gracious elements that make a home. Only a week; and in the first days of June, Edgar went back to Santa Barbara for the summer holidays without even a sight of his brave, helpful girl-comrade.

He went back to his brother's congratulations, his sister's kisses, his mother's happy tears, and his father's hearty hand-clasp, full of renewed pride and belief in his eldest son. But there was a shadow on the lad's high spirits as



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he thought of gay, courageous, daring Polly, stripped in a moment of all that made life dear.

"I wish we could do something for her, poor little soul," he said to his mother in one of their long talks in the orange-tree sitting-room. "Tongue cannot tell what Mrs. Oliver has been to me, and I 'm not a bit ashamed to own up to Polly's influence, even if she is a girl and two or three years younger than I am. Hang it! I 'd like to see the fellow that could live under the same roof as those two women, and not do the best that was in him! Has n't Polly some relatives in the East?"

"No near ones, and none that she has ever seen. Still, she is not absolutely alone, as many girls would be under like circumstances. We would be only too glad to have her here; the Howards have telegraphed asking her to spend the winter with them in Cambridge; I am confident Dr. Winship will do the same when the news of Mrs. Oliver's death reaches Europe; and Mrs. Bird seems to have constituted herself a sort of Fairy Godmother in Chief. You see, everybody loves Polly; and she will probably have no less than four homes open to her. Then, too, she is not penniless. Rents are low, and she cannot hope to get quite as much for the house as before, but even counting repairs, taxes, and furnishings, we think she is reasonably certain of fifty dollars a month."

"She will never be idle, unless this sorrow makes a great change in her. Polly seems to have been created to 'become' by 'doing.'"

"Yet she does not in the least relish work, Edgar. I never knew a girl with a greater appetite for luxury. One cannot always see the deepest reasons in God's providence as applied to one's own life and character; but it is often easy to understand them as you look at other people and note their growth and development. Now, Polly's intense love for her invalid mother has kept her from being selfish. The straitened circumstances in which she has been compelled to live have prevented her from yielding to self-indulgence or frivolity. Even her hunger for the beautiful has been a discipline; for since beautiful things were never given to her ready-made, she has been forced to create them. Her lot in life, which she has always lamented, has given her a self-control, a courage, a power, which she never would have had in the world had she grown up in luxury. She is too young to see it, but it is very clear to me that Polly Oliver is a glorious product of circumstances."

"But," objected Edgar, "that 's not fair. You are giving all the credit to circumstances, and none to Polly's own nature."

"Not at all. If there had not been the native force to develop, experience would have had nothing to work upon. As it is, her lovely childish possibilities have become probabilities, and I look to see the girlish probabilities blossom into womanly certainties."

Meanwhile Polly, it must be confessed, was not at the present time quite justifying the good opinions of her friends.

She had few of the passive virtues. She could bear sharp stabs of misfortune, which fired her energy and pride, but she resented pin-pricks. She could carry heavy, splendid burdens cheerfully, but she fretted under little cares. She could serve by daring, but not by waiting. She would have gone to the stake or the scaffold, I think, with tolerable grace; but she would probably have recanted any article of faith if she had been confronted with life imprisonment.

Trouble that she took upon herself for the sake of others and out of love, she accepted sweetly. Sorrows that she did not choose, which were laid upon her without her consent, and which were "just the ones she did *not* want, and did *not* need, and would *not* have, and could *not* bear,"—these sorrows found her unwilling, bitter, and impatient.

Yet if life is a school and we all have lessons to learn in it, the Great Teacher will be unlikely to set us tasks which we have already finished. Some review there must be, for certain things are specially hard to keep in mind, and have to be gone over and over, lest they fade into forgetfulness. But there must be continued progress in a life-school. There is no parrot repetition, singsong, meaningless, of words that have ceased to be vital. New lessons are to be learned as fast as the old ones are understood. Of what use to set Polly tasks to develop her bravery, when she was already brave?

Courage was one of the little jewels set in her fairy crown when she was born, but there was a round, empty space beside it, where Patience

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should have been. Further along was Daring, making a brilliant show, but again there was a tiny vacancy waiting for Prudence.

The crown made a fine appearance, on the whole, because the large jewels were mostly in place, and the light of these blinded you to the lack of the others; but to the eye of the keen observer there was a want of symmetry and completeness.

Polly knew the unfinished state of her fairy crown as well as anybody else. She could not plead ignorance as an excuse; but though she would have gone on polishing the great gems with a fiery zeal, she added the little jewels very slowly, and that only on compulsion.

There had been seven or eight weeks of partial unconsciousness, when the sorrow and the loneliness of life stole into her waking dreams only vaguely and at intervals: when she was unhappy, and could not remember why; and slept, to wake and wonder and sleep again.

Then there were days and weeks when the labor of living was all that the jaded body could accomplish; when memory was weak; when life began at the pillow, and ended at the foot of the bed, and the universe was bounded by the chamber windows.

But when her strength came back, and she stood in the middle of the floor, clothed and in her right mind, well enough to remember,—oh! then indeed the deep waters of bitterness rolled over poor Polly's head and into her heart, and she sank beneath them, without a wish or a struggle to rise.

"If it had been anything else!" she sobbed. "Why did God take away my most precious, my only one to live for, when I was trying to take care of her, trying to be good, trying to pay back the strength that had been poured out on me,—miserable, worthless me! Surely, if a girl was willing to do without a father and sisters and brothers, without good times and riches, willing to work like a galley-slave, willing to 'scrimp' and plan and save for ever and ever; surely 'they' might be willing that she should keep her mother!"

Poor Polly! Providence at this time seemed nothing more than a collection of demons which she classified under the word 'they,' and which she felt certain were scourging her pitilessly and needlessly. She could not see any reason or justification in 'their' cruelties,—for that was the only term she could apply to her afflictions.

Mrs. Bird had known sorrow, and she did her best to minister to the troubled and wrong little heart; but it was so torn that it could be healed only by the soft balm of Time.

Perhaps, a long while after such a grief (it is always "perhaps" in a great crisis, though the certainty is ours if we will but grasp it), perhaps the hidden meaning of the sorrow steals gently into our softened hearts. We see, as in a vision, a new light by which to work; we rise, cast off the outgrown shell, and build us a more stately mansion, in which to dwell till God makes that home, also, too small to hold the ever-growing soul!

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A GARDEN FLOWER OR A BANIAN-TREE.

IN August Mr. John Bird took Polly to the Nobles' ranch in Santa Barbara, in the hope that the old scenes and old friends might soothe her, and give her strength to take up the burden of life with something of her former sunshiny spirit.

Edgar was a junior now, back at his work, sunburned and strong from his summer's outing. He had seen Polly twice after his return to San Francisco; but the first meeting was an utter failure, and the second nearly as trying. Neither of them could speak of the subject that absorbed their thoughts, nor had either courage enough to begin other topics of conversation. The mere sight of Edgar was painful to the girl, now,—it brought to mind so much that was dear, so much that was past and gone.

In the serenity of the ranch-life, the long drives with Margery and Philip, the quiet chats with Mrs. Noble, Polly gained somewhat in strength; but the old "spring," vitality, and enthusiasm had vanished for the time, and the little circle of friends marveled at this Polly without her nonsense, her ready smiles, her dancing dimples, her extravagances of speech.

Once a week, at least, Dr. George would steal an hour or two, and saddle his horse to take Polly for a gallop over the hills, through the cañons, or on the beach.

His half-grave, half-cheery talks on these

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rides did her much good. He sympathized and understood and helped, even when he chided, and Polly sometimes forgot her own troubles in wondering whether Dr. George had not suffered and overcome a good many of his own.

"You make one great error, my child," he said one day in response to one of Polly's outbursts of grief; "and it is an error young people very naturally fall into. You think that no one was ever chastened as you are. You say, with Jeremiah, 'No prophet is afflicted like unto this prophet!' Now, you are simply bearing your own share of the world's trouble. How can you hope to escape the universal lot? There are dozens of people within sight of this height of land who have borne as much, and must bear as much again. These things come to all of us; they are stern facts; they are here, and they must be borne; but it makes all the difference in the world how we bear them. We can clench our fists, close our lips tightly, and say, 'Since I must, I can'; or we can look up and say cheerfully, 'I will!' The first method is philosophical and strong enough, but there is no sweetness in it. If you have this burden to carry, make it as light, not as heavy, as you can; if you have this grief to endure, you want at least to come out of it sweeter and stronger than ever before. It seems a pity to let it go for nothing. You can live for your mother now as truly as you did in the old times; you know very well how she would have had you live."

Polly felt a sense of shame steal over her as she looked at Dr. George's sweet, strong smile and resolute mouth, and she said, with the hint of a new note in her voice:

"I see, and I will try; but, oh! Dr. George, how does one ever learn to live without loving,—I mean the kind of loving I had in my life? How does one contrive to be good when one is not happy? How can one walk in the right path when there does n't seem to be any brightness to go by?"

"My dear little girl," and Dr. George looked soberly out on the ocean, dull and lifeless under the gray October sky, "when the sun of one's happiness is set, one lights a candle called 'Patience,' and guides one's footsteps by that!"

"If only I were not a rich heiress," said Polly next morning, "I dare say I should be better off; for then I simply could n't have gone to bed for two or three months, and idled about like this for another. But there seems to be no end to my money. Edgar paid all the bills in San Francisco, and saved twenty out of our precious three hundred and twelve dollars. Then Mrs. Greenwood's rent-money has been accumulating four months, while I have been visiting you and Mrs. Bird; and the Greenwoods are willing to pay sixty dollars a month for the house still, even though times are dull; so I am hopelessly wealthy,—but I am very glad. The old desire to do something, and be something, seems to have faded out of my life with all the other beautiful things. I think I shall go to a girl's college and study, or find some other way of getting through the hateful endless years that stretch out ahead! Why, I am only a little past seventeen, and I may live to be ninety! I do not see how I can ever stand this sort of thing for seventy-three years!"

Mrs. Noble smiled in spite of herself. "Just apply yourself to getting through this year, Polly dear, and let the other seventy-two take care of themselves. They will bring their own cares and joys and responsibilities and problems, little as you realize it now. This year, grievous as it seems, will fade by and by, until you can look back at it with resignation and without tears."

"I don't want it to fade!" cried Polly, passionately. "I never want to look back at it without tears! I want to be faithful always; I want never to forget, and never to feel less sorrow than I do this minute!"

"Take that blue-covered Emerson on the little table, Polly; open it at the essay on 'Compensation,' and read the page marked with the orange leaf."

The tears were streaming down Polly's cheeks, but she opened the book, and read with a faltering voice:

> We cannot part with our f—fr—friends. We cannot let our angels go. [Sob.] We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. . . . We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. [Sob.] We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had shelter. . . . We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. [Sob.] But we sit and weep in vain. We cannot

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stay amid the ruins. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" . . . The sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all sorrow. . . . The man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

"Do you see, Polly?"

"Yes, I see; but oh! I was so happy being a garden flower with the sunshine on my head, and I can't seem to care the least little bit for being a banian-tree!"

"Well," said Mrs. Noble, smiling through her own tears, "I fear that God will never insist on your 'yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men' unless you desire it. Not all sunny garden flowers become banian-trees by the falling of the walls. Some of them are crushed beneath the ruins, and never send any more color or fragrance into the world."

"The garden flower had happiness before the walls fell," said Polly. "It is happiness I want."

"The banian-tree had blessedness after the walls fell, and it is blessedness I want; but, then, I am forty-seven, and you are seventeen!" sighed Mrs. Noble, as they walked through the orange orchard to the house.

One day, in the middle of October, the mail brought Polly two letters: the first from Edgar, who often dashed off cheery scrawls in the hope of getting cheery replies, which never came; and the second from Mrs. Bird, who had a plan to propose.

Edgar wrote:

". . . I have a new boarding-place in San Francisco, a stone's throw from Mrs. Bird's, whose mansion I can look down upon from a lofty height reached by a flight of fifty wooden steps — good training in athletics! Mrs. Morton is a kind landlady and the house is a home, in a certain way:

> "But oh! the difference to me
> 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!

"There is a Morton girl, too; but she neither plays nor sings nor jokes, nor even looks,— in fine, she is not Polly! I have come to the conclusion, now, that girls in a house are almost nuisances,— I mean, of course, when they are not Pollies. Oh! why are you so young, and so loaded with this world's goods, that you will never need me for a boarder again? Mrs. Bird is hoping to see you soon, and I chose my humble lodging on this hill-top because, from my attic's lonely height, I can watch you going in and out of your 'marble halls'; and you will almost pass my door as you take the car. In view of this pleasing prospect (now, alas! somewhat distant), I send you a scrap of newspaper verse which prophesies my sentiments. It is signed 'M. E. W.,' and Tom Mills says whoever wrote it knows you.

WHEN POLLY GOES BY.

'T is but poorly I 'm lodged in a little side-street,
Which is seldom disturbed by the hurry of feet,
For the flood-tide of life long ago ebbed away
From its homely old houses, rain-beaten and gray;
And I sit with my pipe in the window, and sigh
At the buffets of fortune — till Polly goes by.

There 's a flaunting of ribbons, a flurry of lace,
And a rose in the bonnet above a bright face,
A glance from two eyes so deliciously blue
The midsummer seas scarcely rival their hue;
And once in a while, if the wind 's blowing high,
The sound of soft laughter as Polly goes by.

Then up jumps my heart and begins to beat fast.
"She 's coming!" it whispers. "She 's here! She has passed!"
While I throw up the sash and lean breathlessly down
To catch the last glimpse of her vanishing gown,
Excited, delighted, yet wondering why
My senses desert me if Polly goes by.

Ah! she must be a witch, and the magical spell
She has woven about me has done its work well,
For the morning grows brighter, and gayer the air
That my landlady sings as she sweeps down the stair;
And my poor lonely garret, up close to the sky,
Seems something like heaven when Polly goes by!

"P. S.— Tony has returned to the university. He asked after the health of the 'sunset-haired goddess' yesterday. You 'd better hurry back and take care of me;— no, joking aside, don't worry about me, little missionary; I 've outgrown Tony, and I hope I don't need to be reformed oftener than once a year.

"Yours, "EDGAR."

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Mrs. Bird's letter ran thus:

"My Dearest Pollykins: We have lived without you just about as long as we can endure it. The boys have returned to school and college. Mr. Bird contemplates one more trip to Honolulu, and brother John and I need some one to coddle and to worry over. I have not spoken to you of your future, because I wished to wait until you opened the subject. It is too late for you to begin your course of kindergarten training this year, and I think you are far too delicate just now to undertake so arduous a work; however, you are young, and that can wait for a bit. As to the story-telling in the hospitals and asylums, I wish you could find courage and strength to go on with that,—not for your own sake alone, but for the sake of others.

"As I have told you before, the money is set aside for that special purpose, and the work will be carried on by somebody. Of course I can get a substitute if you refuse, and that substitute may, after a little time, satisfy the impatient children, who flatten their noses against the window-panes and wish for Miss Pauline every day of their meager lives. But I fear the substitute will never be Polly! She may 'rattle round in your place' (as somebody said under different circumstances), but she can never fill it! Why not spend the winter with us, and do this lovely work, keeping up other studies if you are strong enough? It will be so sweet for you to feel that out of your own sadness you can comfort and brighten the lives of these lonely, suffering, these motherless or fatherless children. It will seem hard to begin, no doubt; but new life will flow in your veins when you take up your active, useful work again. The joyousness that God put into your soul before you were born, my Polly, is a sacred trust. You must not hide it in a napkin, dear, or bury it, or lose it. It was given to you only that you should share it with others. It was intended for the world at large, though it was bestowed upon you in particular. Come, dear, to one who knows all about it,—one whom you are sweet enough to call "Your Fairy Godmother."

"Mrs. Noble," said Polly, with a sober sort of smile, "the 'Ancon' sails on the 20th, and I am going to sail with her."

"So soon? What for, dear?"

"I am going to be a banian-tree, if you please," answered Polly.

*(To be continued.)*

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## DRIVING THE COW.

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.

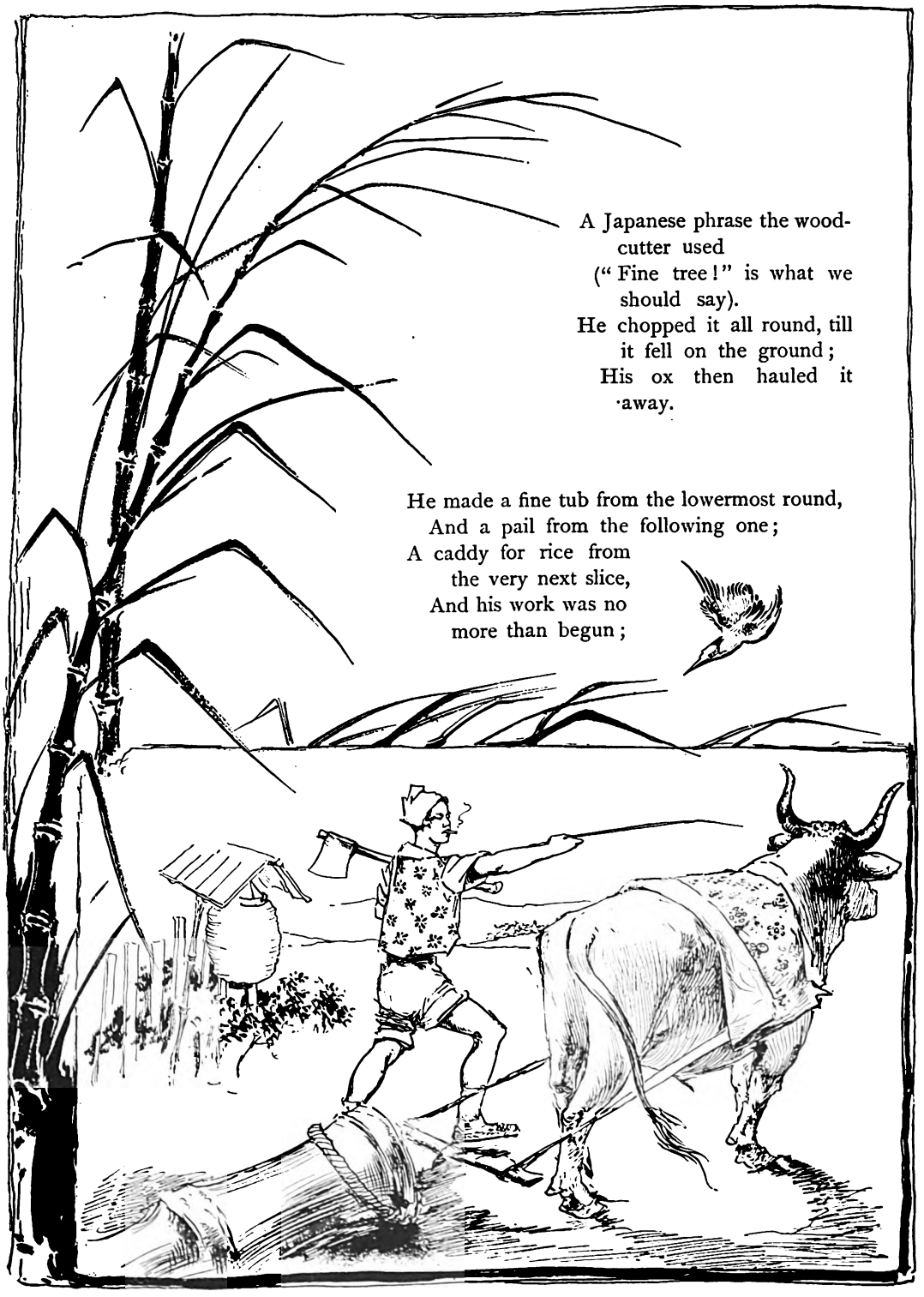
It 's just the time when it does seem
  Like everything had gotten still,—
'Cept often, down beside the stream,
  Why, maybe there 's a whippoorwill;
And frogs always! But, somehow, they
Don't seem like noises made by day.

Then all up through the meadow-grass
  It 's nice an' cool for "Blossom's" feet.
I let the bars down while we pass,
  An' 't seems like everything smells sweet.
It 's red out where the sun went down,
But all the woods below are brown.

An' there 's one star; but just as soon
  As that comes out, it 's gettin' dark!
'Way off, the cow-bells make a tune,
  An' then our dog begins to bark,
An' lights, up at the farm, peep out,
An' Granny's candle moves about.

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A Japanese phrase the wood-
cutter used
("Fine tree!" is what we
should say).
He chopped it all round, till
it fell on the ground;
His ox then hauled it
away.

He made a fine tub from the lowermost round,
And a pail from the following one;
A caddy for rice from
the very next slice,
And his work was no
more than begun;

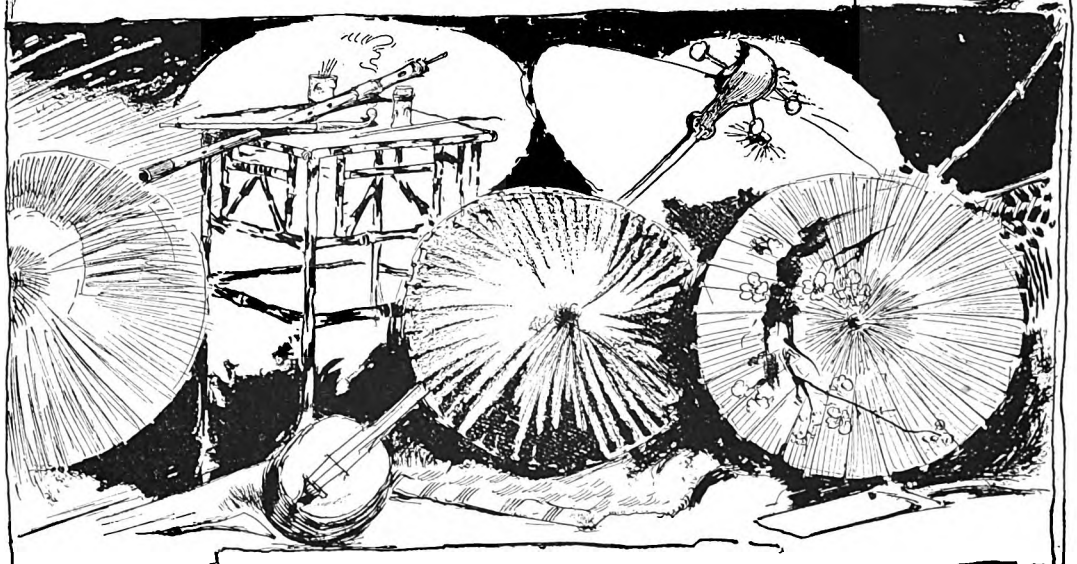


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A pencil, I think, and a bottle for ink,
And a stem for his miniature pipe;
A ring for his hand, and a *shokoji* stand,*
And a tray for the oranges ripe.





A rake then he made, and a small
garden-spade,
And a trellis to loop up his vine;
A flute which he blew, and a tea-strainer, too,
And a fiddle to squeak shrill and fine.

It would take me all day, if I were to say,
All that wonderful man brought to view;
But a traveler I met says he 's sitting there yet,
At work on that single bamboo.

* Luncheon-stand.





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# HOLLY-BERRY AND MISTLETOE.

*(A Christmas Romance of 1492.)*

By M. Carrie Hyde.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

## VII. SWORDS, HALBERDS, AND CROSSBOWS.

The goodly men rode far, rode fast,
And reached the robber-den at last.

An hour after returning to Twin Towers, though the sun was low, Egbert, with a fine following of armed men, was on his way to the robbers' haunt.

Upon Egbert's right, unhelmeted and with snowy hair drifting to his shoulders, rode the young knight's counselor-in-chief, a soldier seasoned by rugged warfare at home and abroad.

It was almost noon of the next day when Egbert's men entered the rocky ravine so snugly hiding the Hardi-Hoods.

Wood-cutter Canute, who had joined the robber-assailers, when he learned their errand as they passed his house, strode ahead as guide.

"We will ride at yon wall of rock, and knock upon it till they swarm forth as bees from an hive; then, with quick play of arms, all are at our mercy," said the old counselor.

"Marry!" cried Egbert, "I have a plan that betters that. These bees do sting. What say you to a fire before that oak door, and then—" But in an instant the whole of his men were surrounded by the Hardi-Hoods, who seemed to have sprung from the ground beneath the horses' feet.

"At them, ye brave men!" called Egbert, trying to reach a robber with the point of his sword, but missing his thrust, for his horse stumbled.

Then a hand-to-hand fight began. Strokes and thrusts filled the air, and laid many low upon the trampled ground, while a shaft from the well-aimed crossbow of the robber-chief opened a vein in Egbert's arm.

It was at this point that Ethelred, casting about him in the tight-shut cave for the cause of this sudden broil without, as a cry or shout reached his ears, saw his little sword upon the wall, and reaching till his fingers clasped upon it, caught it down. Then pushing with all his boyish strength against the oak door, he forced it open, and running out into the midst of clashing steel and clanging halberd, cried:

"Hola! 't is Count Egbert, come to rescue me!" and urging his way to the knight's side, he used his little sword in sturdy protection of his friend till Egbert had time to stay his wounded arm by a quick binding of his handkerchief upon it.

The engagement was not so cruel nor bloody an affray as many of that day, and ended with less slain and hurt than might have been expected. Ethelred's right cheek was pinked, but what cared he for that?

"Now, your swords, your crossbows, your halberds!" demanded Egbert, not unkindly, the moment he had conquered; and after taking the counselor-in-chief aside for his advice, he announced the punishment upon the Hardi-Hoods.

"'T is banishment to the high seas," said he, "until, perchance, you come upon some new shore. You are never to return to this, our coast. Now, away to yonder cove, where lies a boat of mine, which, before night, shall sail with you all aboard."

"'T is generous of you, Count Egbert, and we go right willingly," responded the chief, while the rest made ready for the departure.

"What shall we do with this leaking bag of barley?" cried one.

"I will take it," said Canute; "I have a fancy for that which is my own."

## VIII. ENTER ALL.

They come! they come! in brave array,
And bring a merry Christmas day.

Christmas day of 1492 had dawned crisp and clear; and though there was no sound of



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merriment without or within Charlock castle, in the kitchen there was a boiling and brewing, a sputtering and stewing, that betokened hearty preparation for the great holiday.

"Yea, let the lads and lassies make merry!" cried Sir Charles to the cook; "and build you a plum-pudding that shall be no less in girth than the waist of the largest of the three oaks!"

"Prithee," said the cook, "'t is seldom a pudding can be compounded that size, before it falls asunder."

"Let it fall asunder, then!" thundered Sir Charles, a gleam of wrath in his eye; "but make you it as I have ordered it, or—"

"Yes, my lord," said the cook, meekly; and courtesying, she hastened to the kitchen, to set the scullery-boys to stoning raisins and slicing citron.

Bertha, no longer drooping like the lute-string ribbon on her last year's bonnet, nor sad and woebegone as the cypress-tree, was spruced most chipperly, a bit of mistletoe in her red belt, and the train of her long gray gown pinned high, that she might the more quickly move from room to room, while she and Holly-berry busied themselves right gladly in decking the walls of the great hall with holly-berry and mistletoe.



COUNT EGBERT AND HIS MEN ON THE WAY TO RESCUE ETHELRED.

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Soon Bertha reappeared, gowned in a pink brocade, with still the bit of mistletoe at her girdle, looking as lovely as a blush-rose, though she was somewhat anxious, and spoke but little for watching of the clock.

Sir Charles was clad with more care than for a long week past. His hair and beard were brushed until they shone, and a medal hung upon the breast of the new slashed doublet he wore; while Holly-berry, in a holiday suit of white, bespattered with bright red dots, and with long, pointed cap to match, belted his waist with a spray of the red and green holly-berry, and stuck a bit of it in his cap-band, till he looked as festive as the plum-pudding itself.

Only the Lady Charlock, in a somber gown of black, seemed depressed and sad.

"'T is three times the crows have called a funeral at us!" observed she, with a sigh, as crying "Caw, caw, caw," the crows flew from east to west across the castle. "I hope your father hears them not, for 't is so bad an evil omen — the worst that is!"

"Mayhap not alway," responded Bertha. "It is somewhat fanciful, but it seemeth me they are only saying, 'Good Lady Charlock, why wear you a mourning-frock? Is it because you wish to look as black as any crow?' Go to, Mother! Let me fix this holly at your throat. Now, that is better, and becomes you as well as the day."

The clock went one, two, three; the boar's head and the stuffed peacock were upon the board, flanked right and left by the smoking plum-pudding and steaming wassail-bowl, when a bugle-call was heard, thrice blending with the trampling of horses, and the "Whoa, you there! Get you up, nag!" and "Have a care!" in strange voices, just without Sir Charlock's door.



"'MAKE YOU IT AS I HAVE ORDERED IT!' THUNDERED SIR CHARLES."

Ere Sir Charles could answer a second winding of the bugle-horn, the double front door opened wide, and into Sir Charles's very presence came Egbert, Ethelred, the counselor-in-chief, and the entire retinue of returned robber-victors.

"By the muscle and brawn of twenty genera-

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tions of Charlocks! what do you here, Count Egbert Traymore of Twin Towers?" demanded Sir Charles, feeling for his sword.

"I bring your son, Ethelred, as a peace-offering, well fitting Christmas day. Let bygones go by, Sir Charlock," replied Egbert.

"And won't you forget the feud, Father?" cried Bertha, advancing upon her father, with appealing eyes, as Sir Charles clasped his son in his arms.

"What feud? I know of no feud. 'T is already forgotten!" exclaimed Sir Charles, extending his hand most cordially to Egbert. "I have my son; that is enough. Here is your Egbert, and welcome. We will to the Christmas-board, and be happy."

"Holly-berry, you rogue, you shall sit to my right, the Jack-sauce for my pudding," said Sir Charles; "for I believe much of this is your devising; Egbert shall sit next his Bertha, 'neath that mistle-bough and by my Lady Charlock's right; while Ethelred, who has the look of one underfed on black bread, sits by me, on the left"; and so ranged and seated, there was not a merrier board for miles round than that of Sir Charles Charlock.

"How came your cheek so pinked, Ethelred, my little man; and Egbert so stiff in the use of his left arm?" asked Sir Charles, when they had reached mid-meal; and all at the table soon heard the story of Count Egbert's victory.

"So," continued Sir Charles, "here is to the brave Count Egbert!"

The toast was received with cheers.

"Now, Holly-the-wise, you shall call the next. To whom do you cry it?" said Sir Charles.

Holly-berry stood upon his seat, and shaking his cap-bells, said:

"Adown the road, far in the wood,
Lives one who 's always kind and good,
Turns hate to love, and wrong to right,
As changes darkness into light;—
You know her name, let us bestow
A ringing cheer on Mistletoe."

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" cried Count Egbert.
"Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!" cried Sir Charles,



BERTHA AND HOLLY-BERRY DECORATE THE GREAT HALL.

"with another, as merry, to this word-wag, Holly-berry!"

And Mistletoe, well content that the way of true love had thus been made smooth by her, sat in the blaze of her own Yule log, and knit her thoughts into a new romance.

THE END.

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# JUST FOR FUN.

By Malcolm Douglas.



"Why do you jump wherever you go?"
Asked the rabbit, in '92;
"Because it is leap-year, doncherKnow,"
Said the humorous Kangaroo.




"I'd like a berth in the sleeping-coach,"
Said an Elephant, who was going far;
"The only trouble, though, is my trunk;
That has to ride in the baggage-car!"



Some bold bad thieves in a cave laughed out,
As their bags of gold they tossed;
"Sh! not so loud!" said one of the crowd;
"For if we are found, we're lost."

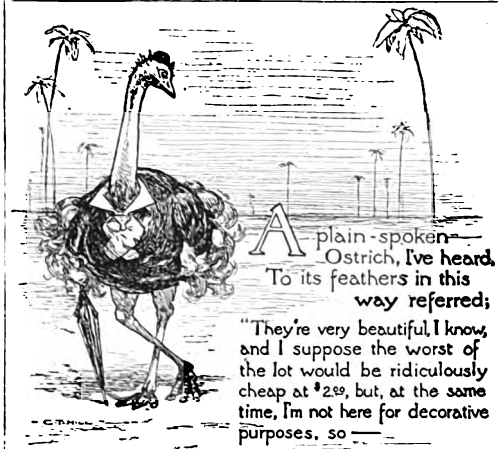


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Five policemen in the night-time trying to find a wicked thief,
All in line, and with dark-lanterns, each of them shaking like a leaf.
"'Sh!" cried the first, and "'sh!" the second, "'sh!" the third, and "'sh!" the fourth.
"Let's one go east, and one go west, and one go south, and one go north."
"Well," said the fifth, of all most frightened, "that will only take four, you know;
Hadn't I better run back home, since there's no place left for me to go?"





A plain-spoken Ostrich, I've heard,
To its feathers in this way referred;
"They're very beautiful, I know,
and I suppose the worst of the lot would be ridiculously cheap at $2.99, but, at the same time, I'm not here for decorative purposes, so —
If you want a bonnet
With ostrich-plumes on it,
Please take 'em from
some other bird!"



"Were you at Bull's Run?" says the little boy;
And says he, the old sojer-man,
"Why, I grow out of breath when I think of it—
I was one of the ones who ran!"

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# THE WHITE CAVE

By William O. Stoddard.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter VII.

### THE GRAND CORROBOREE.



The roar of the surf on the shore of the ocean, after the ears of a listener have become accustomed to it, does not seem to interfere greatly with other sounds which are different from it. The roar of a waterfall is much like that of the surf, and Ned and Hugh had become so accustomed to it that they could talk and hear almost as well as if it had not been there. So when they heard through the darkness of the forest an altogether distinct sound, it brought them to their feet, ready for action. It was natural that their first words should be: "The black cannibals! They are here!"

Hugh had been lulled almost into slumber by the monotonous song of the waterfall. Ned had been half dozing at the foot of a tree, barely awake enough to begin to guess that it must be almost time to change watches with Hugh.

His eyes had opened suddenly, and he was conscious that he was listening to something. "It sounded like the breaking of a stick!" he said to himself. "What is it?"

From the night shadows two human eyes were staring at him and Hugh and the fire.

"They are two boys!" whispered a voice. "How could they ever have come here? They seem to be alone. Well, if those six villains knew it, they would rob them. This is a strange piece of business!"

Just before that, he had made a forward step, and had trodden, full weight, upon a dry, brittle branch of a tree. It had broken with a sharp, loud snap, and that was the noise which had startled the boys. He was now standing still and stroking his long, bushy, red beard.

"I must warn them," he said to himself; "but it may be the end of me. Perhaps I can get across the mountains again, and hide somewhere else. It is sure death to me, if I am taken."

He was almost afraid of doing a good action, for fear it might betray him to his enemies. He seemed to fear danger from every human being, good or bad.

He remained perfectly cool and calm about it, but suddenly he turned his head quickly, as if he too were listening as intently as was Ned Wentworth.

"What 's that?" he exclaimed. "Can it be possible? They are coming this way! Now I 've got to go right in, or be torn to pieces. This is horrible!"

For just a moment he stood still.

Thud, thud, crash, crash,—a great, rushing sound, accompanied by loud, fierce cries, came through the forest. Whatever it might mean, the boys had their guns leveled, ready to defend themselves. Meanwhile the noise grew louder and nearer.

"Hugh," said Ned, "they 're coming!"

"Stand your ground, Ned!" said Hugh.

"Boys," shouted a deep voice out of the darkness, "get close to the fire. That 's your only chance. I 'm coming there, too. The fire! Quick!"

"Ned—" began Hugh, but he was cut short there, for a great, dim, blurred form bounded from the shadows and flashed past him with a long, flying leap that carried it clear over the fire.

Hugh stood motionless, but Ned was more wide awake. Still, it was almost by instinct that his gun came up to his shoulder and was discharged at that startling phantom. Over and



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over the creature rolled upon the ground, while another and then another followed it.

"Don't shoot again, boys! Stand close by the fire. Those are kangaroos! And now come the dingoes! Hear that?"

"Dingoes, Ned! They are wild dogs!" shouted Hugh, as he obeyed the warning. "They won't come near a fire. Oh, I 'm glad it 's a good blaze!"

"You may be thankful," said the deep, warning voice, as its owner came striding in and stood beside them. "There they come! I 've lived in these woods a long time, but I never before knew of dingoes running kangaroos at night."

"I 've known them to kill hundreds of sheep at night, upon our place," said Hugh. "That 's their time. I think they get their kangaroo mutton whenever they can."

"I should n't wonder if they did, only I never saw it. What a pack!" exclaimed the stranger. Then, remembering that he had not said a word as to who he was, he turned to Ned and remarked suddenly, "You never saw me before. My name 's Beard."

"Beard?" said Ned. "My name is Wentworth. And this is Hugh Parry."

"I know," said Beard, looking keenly at Hugh; "son of Sir Frederick Parry, of the Grampians. Look at those dingoes! There 's enough of them to tear down a dozen men!"

The forest seemed to be full of gleaming eyes, white teeth, snapping jaws, fierce yells and snarls, as the dingoes dashed around, hither and thither, longing to rush in upon the three human beings and the fallen kangaroo, but in wild-beast fear of the glowing camp-fire.

"Heap up the fire," said Beard. "We must keep it blazing. They won't stay here. Some of the pack went right on after the other kangaroos. Don't waste any ammunition on dingoes. It 's precious stuff, out here."

The barking wild dogs circled around the camp again and again, and then, as if with one accord, they gave it up, and the sound of their cries died away in the depths of the woods.

As for Ka-kak-kia and his five comrades, they had not traveled far after finding the trail which they intended to follow next morning, and they were now sound asleep among the bushes.

The larger band of blackfellows had been in a different state of mind as to the best way of spending an evening. It had been a great thing for them to capture so very large and fat a kangaroo as the one which was now cooking in their deep, fire-heaped oven-hole. As soon as he was done he would make a splendid barbecue, with which to celebrate their victory over Ka-kak-kia.

It was not a great while before they began to rake away the fire and pry out the roast.

They ate it all, taking plenty of time and dividing fairly. Even the speared warrior ate well. The darkness came upon them before their meal was over, but their fire had not been permitted to burn low. It was heaped and heaped, for it was to be the central point of a grand "palti," or "corroboree" dance, to be performed in the most complete manner, before taking a war-hunt after Ka-kak-kia and his followers.

One of them must have had with him a bag of white ocher, and the kangaroo they had roasted had supplied grease enough to turn it into paint. They were all of them corroboree artists, and knew how to smear lines of white along their ribs and limbs, so that each black form suggested the outlines of a bleached skeleton. Time was consumed by the work of decoration, but at last they were ready for the dance. With their "wirri" or waddy-clubs in hand, upon beginning, and afterward with spears, shields, and other sticks, successively, around and around the roaring bonfire, which they had piled up with resinous wood, the hideous figures pranced, and danced, and whirled to the time of a wild, monotonous chant.

Then the dance changed, and one by one they bounded, and gesticulated, and boasted, and whooped, and brandished their weapons, looking very much like so many skeletons capering between the firelight and the darkness. The wonder was, how they could caper so long and yell so loudly, after having eaten so much kangaroo, of which, indeed, nothing but the picked bones remained.

It was very late when the corroboree ended, and at the hour when the black, skeleton-

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painted savages gave it up and lay down to sleep off their fatigue, an absolute contrast to this barbaric scene was presented by the camp of Sir Frederick Parry, on the bank of the swift river.

Two white tents had been pitched—one for Sir Frederick and Lady Maude, and one for Helen Gordon. Another tent-cover lay on the grass; but it had not been set up, for it belonged to the absent boys and was not now needed. Marsh, the mule-driver, lay sound asleep on a blanket near the spot where his mules were hitched. Bob McCracken also lay asleep on a blanket, just inside of the line to which he had carefully fastened the halter of every horse in the camp. On one side of him lay a rifle, and on the other a gun, and he had his boots on. As for Sir Frederick's other men, Keets must have been asleep in the wagon, but Brand was awake and on his feet, walking slowly, steadily all around the camp as a sentinel. He had a gun on his shoulder, a revolver in his belt, and his eyes were all the while busy, as if he expected somebody.

The two hounds lay under the wagon; the fire burned well; the horses and mules stamped now and then; while Yip walked around behind the sentinel, sniffing, whining, yawning, as if he were still uneasy.

Ned and Hugh did not feel at all like going to sleep again, after having been stirred up in such a manner. As soon as the excitement about the wild dogs subsided a little, they began to stare hard at the man Beard. He was far more unexpected out there in the bush than were wolves or kangaroos. He was as little expected as the blackfellows.

The boys' presence was as great a surprise to him, and he said so.



"HE SAT BY THE FIRE AND COOKED FOR HIMSELF SLICE AFTER SLICE OF KANGAROO MEAT."

"How on earth did you get away out here?" he asked; and they told him, very freely, while he sat by the fire and cooked for himself slice after slice of kangaroo meat, like a man who was very hungry.

"He 's a tremendous fellow," whispered Hugh to Ned. "He must be a bushranger, and a desperate sort of chap!"

"He seems good-natured enough," whispered Ned. "He looks as if he might be as strong as a horse."

"I think he is," said Hugh.

"Who did you say were in Sir Frederick's party?" Beard asked them. "Tell me again."

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He seemed to be talking like a man half awake, or in a sort of dream; but Hugh repeated the names, one by one.

"Helen Gordon?" said Beard. "Any relation to the Gordons of Falcon Hall, in Yorkshire?"

"That 's where they lived once," said Hugh. "My grandfather does n't keep up the hall now. He has leased it. My mother was his only daughter. Uncle Robert 's in India, in the army—"

"Your mother was Maude Gordon? Your cousin Helen is a daughter of Robert Gordon?" asked Beard.

"Yes," said Hugh, thinking it odd to be questioned about his family by a wild, red-bearded fellow, there in the wilderness.

"And they 're lost? Lost in the bush—and you are, too?" asked Beard, as if he needed to say something.

"We 've lost them, anyhow," said Ned, breaking in. "We don't know which way to turn to find them."

"Tell me again about the blackfellows," said Beard, turning his face once more full upon them. It was strangely flushed, and it looked very red in the firelight.

Ned Wentworth had hardly had a chance to talk up to that moment, and it was his turn. He told all there was to tell up to the beginning of the skirmish, but there he was interrupted.

"Ka-kak-kia?" exclaimed Beard. "I know him. He 's a friend of mine. He and his fellows would n't be half so likely to kill me as the others would. A blackfellow will kill anybody, though, if he thinks he can gain anything by it. You can't trust them. Well, what with white savages and black savages, and dingoes, these woods are full of wolves!"

"The dingoes were killing sheep at the Grampians when we came away," said Hugh; "but we did n't think of finding any blackfellows or bushrangers out here. Father said they were all gone."

"They 're not, then," said Beard, in a hoarse, rasping voice. "There are six of the worst white villains camped within three miles of this very spot! They 'll be here after us in the morning. If they found your father's camp, they 'd be more dangerous than blackfellows."

"They would n't attack it, would they?" exclaimed Hugh, springing up in sudden dismay. "What? Attack my father, and mother, and Helen?"

"I 'm afraid so; and lay it to the blackfellows, or to me, if it should ever be discovered. But they would n't leave a trace of it, with the river close by to hide everything in. I know them. They 'd assert that I did it. They 've done that sort of thing before."

All that Hugh and Ned could do was to look at each other and draw long breaths of fear and grief. It was a dreadful state of affairs, and the man Beard put his head down on his folded arms and sat still for fully a minute.

"Boys," said he at last, looking up, "we must n't be near this fire after daylight; but we can lie down for a while now. You 'll all get safely out. Promise me one thing, on your word of honor."

"We 'll promise," said Hugh.

"I 'll promise anything that I ought," said Ned. "What is it?"

"If I get you safe back to your own camp, promise not to tell how you got there. Promise not to say that you met me. You may tell your father and your mother, in confidence, but you are not to tell anybody else."

They promised solemnly.

"I have got to get out of this region, anyhow," said Beard; "but I don't want anybody to know even that I 've been here."

He was evidently a very queer fellow. He was roughly clad, wild, savage, desperate-looking, but there was something gentle and kindly in the way he spoke. His eyes were bloodshot, and his voice was hoarse, and now and then he showed his strong, white teeth. He said very little more, but he made the boys lie down, telling them to go to sleep, if they could, and there he sat and looked at the fire, with his repeating-rifle in his lap.

"Ned," said Hugh, as they stretched out on their blankets under a tree, "do you believe you can sleep?"

"It seems as if I could n't do anything else," said Ned. "If I don't, I won't be worth a cent to-morrow."

Sleep will come to over-tired boys, even if they try to keep their eyes open. So it was

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that neither of them heard the man Beard muttering, after a while, there by the fire:

"So it is Hugh Gordon Parry!—and Maude, and Helen Gordon! Well, my time has come. What on earth made them all come out here to be speared or clubbed in the bush! No, I can save them! I *will* save them, no matter what becomes of me!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LOST!

SIR FREDERICK PARRY'S camp was astir at daylight the next morning. As soon as there was light enough to cast a line, the baronet himself was fishing from the rock by the water's edge, and was having fair success, although none of the fish were large. He was evidently depressed, and he paid no attention to the preparations for breakfast going on at a little distance behind him. The fire was blazing vigorously; the camp table was already spread with its white cloth, its bright cutlery, its silver, and its china. There was also a stir in the tents, and before long Lady Parry came out of one of them, and Helen Gordon out of the other. Both were looking pale, and as if they had not rested well.

"Oh, Aunt Maude," said Helen, "I had such awful dreams about Hugh and Ned! I feel as if I could find them myself."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Lady Parry. "You look pale and ill. Yes, we must find them, and I hope we shall find them to-day."

Helen tried to speak again, but her voice seemed to fail her, and she turned away. In another moment her aunt was at the water-side, exclaiming: "Fred, where do you think the boys are? We must find them!"

"My dear," he replied consolingly, "no doubt we shall find them. As to getting home, all we have to do is to follow this river down. We will start as soon as we find the boys."

"Frederick," she said, "if anything has happened to them, I—"

Her voice thrilled and trembled with suffering, and there was so much anguish in her face that Sir Frederick turned away his gaze and replied:

"Immediately after breakfast we will all search for them"—and just there he hooked a fish, and had an excuse for not saying anything more.

Nevertheless, the day's work of the people in that camp was already cut out for them; and so too for the other parties wandering in that forest.

The black boy, in the shelter of a tuft of weeds, awoke as early as Bob McCracken among his horses. The boy had no breakfast to get, nor had he anything to get one with, for the wicked white men had robbed him of all his hunting-sticks. He was not discouraged, however, for he seemed to have a definite idea of the direction he should take to find his people.

The camp of blackfellows that he set out to find with such a remarkable degree of energy, did not contain his mother or aunts or sisters, for it was a camp of warriors and hunters, and it had left all womankind in a place so far away that sheep-farmers, like the owner of the Grampians, naturally supposed that no savages were likely to trouble them.

The corroboree dancers must have been fatigued, for they had danced long and late; but for all that they were stirring at the first dawn of light. They built up their fire, although there was not a mouthful of anything left for them to cook for breakfast, and neither was there any water for them to drink; but they did not seem at all disturbed by that. Soon after waking, they were searching among the trees for a "grass" or "blackboy" tree,—what white men would have called a "blue-gum" tree, or "eucalyptus."

They found several, some old and some young; but they chose the latter. Each man began to dig with one of his sticks at about four or five feet from the foot of one of those trees. He dug down until he came to a main root, with fresh, succulent branches shooting from it. He cut off a shoot, split it, and began to chew it, getting water from it as if it had been a slice of watermelon, and soon there were no thirsty blackfellows in that party. As for eating, they had done well enough the day before. Their next movement was to sit down in a circle and hold a kind of jabber-talk that did not last long. They pointed at the cabbage-palm and across the prairie, and shook

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their heads. Ka-kak-kia and his friends would not be so unwise as to stay there and be speared. They had gone surely, and the corroboree dancers all said so; and they were entirely correct. The chief and his five followers knew that they would be hunted after, and they also intended to hunt for other people, and so all their sticks were picked up about as early as they could be seen, and their owners were already pushing on cautiously through the forest, in a line that indicated they intended to visit the white boys' camp at the waterfall. If that were so, however, they were likely to find there a deserted camp, for not a man in all that bush was on his feet earlier than was Beard, the cave-man, and he at once awoke his young companions.

Ned and Hugh had slept well, with an idea that they were under a sort of protection; but they sprang to their feet promptly when they were stirred up. Then they each looked very hard at Beard, as if they were anxious to see what sort of man he might be by daylight.

It was not quite daylight yet, but they got an idea of a very powerful, very rugged, wild-looking man, with as gloomy a face as they had ever seen. His voice, when he spoke to them, was very deep, but it was kindly enough.

"We must have breakfast directly," he said. "There is no time to spare."

"Do you think the blackfellows will follow us?" asked Ned.

"There is no doubt of it," said Beard. "They 're too stupid and obstinate to give up anything. They 'll follow a party for weeks, when they 've once begun the pursuit."

"Mr. Beard," said Hugh, "how many kangaroos there are in this forest!"

"Yes," said Beard. "As soon as the blacks were driven off, there was nobody to hunt 'em, and so their number increased. That 's what brings the blackfellows back again, and it brings the dingoes too."

"I wonder if the big flocks of sheep don't partly account for there being more dingoes," said Hugh, soberly. "I never thought of that."

"Other men have," said Beard. "Wild animals have to eat something. The dingoes would disappear if they could not find food.

He talked freely about anything and everything that lived in the woods; but every time either of them said or asked anything about himself, he evaded the question completely, and they could learn nothing concerning him.

"The blackfellows may be after us," remarked Ned, "but they will have some distance to travel."

"The white savages have n't far to go," replied Beard. "I 'm more afraid of them. I 'm going to put you into a safe hiding-place for a while, and then I 'm going to scout and see what they 're about. I don't want you to be speared or shot while I 'm away."

"I quite agree with you," said Hugh; "but we must find our camp."

"Don't worry," replied Beard. "Let us get away from here first."

The horses being quickly saddled, the boys mounted and set out. They took all their game with them, as they might need it for food.

The six white rascals who had camped at the foot of the great stump were also astir early. While they were eating breakfast, however, they watched carefully the woods around them, and talked about blackfellows and coffee-pots. Not one of them had the least idea that the lost coffee-pot was at that moment resting quietly within the hollow of the enormous trunk beside them.

"Tell ye what, boys," said Bill, at the end of a long discussion, "we have n't come away out here for nothing, this time. We sha'n't really run against any blackfellows. They 're shy of such a party as this is. They 've cleared out. We 've got to git that fellow's nuggets, though,— cost what it may!"

They decided to hunt on foot, in couples, and not to get so far apart from one another that one couple could not hear a signal-call from the next.

"We 'll find him, sure," said Jim. "He 's built himself a cabin of some sort to live in, somewhere round here. I reckon it was a pretty safe place, too, till we tracked him."

They set out upon their thieving scout at just about the time when Beard halted and said to Ned and Hugh:

"Here we are, boys!"

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They had traveled several miles, and the morning was well advanced.

"Now we will hide the saddles and bridles," he added; "and we can put the horses where we can find them again. I 'll show you how to do that."

Ned and Hugh hated the thought of giving up their horses, but their estimate of the danger they were in had been growing all the way, and they dismounted. The saddles and bridles were easily disposed of by hanging them upon a scrubby sapling among some rocks tangled over with vines and bushes. The horses were led across a flat, bare ledge, on which their hoofs made no mark, to a wide, grassy open, where they were picketed by Beard, to feed until they should be wanted.

"Now, my friends," said he, "come right along. I am going to show you a secret that you must keep."

"I wish somebody would show us our camp. Oh, for a sight of father and mother and Helen!" said Hugh.

"I think I can find that easily," said Beard, "as soon as the woods are clear. Your mother would wish you to come in alive, though. I can tell you that."

It was a serious warning, and yet the great shadowy forest around them looked peaceful enough, in spite of all its wolves, four-footed or two-footed, white or black.

There was one part of that forest where, at this time, a great deal was occurring within a small space. The great towering trees—palms, and gum-trees, and other kinds—were so scattered as to make it appear almost open and sunny. It was very beautiful, but it was a deceitful beauty that concealed many dangers. Here and there were lines and clumps of bushes and undergrowth, that divided the open forest spaces into glades and lanes and green vistas which branched into and away from one another.

Along one of these green vistas rode a man with head bent forward, as if he were absorbed in deep thought. It was Sir Frederick.

"Lost!" he exclaimed at last. "To think of Ned and Hugh lost in the bush!—to die there of hunger and thirst, or to be killed by black cannibals! It is horrible!"

Then he raised his head and looked around him for a moment.

"Maude!" he called. "Come this way! You should not wander so far, my dear. Helen!"

No answer came, and again he called; and then his face grew suddenly pale.

"Where are they?" he exclaimed. "In which direction have I been riding? Where is my wife! Helen! Are they lost? Am I lost?" and putting his hand to his mouth, he gave a long, half-tremulous, and alarmed "Coo-ee-e! Coo-ee-e! Coo-ee-e!" He ceased, and once more his head bent forward, almost down to his horse's mane.

Sounds do not travel far among tree-trunks, bushes, undergrowth, and broken ridges of rough ground. It was not far to where a lady on a bay horse was leaning over, at that very moment, to free the skirt of her flowing riding-habit from a branch of thorn.

As she once more sat erect, she glanced around her.

"Frederick!" she exclaimed; and after another moment of silence she added, in tones of increasing excitement, "Where is he? He was in sight only a minute or so ago. Fred! Am I lost—lost in the bush? Frederick!"

Full, loud, frantically clear was that last cry for help; but Lady Maude Parry was mistaken. It had been fully five minutes since she had seen her husband or niece, and they had been galloping in different directions among those deceptive forest avenues.

At the end of one of these, at the base of a rugged ledge of rocks, a fair-haired girl reined in a graceful, spirited white pony.

"Uncle Fred and Aunt Maude will catch up with me in a moment," she said. "We can't hunt for Ned and Hugh any farther in this direction. And yet it would be terrible to go back to camp without them."

She wheeled her pony as she spoke, and he made only a few bounds forward before he was again reined in, and Helen looked rapidly around her.

"They 're all the same," she said uneasily. "One glade is just like another. Which of them did I come by? I 'll wait for the others here a minute or so. If I should ride around I might lose myself. They 'll come."

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She waited, while her pretty face put on an anxious expression.

"Aunt Maude! Uncle Fred!" she shouted, half weeping. "Why don't you come? It all looks alike. I don't know which way to turn!"

She did not dream that almost at that same moment her uncle was leaning very despairingly over his horse, nor that her aunt had lost her way in the maze of trees; but Helen's face put on an ashy paleness as she turned it upward. Her lips were moving, too, but there was no sound to be heard, and all around her was the awful silence of the endless Australian forest.



"HELEN, TOO, ATTEMPTED, TIME AFTER TIME, TO SHOUT 'COO-EE-E.'"

Thus they remained for a while, so very near to each other and yet so separated, each afraid to move for fear of going farther away, and each growing sick at heart as the sense of helpless loneliness crept over them.

In another direction, less than two miles distant, a man rode excitedly into an open place, a camp by a little river, shouting:

"Boys, mount again! I 've lost track of them! Sir Frederick and Lady Parry and Miss Helen! They 're out in the bush!"

Three other men sprang into their saddles, shouting to each other and to the dogs; and in a moment more the camp was left in charge of some spare horses and six mules, while its keepers dashed away into the woods. Not one of them, however, went in the right direction to find any of the missing persons.

Sir Frederick Parry was a man of firm nerves. He was a cool man and brave, and now he reined in his horse, and reasoned calmly:

"I can't sit still here," he said. "I will try to go back along my own tracks. There, I can see the hoof-marks, if I ride slowly. The worst of it is that a blackfellow may see them better than I can! I *must* find them!"

His wife also was riding onward, but she was



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not looking for any trail. She was trying to guess her way, and every now and then she sent out a plaintive "Coo-ee-e!"

Again,—again,—again,—and each time she paused and listened, painfully; but no answer came back to her from the leafy silence. Lady Maude burst into a fit of weeping that made her tremble from head to foot.

Helen was only so far away that she could not hear, and she, too, attempted, time after time, to shout "Coo-ee-e"; but it seemed to her as if her husky, frightened voice could hardly have startled a bird that she saw rise from a wide-branching tree beyond her.

"No one could hear it," she said to herself. "Even if there were blackfellows in the woods, they could not hear such a weak little call. They would not know I am here. How horrible it would be to see one of them!"

She seemed to find relief also in urging her pretty pony to a brisk gallop that carried her farther yet from the friends who were looking for her, and for whom she was so earnestly searching.

*(To be continued.)*

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# The Old Doll to the New One.



By Felix Leigh.

So you 're the latest victim—no,
I beg to make polite correction—
You 're Dot's *new* doll, of course, and so
*You* have a beautiful complexion.

It 's very easy, Miss, to praise
Those blushing cheeks, for one supposes
*You 've* not been placed before a blaze
That mixed your lilies with your roses.

You 've not been toasted for an hour,
To teach you beauty 's a delusion;
*You 've* yet to learn that fire has power
To leave one's features in confusion.

Your form 's as trim as trim can be;
*Your* share of sawdust 's not denied you;
No one 's unpicked *your* seams to see
Just what it was you had inside you.

You 've *all* your hair on, light as tow;
You 've *both* your eyes, of blue most tender;
*You 've* not been scalped, and well I know
You 've not been dropped upon the fender.

Your squeak 's not broken, I 'll be bound;
*You 're* not condemned your woes to mutter.
When *you* are banged about, a sound
Of protest you can shrilly utter.

But wait a little while, my dear;
You 'll not escape the fate of others.
Stoop! let me whisper in your ear—
*Dot, you must know, has two small brothers!*

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# My Aunt Aurora's Reticule.



By Lillian L. Price.

"Thee 's laughing at my reticule, child Alice," said Grandma, spreading it out on her lap as she lifted the wide bag from the cedar chest and tenderly stroked its faded green satin. "Dear, dear! — how well I remember putting in that bead-work! 'T was for my aunt Aurora that I made it. 'T was only as a task that I did stitching; for, being a Friend, I held not to gewgaws. Nay, old bag, thee was bonny when thee was new! See, it is an ample bag. We held to plenty of space in those days. And never, while memory serves, shall I forget the reticule's first journey. 'T was not to a Philadelphia assembly, with my aunt Aurora's purple square-toed slippers and gorgeous dancing-fan stowed away in it,— though I dare say it traveled that way often enough,— but 't was a gruesome journey, the like to make thine ears to tingle. Come, I must tell thee of it."

My uncle Jacob was of the world's people, but my aunt Hannah — that was my father's sister — was a strict Friend. My uncle Jacob was an iron-master, and 't was a grievous wrong to our people, and especially to my aunt Hannah, that he had made gun-castings for a man-o'-war lying in Delaware Bay, and had taken moneys for them. So he carried his young sister Aurora with him when he journeyed to Red Bank to receive the moneys of certain merchants there. 'T was a chance for her to get at Red Bank some bonnets and fripperies in the New York modes, she not being content with the Friends' garb save when she was on horseback traveling. Then she wore it, and bonny she looked in it.

'T was on their journey homeward that they turned in their nags at our cedars, one night at twilight, while I stood in my garden watching my primroses open.

"Thee 's welcome, Aunt Aurora," I cried, well pleased to catch sight of her sweet, rosy face and sparkling brown eyes. Father hastened out to lift her from her saddle, and then he and Uncle Jacob exchanged soberest greetings.

I hastened to draw my aunt into the house, and take off her cloak and bonnet. "'T is a twelvemonth since I have seen thee!" I cried. "Thee 's good to look at, Aunt Aurora; and yea, what does thee think! I have finished the reticule!"

"Has thee finished it?" laughed my aunt. "Indeed! Why, thee 's a marvelous industrious child! Thee 's been at this only two years."

"Yea," I answered shamefacedly; "but thee knows beads are troublous things to chain. I got them into a sore pucker, often and often."

"'T is a bit of folly," quoth my father, eying it humorously.

"'T is a beauty," said Aunt Aurora. "Marry, but I think 't will e'en carry my best new bonnet."

"Of course thee will stay the night at our house, Jacob?" said my father.

"Nay," replied Uncle Jacob, "I have a sum of money to place in a man's hands at ten o' the morning to-morrow. The business is urgent,— 't is a crisis of the man's affairs,— and I must not lag. We but stopped to try your tea-cakes and beg that you lend us Hannah. She can safely ride behind me, and Aurora wants her."

The thought of a visit to my uncle's great house set my heart a-dancing.



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"Indeed I must have my promised fortnight's visit from Hannah," urged my aunt, "now that she can travel secure in our company."

"Nay," said my father, "not so secure. Jacob, thee knows the risk thee runs traveling the pine-woods at night. Stay till morning."

"As safe by night as day in those long, lonely stretches," returned my uncle. "And my business must be carried."

"My! thee 's a rash man," cried my father; "for not only does thee cast the implements of war instead of the pruning-hooks of peace, but thee ventures into the pine-woods thickly bestead with highway robbers, when thee has moneys of great value upon thee."

"Tush, Brother! I can shoot and ride; and Aurora's shot is as true as mine."

"But the highwayman shoots from covert. Leave the women, and I will lead them over to-morrow myself."

"Nay," said my aunt Aurora, firmly, to this. "Brother rides not alone to-night. But say, Hannah, is thee frightened to go?"

"Does thee want to go?" asked my father.

"Oh, I do most truly!" I said, a great longing seizing me.

"See," said my uncle. He showed us the broad seam in the lining of his loose great-coat. Inside it lay a deep silk pouch, and flat within that a chamois pouch containing the money. "If we are waylaid, there 's a bag o' silver bits in the saddle-bags which I will fling them, and then whip and spur will carry us beyond their reach."

"So thee says," said my father. "Hannah, thee must decide. Will thee go?"

I glanced from Aunt Aurora to the moon turning from silver to gold in the pale evening sky and sheening the pine-woods. Then I looked at our cozy supper-table, where I was mistress, and thought on the home safety.

"Gyp has seven young puppies," said my aunt Aurora, alluringly.

"Oh, if thee pleases, Father, I would e'en like to go!" I decided, forgetting highwaymen as I thought of the kennels.

After supper I ran about, getting ready. "If thee takes me, Aunt Aurora, thee must take Boskie," I cried, stooping to lift him from his basket and smoothing his silky locks. Boskie was my little Skye terrier, my only playmate and friend. "I cannot leave Boskie," I said.

"And what with saddle-bag and bandbox, pray, where shall Boskie be stowed?" laughed my aunt. "I think he must e'en ride in the bottom of my new silk reticule. There he can cuddle as snug as a bee in thistledown. What?—has thee a blanket for Boskie? And a pocket in it for his collar? Thee 's a little old maid! But come, my girlie; we must hurry to saddles, while the moon is high. We shall need its light in the pine-woods."

'T was a calm night of midsummer. The moonlight silvered everything. Far to eastward through the silence came the sound of the sea. My father most reluctantly bade farewell to his little housekeeper, and we rode sedately away. The night air in the village was sweet with dewy odors of rose, and honeysuckle, and faint musk, which gave place to heavy warm pine scents as we entered the silver dusk of the woods. I leaned against my uncle's broad back, and occasionally chirruped to Boskie, who lay snuggled in the bottom of my aunt Aurora's reticule, which had one string unloosed and dangling down, so that he might get the air. And so we rode for hours. Then my aunt's horse lagged behind a little.

"Brother," she said, with an odd little tremble in her voice. "Shall we return to Anthony's? 'Star' has a stone in one hoof. She limps now."

"Aurora!" he exclaimed in dismay. Then: "Ah, well, perhaps we shall ride through scot-free, in spite of all our terrors. Nay, we must ride on. There be strange doings in these woods," he continued musingly. "I am little minded to lose treasure to these Jersey highwaymen; but duty is duty, and risk is risk. At most they will only rob us."

"And then what will your creditor do?"

"I will sell mine own land to make restitution," he answered.

Boskie whined softly in his bag. He was lying against the pommel of my aunt's saddle for a rest.

"Give him to me," I cried, reaching my hands over for him; but even my fingers stroking his head would not soothe him. "He is too warm in his blanket," I said. "Nay, Bos-

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kie, what ails thee? What does thee hear?" I questioned, as he continued his whining.

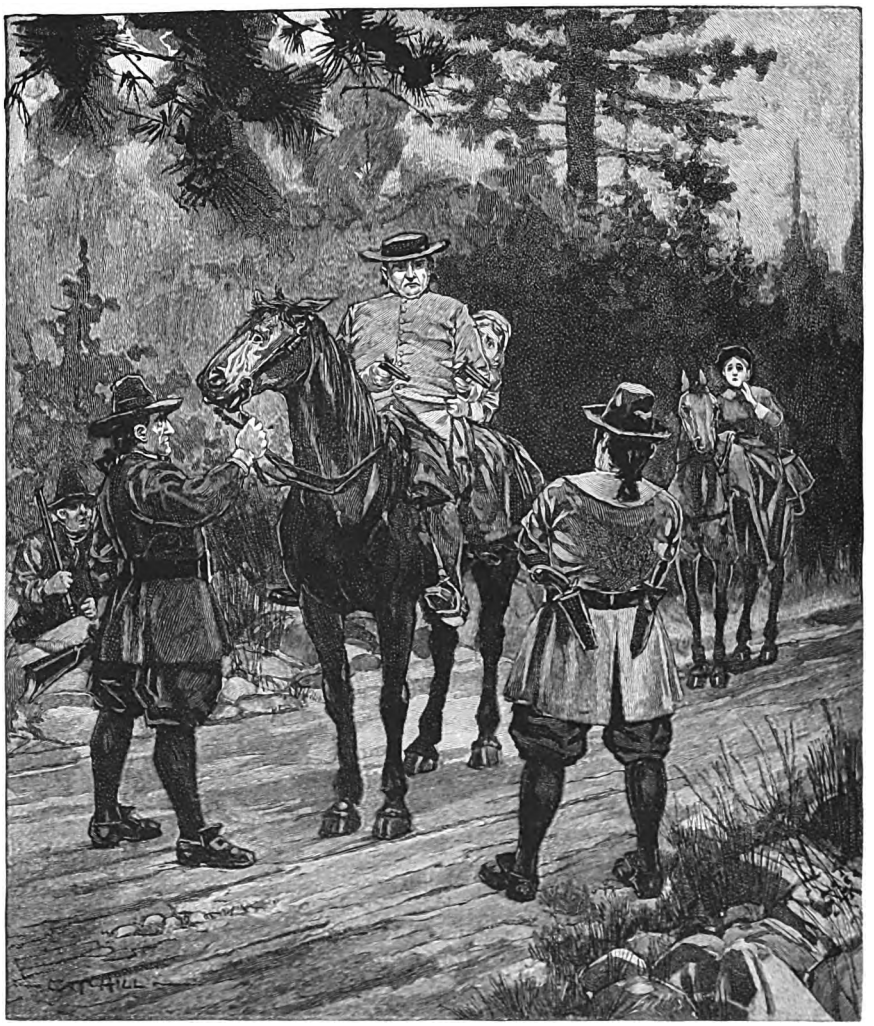
At this my uncle sprang down and halted both horses. The silence was oppressive; not a sound broke across the night song of insects. He left us, with his pistols in his hands, to reconnoiter a few yards ahead. I was unbuckling Boskie's blanket. My aunt Aurora leaned over to me and said, "Do not take it off, dear. Thee 's deft-handed, Hannah. See, brother has left his coat lying on the horse. Slip the money into the pocket of the blanket, and strap it close. Haste, my sweeting! They will not seek for moneys in such a place. For we shall surely be searched," she added with a sigh. My hand shook, but I did her bidding swiftly; and while I did so big hot tears fell upon Boskie's coat, and I yearned unspeakably for my little white bed at home.

My uncle examined Star's foot, and remounted. "Ride most cautiously," he said.

His tone seemed to seal our doom, so sad was it. My frightened heart went pit-a-pat, and every tree-trunk loomed ghostly and grim.

But truly they were upon us before we thought. My uncle's horse whinnied and shied, and I, clinging to him in sheer terror, saw standing about us the threatening figures of the highwaymen.

Sooth, they were a bold, perilous gang to meet with in such a place.



"'LET ME PASS!' CRIED MY UNCLE, POINTING HIS PISTOLS."

"Let me pass! This is the king's highway," cried my uncle, stoutly braving them, and pointing his pistols.

"What 's your business?" asked the chief robber, who stood coolly facing them.

"That 's as little to you as I would yours were to me," answered my uncle. "You see me here protecting my two women. And I

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will even do just that," he added. "Stand off and let us go."

"Can this be Jacob Foulke?" was asked.

"Jacob Foulke was to ride alone," said a voice. "We 'll lose him a-loitering here."

A low sob broke from me as I shrank behind my uncle. I thought of a surety my hour was come, and the idea was sore and new to me, being so softly bred. There was a burring sound of private talk about us.

"We must have your pelf and your ladies' jewels," said the robbers; "and then ride as you will. Will ye give up, or be searched?"

"You 're a rascally scoundrel," cried my uncle, angrily. He clicked his pistol, and moved his spurred boot restlessly across the horse's ribs. "Alas, Star hath no gait!" he muttered, looking to where my aunt sat motionless. She saw that we were surrounded by gleaming pistol-mouths.

"Let them search us," she decided, laying a calming hand on my angry uncle.

Stout hands and a many of them led us helter-skelter through brake and bramble to an open place where gleamed a great fire of pitchy logs burning in the soft darkness; for the moon was setting. We were fain to dismount, and 't was with great disgust and disappointment that one robber called out, "These women be Quakers!"

"But what hath the little maid hugged tight there in the silk bag?" cried another.

"So please you, sir, it is only my little dog, my little pet dog!" I pleaded, holding to him, and forgetting in the danger which threatened him the greater danger to my uncle's money. The man grasped him roughly by the skin, but Boskie did not bark, only cried most piteously. Then they flung him aside and turned the reticule inside out. They slit the fine stitched lining. See, here be the mended places. And then they fell to, on saddle-bags and band-boxes. There was a reckless turning out o' gear such as made my aunt Aurora wince, especially as she had with her the new bonnets, in the latest New York mode of fashion, fresh brought over by ship from London.

My uncle blanched and struggled when they pulled off his coat to search it. I can e'en see his white face yet, and the look in his eyes, when Aunt Aurora called to him in a ringing tone, "Brother, you must throw your coat into the fire!" And seeing him unwilling, what did my intrepid aunt, but dart under the ruffians' arms,—they grasping the coat loosely, for their great surety of it,—and seizing the garment she flung it into the very heart of the blazing fire, where no one durst touch it. It burned bravely.

In the hubbub of rage which followed, she stood silent and unwavering, while my uncle said sadly, "Aurora, that was rash. I might have compromised." They took the new silver tea-pot bought for Aunt Hannah, and the bag o' silver bits.

"Mayhap th' maids ha' siller in their shoon," bawled a thick voice.

My aunt Aurora dropped instantly to the turf, and pulling off her shoes flung them at him. They tore off the good silver buckles. Mine, too, they demanded; and I yielded them up reluctantly, being fond of what small toggery I possessed. But I managed to catch up Boskie, and smuggle him into the reticule again.

At last one of the robbers called out: "Lads, let be! We ha' what plunder these Quaker folk ha' not burned up for us; they be a queer kind o' Quakers, too, that spend their fairin' in bonnet gear! But clear the way o' them. We ha' other work to-night."

Then they let us go, and scarcely could I breathe for the anxious throbbing of my heart as I felt my uncle's strong arm lift me to the saddle-seat, with Boskie in the reticule, and the money safe!

My uncle spake not a word, but with a birchen withe (for the robbers had filched his riding-whip) he urged the horses forward as well as he could, considering Star's lame foot. He glanced ever behind him, knowing too well that he was Jacob Foulke, and fearing pursuit, while my aunt Aurora's gaze strained to eastward, praying for the dawn.

Never was its rosy flush sweeter than when it crept at last over the eastern sea. 'T was only then that we felt safe, and turning aside into the hamlet of Squan we sought its tavern. The inn was closely shuttered, and the inmates were wrapped in sleep. Stiff and aching, my aunt Aurora and I were lifted down to the

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square red bricks of the porch, while a sleepy hostler came blinking to take the horses.

I was faint and giddy as I leaned against a pillar, while my uncle began bitterly to bemoan his short-sightedness in taking the journey. "I have even lost all my moneys, and brought thee through a dreadful night!" he exclaimed.

A smile broke over my aunt Aurora's face. She had taken a seat on a settle near the fire, where she sat thrusting her tumbled curls under her bonnet.

"Truly, thee might have fared sorely had thee left us behind, brother; for then surely they had known thee to be the Jacob Foulke whom they expected. And thee has naught to be angry for that I flung that coat on the fire. 'T was but the price of a coat. Thee looks surprised. And did thee truly think the money was burned? Nay, nay! Hannah, give me Boskie. See, brother, how useful a little dog may be! A little dog in a reticule!" and, laughing, she handed him the money.

The landlord, with candle and night-cap, came stumbling out to see who claimed his hospitality thus early.

"What! thou?" he cried, recognizing my uncle with astonishment. "So thou and thy women ha' rid safe through the robbers' wood, and at night! What mercy saved ye?"

"Partly," said my uncle gravely, "this little dog, that traveled in a green silk reticule; and by your leave he 'll take a sup o' milk and the best pickings of a bone."

And so the debt-money was saved and paid, and later on I was more than happy with Gyp's seven puppies cuddled in my lap. Boskie had the bonniest collar that could be found in all the city of New York.—But oh, he died long, long years since, my dear little Boskie; and this is all I have left of that gone time,—this queer, faded old silk reticule.

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A QUEER PLANT —




OF THE CAT-TAIL VARIETY.

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"THE ARCH OF LILIES."

# A TOURNAMENT OF ROSES.

By Charles Frederick Holder.

"Why, it is raining roses!"

So exclaimed a little girl from the East, who stood lost in amazement on one of the embowered avenues of the town of Pasadena, in Southern California.

A few days before she had been blockaded in a snow-storm in New Mexico, and now, with many more children, she looked up and down the avenue that was white with roses, callas, and other flowers. The air itself was filled with roses and rose-buds, thrown aloft by little hands, and falling to strew the pathway of the President. The sides of the street were lined with children, each child bearing baskets or bouquets of flowers from their gardens, or from the flowery fields which stretch away from the crown of the San Gabriel Valley.

Such a scene was hardly suggestive of war, yet part of this floral exhibition was called a "Battle of Roses." The first gun was fired when up the avenue came a huge old-fashioned coach — the kind used in California in the days of real stage-coaching, and a giant among vehicles.

From top to bottom the entire coach was bedecked with flowers, and filled the air with fragrance that vied with the odor of the orange-blossoms from the groves on every side.* The spokes of the wheels were covered with calla-lilies. One little boy gave twelve hundred of these beautiful lilies to be used in various decorations. The interior of the coach was lined with the broad leaves of the fan-palm, the back was a solid mass of daisies, and the chains sup-

* The first three illustrations for this article are drawn from photographs by C. J. Crandall and L. E. Jarvis, Pasadena, Cal.



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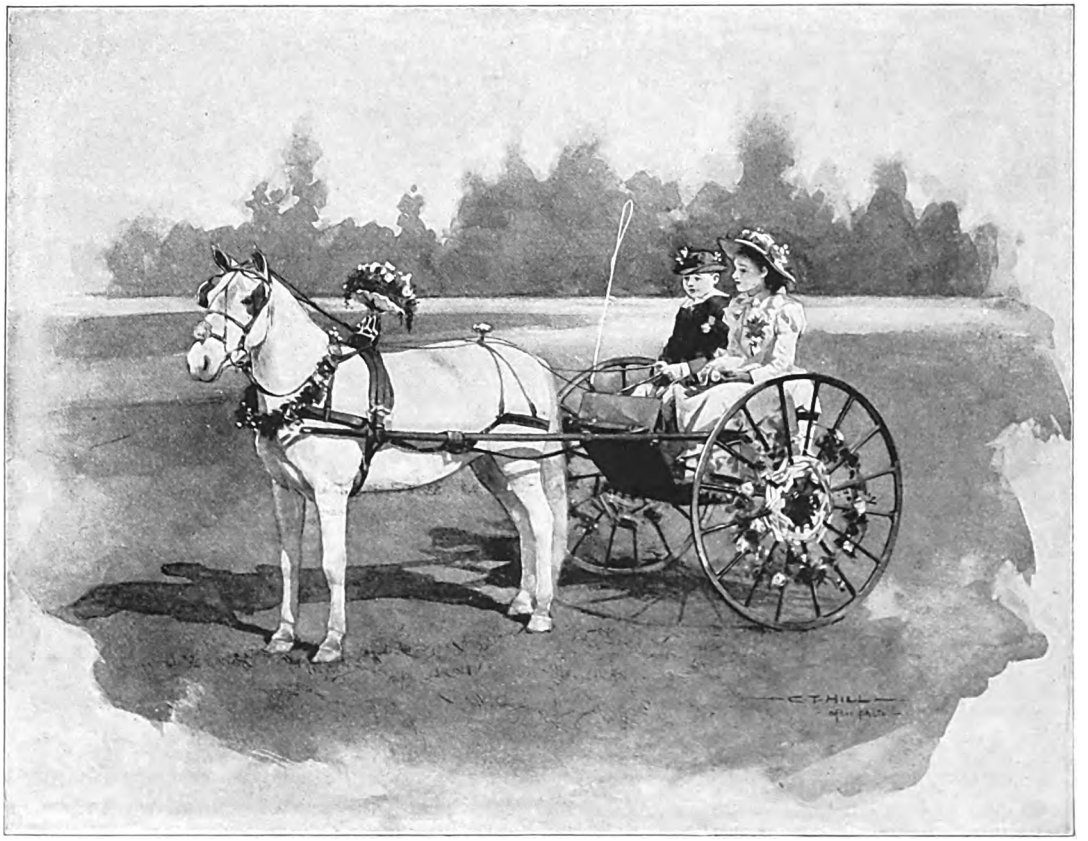
porting the platform for baggage were wound about with cypress and pinks. The railing on top was almost hidden by choice roses of every hue, while the "boot" and other portions of the old coach were also lavishly decorated. From the windows peeped young and happy faces, the soldiers of this chariot of war, while on the top sat several young ladies and gentlemen. The driver held the reins of four spirited horses, all wearing belts of jingling sleigh-bells, and beautifully caparisoned with garlands and bouquets.

At the word the horses sprang forward, and the new War of the Roses began. The bugler on the coach sounded the alarm, and the soldiers within and on top of the coach made ready their weapons — great baskets of roses. What a wealth of shot and shell! Maréchal Niel, Gold of Ophir, Jacqueminot, Black Prince, La France, Duchesse de Brabant, Bride, Sunset — all these varieties were there, and a host of other choice roses.

As the four-in-hand dashed up the avenue, it drew the fire of the hundreds of children standing in line, and volleys were given and returned until the air was filled with roses.

The first obstruction was a gate built across the street. It was some twelve feet high, a solid mass of calla-lilies, and opened by two little maidens only upon the payment of a floral toll. No sooner was the toll settled than away sprang the horses, to be again pelted with blossoms.

And so the old coach went on its way until it joined the procession of the President,— delighting the children, big and little, and continuing the floral campaign.

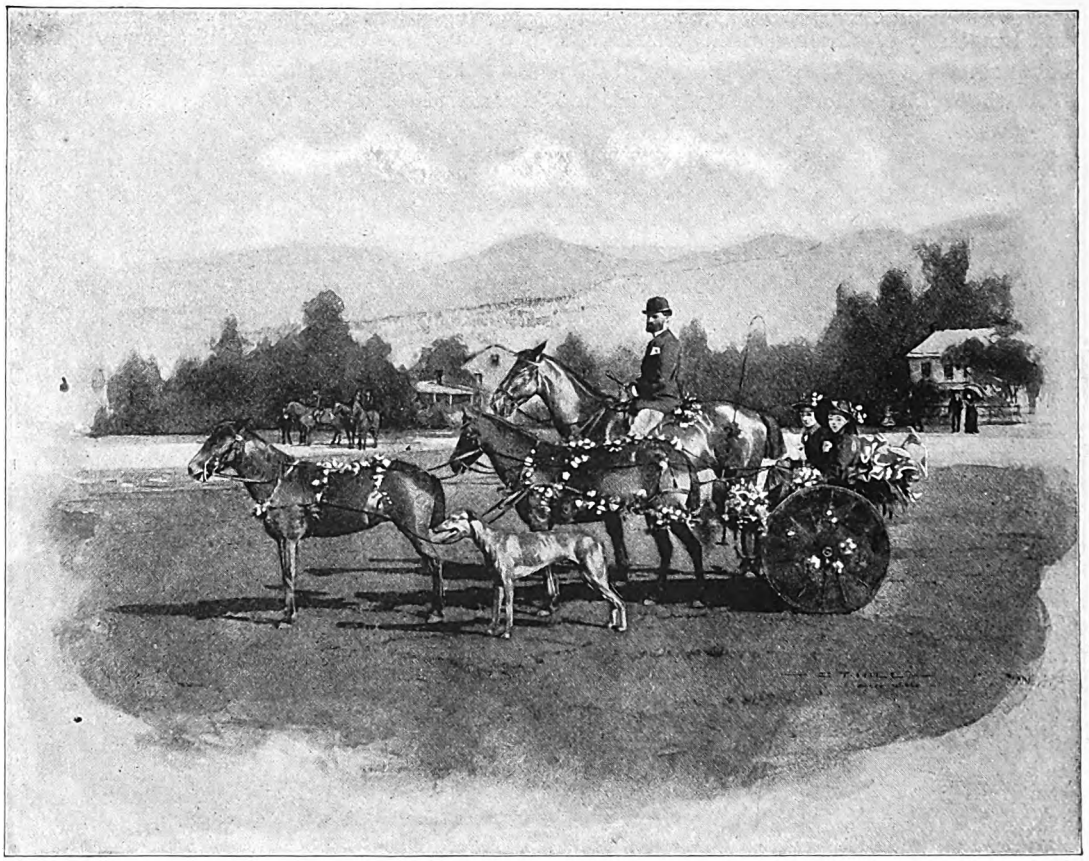


ONE OF THE CHILDREN'S TURNOUTS.

After such an exhibition Southern California might well claim to be the Land of Flowers, as during all the months that are winter months in the East, nearly as brilliant a display can be

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made. The "Tournament of Roses" is given every year; it might be called a floral thanksgiving, as the idea which suggested the festival was the coming of the winter flowers and the ripening of the oranges. It is essentially a children's day; and the young folks are encouraged to take part in it. For weeks beforehand the tournament is talked of, and the fortunate



A TINY TANDEM.

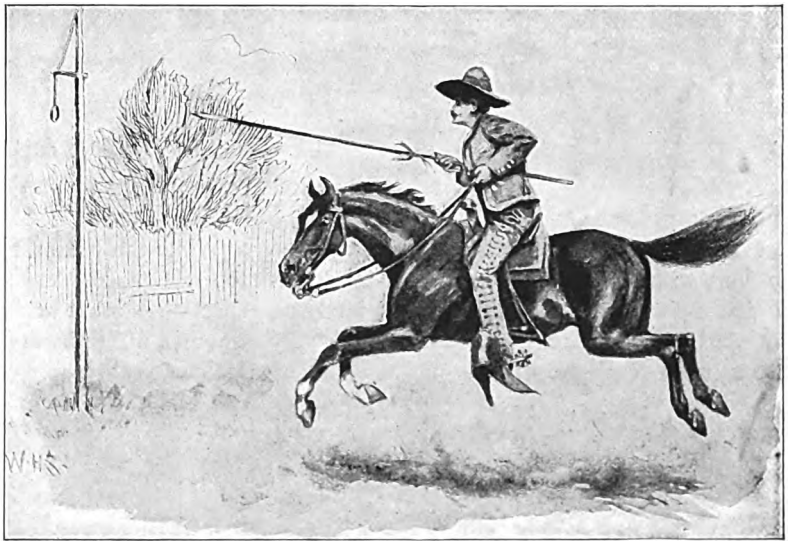
owners of pony-carriages and carts are vying with one another in the elaboration of designs to compete for the prizes offered to the vehicles showing the most beautiful and artistic floral decoration. Prizes are given also for the various races of ponies, horses, and burros,— one prize being for the last burro to arrive in a *slow* race.

Finally the day — the first of the new year — arrives. Early in the morning the procession forms. The boys and girls on horseback, their steeds garlanded with flowers, join the Master of Ceremonies. The band plays gaily, and they wend their way to the park, where the tournament is to be held. The grand stand is already packed with men, women, and children, and in front is a heaping pile of oranges and flowers, free to all. Finally the Master of Ceremonies rings a bell, the young folks stand back, and the track is cleared. The first event is a revival of an old Italian and Spanish sport, played in the fifteenth century, and known as "tilting at the rings." Rings a little larger than a napkin-ring are suspended at intervals over the course, and the "knights" charge upon them at full speed, endeavoring to carry off as many rings on their long lances as they can. The one taking the greatest number is declared the victor. Shouts and cheers greet the knights, some of whom often are descendants of the oldest Spanish families in the State.

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Next comes the hurdle-race, or fence-jumping, by fine California thoroughbreds. "Can it be, as I have heard, that a calla-lily hurdle is used?" we have heard asked. Quite possible, for the men now drag across the track a veritable hedge of the white flowers — to Eastern eyes the most remarkable hurdle a horse ever jumped. The bell rings, and away go the racers. They clear the hurdle in graceful leaps, and sweep past the grand stand with a clatter of hoofs and a jangle of silver trappings from the old Mexican saddles, spurs, and bits.

The third event is a race in which the young folks are particularly interested. Two fine greyhounds—"Mouse," whose picture has been shown you in ST. NICHOLAS,* and her grandson, "Junior" — have challenged the fastest race-horse in Pasadena. Mouse is bedecked with a huge collar of red geraniums (the "colors" of the club to which she belongs), and looks up, blinking and winking very hard, as much as to say, "I have run away from this horse on many a hunt, and I don't propose to be defeated before all these people."



RIDING AT THE RINGS WITH THE LANCE.

All is ready. The track on both sides is crowded with eager faces. "Go!" shouts the starter. Around comes the race-horse, "Daisy," and as she crosses the line with hardly a glance at her old companions, Mouse and Junior are slipped, and they dash away amid a chorus of cheers and shouts. The horse skims along like a bird, but close beside her are the two dogs, moving like machines. Around the course they go, Junior ahead, barking and thinking it great sport, while old Mouse hangs at the quarter, looking up every few moments to see why Daisy does not go faster. Louder grow the shouts as the competitors pass around the great circle. Boys and girls crowd upon the track, and the cry goes up that the dogs are ahead. A moment later, horse and dogs come rushing across the line, the latter well in advance. As every one knows that the fastest horse cannot run away from a greyhound, the defeat of Daisy is considered no disgrace.

Whether Mouse will take part in another tournament is a question, since she now has "a family of young Mice," as a little neighbor calls the tan-and-mouse-colored puppies, which promise to run in some of the tournaments of the future, no doubt greatly to the credit of their mother.

While the dogs are being congratulated and the kennel of fox-hounds beneath the grand stand is howling and baying a welcome, the open space within the track is cleared for the polo-teams, and for an hour they give an exciting exhibition of their manly sport.

Then comes the "slow race" between a score or more burros, all of pensive mien, all mounted by their young owners. Each little rider is determined to be the last in, and so win the prize.

"Go!" shouts the starter. Clang! rings the bell, up rise many pairs of long ears, and the cavalcade is off amid loud shouts of laughter. One shaggy old burro develops remarkable slowness from the very start. His little hoofs

* See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1889.

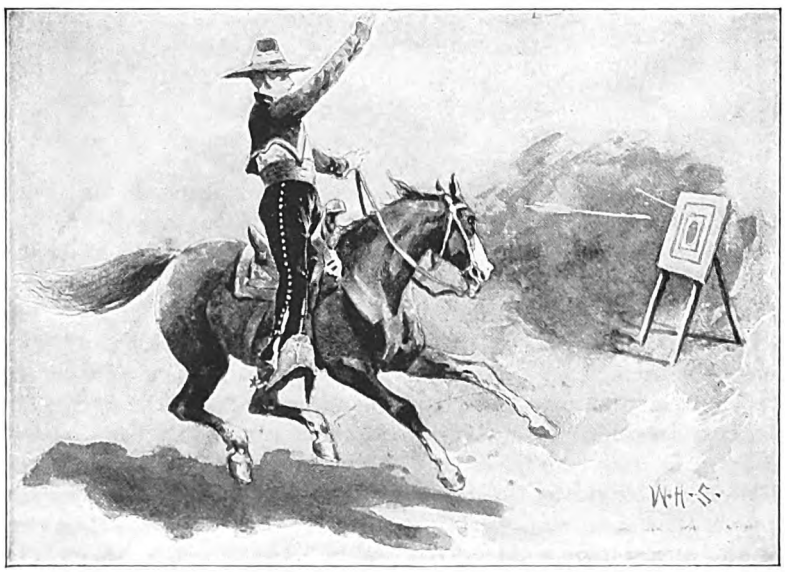
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THE HURDLE RACE BETWEEN HORSE AND GREYHOUND.

are lifted deliberately, and placed upon the ground with a leisure that marks the little fellow as the winner of the prize; and so it proves, for not until all the others are in does this very sedate racer reach the winning-post.

While the burros have been contending for the last place, the targets of another ancient sport — one that was played in London during the time of Henry III., and by the Spanish and Italians years before — have been placed in position. The game was called "Quintain" in olden days, and pictures of it are found in many faded manuscripts. In Pasadena it was played on horseback,— the "knights" (among them "Don Arturo Bandini") riding past the target at full speed, and hurling their javelins. Their skill in horsemanship and in directing the darts presented a most interesting spectacle.



HORSEMAN HURLING THE JAVELIN.

It would be impossible to describe here all the events of this Tournament of Roses.

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There were races for farmer boys upon ranch horses, races by little girls on flower-decorated ponies. There was the tug of war between rival teams from neighboring towns; a game for the boys, in which long lines of oranges formed a feature; and a revival of many old sports,—a program that gratified not only the thousands of American spectators, but also the Spanish and Mexican residents of the surrounding country.

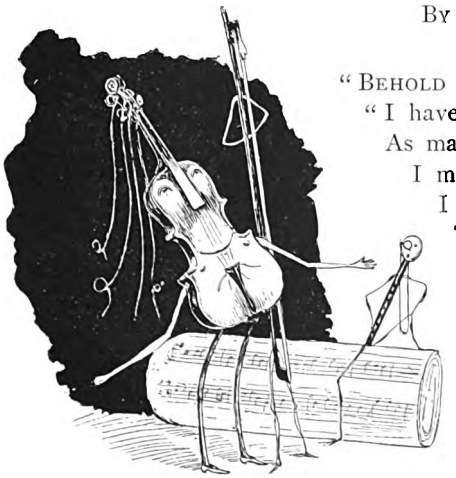
There was an exhibition of diminutive tandems, with equally small dog-carts in which sat children surrounded by flowers. Some of the carriages bore fanciful flower designs. One was hung with bells of a big white flower, and upon the back were the initials of the words "Tournament of Roses," in different colored roses. Other carriages were trimmed with the abundant California holly-berries, or the fern-like pepper-tree and its bunches of bright red berries, while others were ornamented with the golden wild-poppy, the State flower.

The day, though in the middle of the "winter months," is here warm and beautiful. Snow there is, but it remains high on the distant mountains, like a restless giant, eager but afraid to pounce down upon the orange-groves and flower-fields of the summer-land below.

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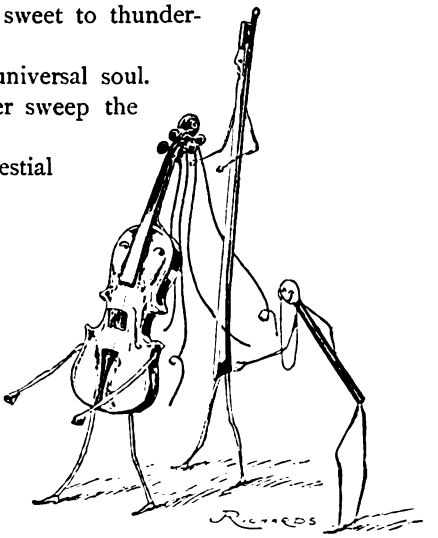
# THE VERSATILE VIOLIN.

By Tudor Jenks.



"Behold me!" cried the Violin;
"I have such harmonies within
As make the eye of beauty dim.
I make men smile, I bid them weep,
I rouse their pride, or lull to sleep
The children with a twilight hymn.
From bird-song sweet to thunder-roll
I voice the universal soul.
Let but a master sweep the strings—
I wake to all celestial things!"

"'T is true," remarked the Piccolo,
"Your scope is very wide, I know.
But when your owner's little boy
Decides to take you for his toy,
You glide from weird, heart-rending shriek
To every form of ghastly squeak,—
The saw-file note, the porker's squeal,
The agony of ungreased wheel,
The grit of pencil upon slate,—
Indeed, your repertory 's great!"



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# THE THREE CARAVELS OF COLUMBUS.

By John M. Ellicott, U. S. N.

In the days of Columbus vessels were generally called "caravels," and if of considerable size for those times they were called by the Spaniards *naos*.

When Queen Isabella determined to help Columbus to make his voyage, a royal order was sent to the city of Palos to fit out three caravels and to place them at the royal disposal. The city made a pretense of complying, but it was so well known that the ships were for Columbus's hazardous venture into the terrible western ocean that neither money nor force could get them equipped and manned. Over and over again the people were assembled in the public square and the order read with great pomp, but all in vain. Columbus, in his despair, begged that the prisons be opened and the convicts allowed to go with him. Finally, a ship-owner of Palos, Martin Alonso Pinzon, was induced, by an offer of a large share of the rewards in case of discoveries, to make an active effort to fit out the expedition. He was a popular sea-captain and a vigorous man of business, and it was entirely due to him that Columbus was able to set sail from Palos on his ever-memorable voyage. Pinzon condemned two of the caravels given by the town, and substituted two stanch vessels of his own. One was a decked vessel of three hundred tons, large enough to be called a *nao*, and the other was a little thing with lateen sails, which was chosen on account of her light draught, in case rivers had to be ascended in the country they expected to discover. The *nao* was at first named the "Gallega," but they renamed her the "Santa Maria." Columbus took her for his flag-ship, for he held an admiral's commission from Ferdinand and Isabella. The little lateen-rigged caravel was called the "Niña." Of the three caravels offered by the town of Palos, the only one which Pinzon considered seaworthy enough to accept was the "Pinta," a boat about half as large as the Santa Maria, and rigged like her. His shrewdness in rejecting the others was fully proved before the expedition reached the Canaries; for it was discovered that the Pinta had been tampered with, and had been purposely weakened. A long delay in the islands was necessary to repair her.

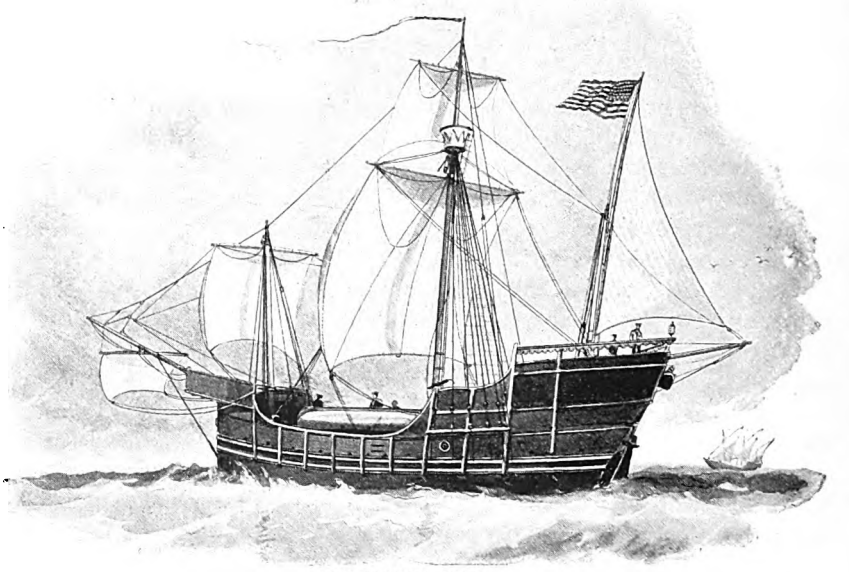
Such were the vessels in which Columbus discovered America: one as large as a small schooner, and the other two about the size of lighters. Had he suspected the length of his journey, or known of the terrible storms which can rage in the Atlantic Ocean, he never would have dared to venture out in craft so frail. They were so badly rigged that it was only before a favorable wind that they could sail at all; but the time had come for the Old World to discover the existence of the New, and an all-wise Providence guided Columbus in every way for the best both going and coming. He embarked in August, at a season when fair winds blow steadily from Spain to the Canaries. From there the regular northeast trades blew him straight to his destination, and he reached San Salvador in October, after the disastrous West Indian cyclones were over. He started back in January, and, being unable to sail against the trades, was forced to the northward until caught in the westerly winds and gales of the winter season in the North Atlantic, and these drove him homeward to the Azores and to Lisbon. He made this return trip in the little Niña, which had been square-rigged at the Canaries on the outward voyage. His flag-ship, the Santa Maria, had been wrecked by striking a reef on the coast of Hayti. The Pinta, with Pinzon, got back to Spain some time after Columbus's arrival in Lisbon; for the two caravels had been separated in a gale before reaching the Azores.

At the World's Fair will be three caravels



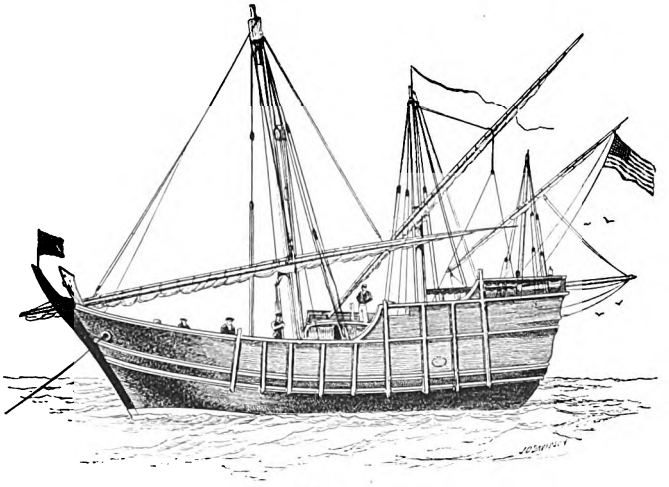
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exactly like the three of Columbus's expedition,—the same size, the same rig, the same gear and guns and finishings; painted the same colors and flying the same flags. So if you go there, you can judge for yourselves what a foolhardy and marvelous thing it seemed to sail thousands of miles away into that unknown ocean in such little, clumsy vessels.



THE CARAVEL PINTA.

The new Santa Maria, and the Pinta and Niña, have been built in Spain for the Fair. The Santa Maria was built in Cadiz by the Spanish government, and is now manned by Spanish naval officers and sailors. They are going to sail her over almost the same route which Columbus sailed, until they reach Havana, but a Spanish gunboat will go along to look out for her. The Pinta and Niña were built at Barcelona by the Spaniards, but the United States paid for them, and when they were finished they were put in commission as United States men-of-war, and each was manned by two naval officers and eight sailors from the United States steamer "Bennington." The Bennington towed them to Huelva. Then, during the celebration of the landing of Columbus in America on the 12th of October (which the Queen Regent of Spain and the little boy-king attended), all three of the caravels were anchored near the convent of La Rabida, just where their originals had ridden at anchor on the morning Columbus went on board to sail away on his voyage of discovery. After the celebration they were all three taken to Cadiz, to await a favorable month for going across the Atlantic. The Pinta and Niña will be towed across by the United States steamer Bennington, going over the route of Columbus's voyage. At



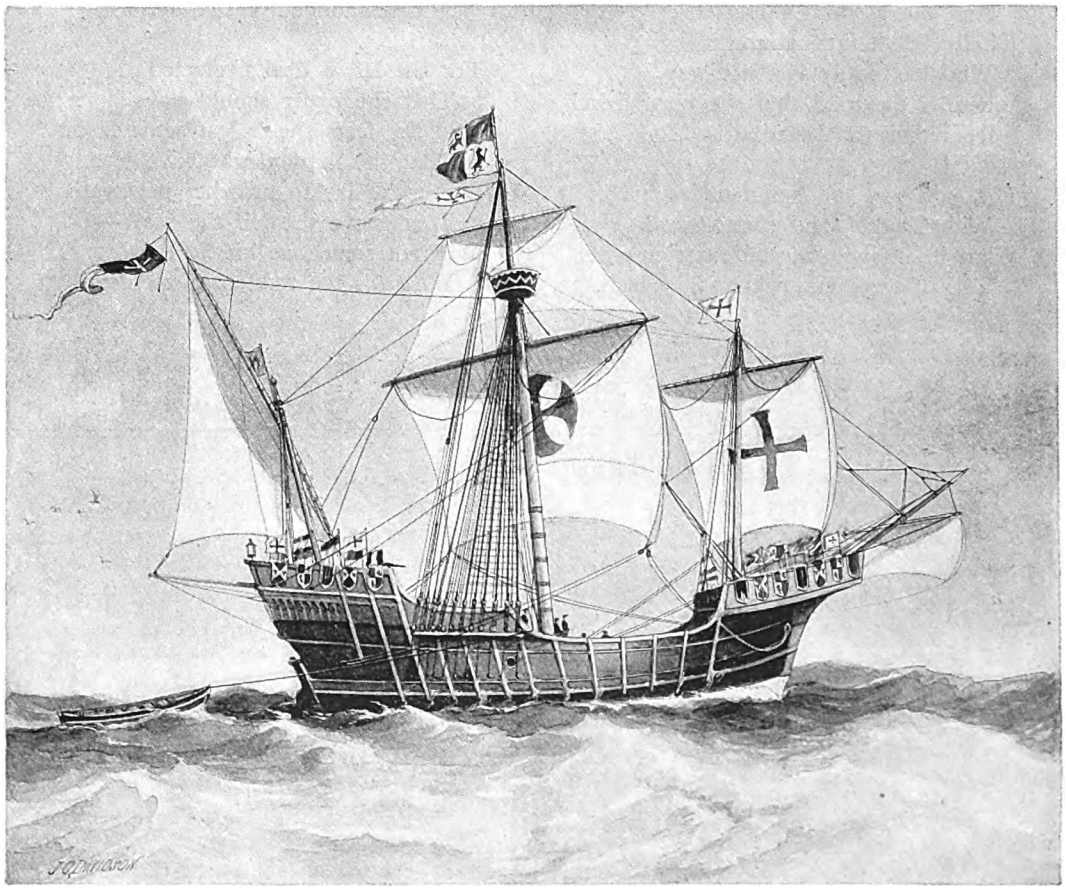
THE CARAVEL NIÑA.

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Havana both will be presented to the Spanish Government. Then, in charge of the Spaniards, all three will be taken from Havana to the St. Lawrence River, up the St. Lawrence, and through the canals to the World's Fair at Chicago.

The pictures shown are drawn from photographs of these three new caravels; so that even if Columbus could have photographed his own ships, you could hardly have had truer pictures of them. On the Santa Maria are the flags and banners of Columbus's time. At the main-mast-head is the royal standard, with the quartered arms of Castile and Leon. At the fore is Columbus's own flag, bearing a large green cross. On the sails of the Santa Maria and Pinta are painted big red crosses, and the stripes around all the vessels are bright reds, whites, and blues. The hulls in general are simply covered with tar, giving them a rich mahogany color.

Do not fail to see these strange ships if you go to the Fair, for you will never get a true idea of the courage and daring of Columbus or of the almost superhuman greatness of his effort until you see with your own eyes how clumsy and fragile were the ships in which he crossed the stormiest of all oceans.



THE SANTA MARIA — THE FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS'S FLEET.



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# THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

By Julie M. Lippmann.

Will some wise man who has journeyed
  Over land and over sea
To the countries where the rainbow
  And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger
  Who has oddly lost her way,
Where 's the road that she must travel
  To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she 's unfamiliar
  With To-day, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts
  Tell of ways and where they lead.

And her heart upbraids her sorely,
  Though she did not mean to stray
When she fell asleep last evening
  And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
  That she really should have done;
And she fears she 's lost some favors
  That she fairly might have won.
So she 'd like to turn her backward
  To retrieve them if she may,—
Will not some one kindly tell her
  Where 's the road to Yesterday?



LISTENING TO THE "BUGABOO" STORY.



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*(A True Story of Christmas in River Street.)*

IT will surprise you to hear that Ted was eight years old before he ever hung up his stocking or knew anything about Santa Claus. The reason for this sad state of things was that Ted lived 'way down town in River street. Santa Claus does not go to that part of the city,— that is, he did not go before Ted was eight years old. It happened then that some young college women moved into No. 10, and Ted went to call upon them. Many children called, played games, and read picture-books, and some belonged to "clubs" at this house. They told Ted about it, and he followed as soon as he could walk so far on his crutch.

It was easy now for him to go quite fast, because he had had his crutch a long time; he could hardly remember when he did not need it. The very first thing he did remember was lying in a white bed, not at all like his own bed at home, and soon after he began to use his crutch, and was always left behind by the other children running to fires and to the police-station. After a while he could go faster, but he often lost his breath and had to sit down to rest, so he passed much of his time alone, and did not grow big and strong. In fact, he was the very thinnest and smallest boy of his age on River street, and that is saying a great deal.

The first day that Ted called at the "big house," as the children named it, happened to be the day before Christmas. It was twilight, and two men were carrying in a very tall spruce-tree fixed in a stand. Before the door closed, Ted had slipped in like a cat and stood looking curiously at the greens on the walls, the low table and chairs, and the big boxes in the room where they set down the tree. What it all meant he did not know at first, but he had seen such trees on the sidewalk in just such boxes, and an idea came to him slowly that they had a festive significance. The room was warm and bright, a large flag hung at one end between the windows, and there were colored prints on the walls. Ted found many things to look at, and, soon becoming tired, sat down on one of the small chairs to enjoy them at leisure. He did not feel like an intruder, because there were many other children looking on, and the lady who was hanging up wreaths and crosses did not notice him. He spoke to her first; his impatience got the better of his shyness, and when she came down from the high ladder he went up to her and said in a piping voice:

"Please, Missis, w'en does this concit begin?"

The lady smiled, but did not reply immediately. She held out her hand in greeting to the new guest, and Ted placed his grimy little left hand in it in a very awkward way, for no one had ever taught him how to shake hands. Then she said she was glad to see him and asked him his name. She told him hers; it was Miss Miles. Ted looked at her sharply, and he decided to tell her.

"Ted McFinley," he said; and then asked again, "W'en does this concit begin?"

"Well, Ted," said Miss Miles, very sociably, "I am sorry if you are disappointed, but we are not going to have a concert here."

"Wot 's them for, then?" asked Ted, pointing to the tree and the greens. "I seen them onct where a concit was, and I stood outside. I 'd come an' stan' here, too, if yer had concits. There 's nice singin' at concits. But if yer don't,—why, wot 's the good of them?"



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Miss Miles drew a long breath; she hardly knew where to begin.

"We think the greens look pretty," she said; "and the tree is for Santa Claus. To-morrow is Christmas day, you know."

Ted nodded his head, but there was one obscure point, and he did not mean to let it go.

"Wot 's Sandyclaws?" he asked. He put his difficulty all in one word, but it took a great many to answer it. Fortunately, Miss Miles felt equal to this question, and she told him the dear old story, winding up with the astonishing statement that this wonderful being was coming there that very night for the purpose of filling the stockings of *good* children. Ted had never heard anything like this before, but Miss Miles spoke with such assured faith that he felt it must be true, and he was puzzled as to whether he belonged among the elect. To his great delight her next words decided this question.

"Would you like to hang up *your* stocking, Ted?" she asked, moved by his pitiful ignorance of Christmas pleasures.

"Yes," said Ted, heartily, tugging at the shoe of the well foot, meaning to leave the ragged stocking he had on. Miss Miles gently stopped him; she had a queer sort of smile just then, Ted thought, and she spoke very softly.

"Oh, no," she said; "Santa Claus likes clean stockings, Teddy. Get your mother to wash and mend one for you. Then bring it to me."

She did not give him a new stocking, you see, because the College Settlement in River street is not an almshouse, and does not wish to make paupers of its neighbors. Ted stared at her, but he soon found voice to say:

"I ain't got any mother. Dad and me lives alone. I does the washin', and I kin git yer a clean one, if yer wait till I come back."

He hurried away on his crutch and he hurried back; but by the time he returned the children had all been sent home, and Miss Miles sat alone, dressing a big doll. She heard him coming, and opened the door herself, so Ted had no hesitation about entering quite boldly. Under his jacket was the stocking; he drew it out before he had breath to speak. It was a long, coarse gray stocking recently washed and stiffened in the icy air in which it had been hung up to dry. It had in the knee a great hole, which had been hastily drawn up by Ted's over-and-over stitches, and in the toe was a smaller one which he had not noticed.

"Will it do?" asked the owner, eagerly. "The other one blowed away. I 'm so sorry, for I wanted to hang it up for Kitty. She 's my sister. She ain't *very* good; but she 's good to me, an' they 've took her to the Juv'nile 'Sylum. She never knowed nothin' about that Sandyclaws, or maybe she 'd been better. Do you think he 'll go 'way up to the 'sylum?"

"Tell me more about Kitty," said Miss Miles, gently; "but first let us go down-stairs and get some tea. I 'm getting hungry — are n't you?"

"Yes," said Ted, "I 'm hungry a good deal. But," he added, as they went down together, "I did n't s'pose you ladies ever was."

"But they often are, Ted; and they get untidy, too, working all day. Would n't it be nice to wash our hands before tea?"

Ted scarcely had time to decide this question, before he found his hands and face undergoing a washing. He submitted with pretty good grace, reflecting that the ceremony might have something to do with conciliating the mysterious Sandyclaws.

"And now, Ted," said his hostess, when she had helped him to the good, plain food before them, "tell me about Kitty, and we 'll see what can be done about a Christmas stocking for her. How old did you say she was?"

"I don't know 'xactly," said Ted; "but she ain't fourteen. I heard the folks say once that she 'd git good, too, up to the 'sylum. But it ain't for good children; and I guess yer can be pretty bad, even if yer ain't fourteen. I think if Kitty got something in a stockin' — I tell yer, I 'll come early to-morrow and take her mine, if yer think Sandyclaws would n't mind. I 'm goin' to see her on Christmas. Dad says so."

"Oh, we 'll do better. I 'll lend you a stocking; and I do believe there 'll be something in it, too," cried Miss Miles, with conviction.

"Do yer really?" asked the child. "But how will he know it 's fer Kitty?"

"We 'll put her name on it, Ted. You yourself shall hang it up, and then you must go home, or what will your father say?"

"Dad? Why, he won't know it. He does n't

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come home nights," said the boy as composedly as if such were the common habit of fathers; "and he 'll be sleepin' when I come here in the mornin'. But I 'll tell him some day, mebbe, if he happens to be feelin' good and speaks kind to me."

No fitting reply came to Miss Miles. She was puzzled, as she had often before been puzzled as to particular applications of the Fifth Commandment down in River street, and she returned to the safer topic of Christmas gifts. She hazarded guesses as to what Santa Claus might have in his pack for boys of—say, nine, and girls of thirteen; and she found Ted firmly convinced that, whatever else might be wanting, there would be "a watch that wound up," and plenty of gay ribbons. The hole in the toe of his stocking disconcerted him somewhat when he discovered it; but he brightened up upon thinking it might be stopped by putting in an apple first. "Or a orange," he suggested happily. "I never had a whole orange, and Kitty would like that best. I hope he 's got oranges. Do you think, now, he 'd jest as lief give Kitty a orange?"

Miss Miles thought so indeed. She treasured his unselfish hints as to what would please his sister; and he preferred to talk of her gifts rather than of his own.

At last the stockings were hung to his entire satisfaction, a paper was pinned on Kitty's, bearing her name, and Ted went home radiant, to dream of a wonderful giant with long, white beard, who brought Kitty back in a sleigh drawn by eight prancing circus ponies.

Now, Santa Claus had already come to River street. He did not come in the usual way, through the chimney. He came through the hearts and hands of some little girls in a school up-town who knew that he thought of going to River street and would need a great many toys. There are more little children in one house in River street than in a block of houses up-town, and it would be out of the question for one Santa Claus to supply all their wants; so these iittle girls formed a "Santa Claus Society," and as a result two large packing-cases full of books and toys "as good as new" stood in the hall of No. 10, awaiting the arrival of the children's saint. These Miss Miles and her friends opened as soon as Ted had gone; and such a lot of pretty things came to light! It would take too long to name half of them; and, indeed, it took a very long time to unpack them, because the children themselves had done the packing. Each parcel was wrapped up separately with a great many windings of cord, and upon many of them were directions as to destination. Most of the children had evidently wished that virtue should get its material reward in River street just as in the story-books, for they had written on the wrappers, "For a good girl," "For a good boy," or "For a girl who tells the truth," "For an honest boy," carefully specifying the age of the recipient. Some few had written out names for the dolls.

Among other odd-looking packages was a small square one wrapped in pink tissue-paper and tied with bright green ribbon. Under the ribbon lay a sheet of note-paper folded several ways, and when it was opened it read:

DERE SANTY CLAUS

i want you to give this to sum wun that has to keep still like mee cos its lots of compinny.

Respeckfly yurs

CLARA.

P. S. Aint the case splendid?

910 Jefison Avenoo.

There it was! In a gorgeous plush watch-case the prettiest toy watch you ever saw.

"As if on purpose to reward Ted's faith," exclaimed Miss Miles; "and from some unselfish little soul who thinks of others just as he does. If people only knew how near Jefferson Avenue and River street really are—"

"They 'd understand the New Testament then," rejoined her brisk Boston ally, "and there might be less work for you. But we must hurry on if this work is to be done to-night."

Very late that night it was *done*. The tree hung full of gifts, the tables were covered with packages, and Ted's stockings were stuffed full.

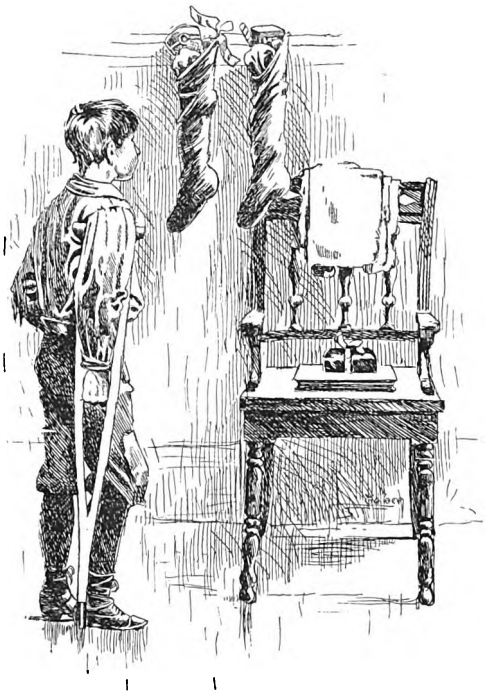
The dwellers at No. 10 slept late after their labor, and Ted had patrolled the block opposite a long, weary time before Miss Miles came to the window on Christmas morning and discovered him leaning against the railing, his face very pallid and tired, and his large brown eyes

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fixed intently upon the house door, lest he should miss a chance to enter. It would never have occurred to him to ring the bell. He lived in a tenement-house where the door stands open all the time.

When she saw him, Miss Miles pushed up the window and beckoned to him.

During that dreary time of waiting on the street, Ted had begun to doubt the beautiful



TED'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.

story of last night, and even the event of his visit seemed vague and unreal. The awful thought which comes to us all, when some great pleasure is promised to us,— that it may be too good to be true,— had come to Ted.

"I might 'a' dreamed it," he said to himself, "or I might 'a' thought about it, settin' down to rest." But no; he felt sure he could n't have done that; such a flight of imagination was far beyond his powers.

So he held on bravely to the faith in Santa Claus which he thought necessary to the filling of Kitty's stocking.

Taking the end of a loaf of bread which had been put on the shelf for his breakfast, he went down three flights of stairs to the common hydrant and sink, and there washed his face as well as he could, before tasting a crumb. The water was cold, and there was, of course, no soap nor towel. It was very disagreeable, this first morning bath, and one cannot blame Ted for thinking it a hard way to begin the day. Shivering in his scanty clothing, he then started out, gnawing his dry bread. No wonder it had seemed to him almost noon before the kind face of last night looked out upon him.

Miss Miles could not know all this; but she did know that the children in her neighborhood had a strong objection to ringing the bell, and she reproached herself for keeping the poor little fellow waiting in the chill air while she had been eating her breakfast. It had never crossed her mind that he would come so early, and hurrying down she brought him in to a good, warm fire and proposed that he should have something to eat. Ted looked at her wonderingly. So elated was he with expectation that he had no sense of cold or hunger. It was all *real* now—if only the rest would come right. There was one question he must ask; it had worried him since daylight, and caused him many anxious doubts. He put it directly in a shrill whisper with anxious haste:

"Oh, Missis, *did* he put the things in Kitty's stocking? I went and told you she was n't good, and mebbe he heared me. I did n't mean it a bit, but he—oh, he brung 'em to her jest the same, did n't he?"

The only reply was, "Come and see."

And when he did see, his heart was too full for speech. There hung the stockings, bulging out in strange shapes, and near them hung some warm underclothing for Ted, such as he had never before owned. Ted took down Kitty's stocking very carefully, and sat down to investigate. First a pair of red mittens, then two bright hair-ribbons, two handkerchiefs, a cornucopia of candy. In the heel was the precious orange, while nuts, figs, and raisins filled the toe.

The happy brother drew a long sigh of satisfaction. He had not hoped for so many gifts. Surely Kitty would be good now and come home again to him, so that he need not sit alone. He folded up each article neatly and replaced it in her stocking before he touched his own. He, too, had mittens, the candy, and

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the orange, and besides he had an easy game and a bright picture-book; but beyond all else he had the watch! It was a wonderful watch. When it was wound up the hands began to travel around the face with such expedition that they made the entire circuit in about fifteen minutes. The works then ran down, and you had all the pleasure of winding it up anew. Every little boy knows that the best part of owning a watch is winding it up, so this was the very best kind of a watch a little boy could own. Under the spell of possessing it, Ted submitted to a warm bath, with plenty of soap and towels, this time, and then put on the comfortable clothing. It was rather hard to have so much washing and dressing in one morning, but then for a watch one can stand a great deal. It was soon over, and away went Ted, hugging his treasures; and I am very glad to say that not one of the rough children about thought of molesting him.

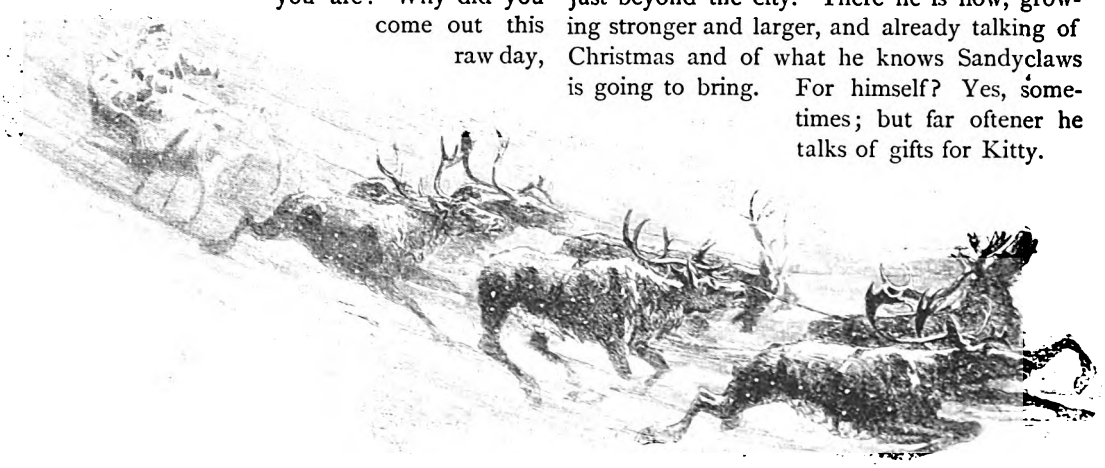
Two days passed away. A heavy snow had fallen on Christmas night, and his new friends supposed he could not travel through it. On the third day at twilight he came, slipped in as he had done the first day, and silently waited for Miss Miles. To no one else would he speak. She was soon found, and came to him; but, looking at him closely, was shocked by a great change. His eyes were unnaturally bright, his breath came heavily and in gasps, and the hand she held was burning.

"Why, Ted," she exclaimed, "how ill you are! Why did you come out this raw day, you poor child? Sit down and rest awhile before you tell me."

"I can't," said the child, faintly, holding out a small folded wad; "I jest came to bring you Kitty's stocking. I washed it, and I was 'fraid Sandyclaws would think I kep' it; but I fell down two times tryin' to come here yesterday. I 've been orful tired sence, and I guess I must stay in bed. I want to tell you that Kitty liked the things. She liked the watch best, an' I gave it to her, an' she sed she 'd be real good, 'cause now she knowed there was Sandyclaws. An' oh, Missis, it 's nice up to the 'sylum! I 'd like to go too, only she did n't hang up no stocking, and—s'pose *you* had n't!"

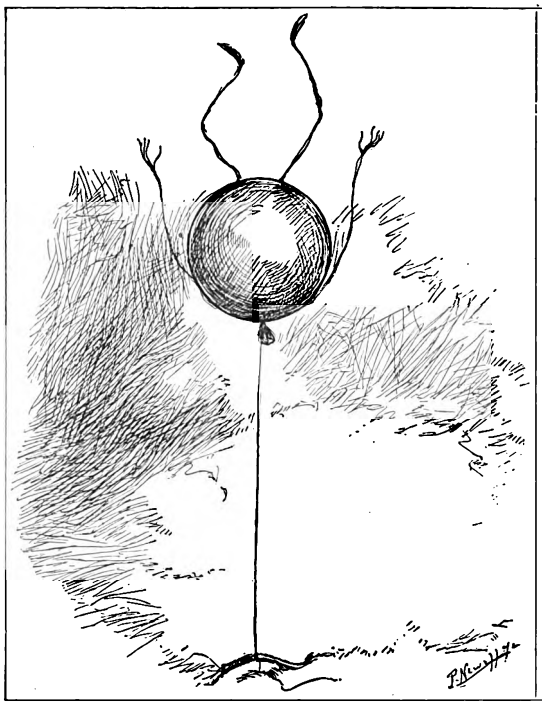
He paused from sheer fatigue. His interest in the subject had borne him on through this long speech, and he had more to say, but he did not say it then. A sort of shiver passed over him, he grew dizzy, and the next thing he knew he was lying in a little white bed, just like the bed he used to lie in so long ago. There were many other children in beds near him, and, after awhile, when he grew better they all began to talk together, and it was very pleasant and sociable.

When he could once more use his crutch, and was fearing they would send him back to that desolate room he called his home, a great thing happened. Miss Miles brought to see him a certain learned doctor who knew all about lame people, and by his advice Ted was taken to the "Home for Crippled Children" just beyond the city. There he is now, growing stronger and larger, and already talking of Christmas and of what he knows Sandyclaws is going to bring. For himself? Yes, sometimes; but far oftener he talks of gifts for Kitty.

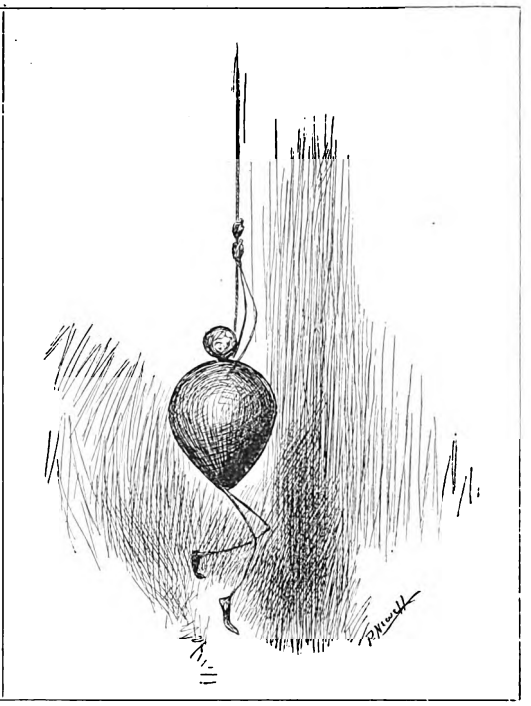


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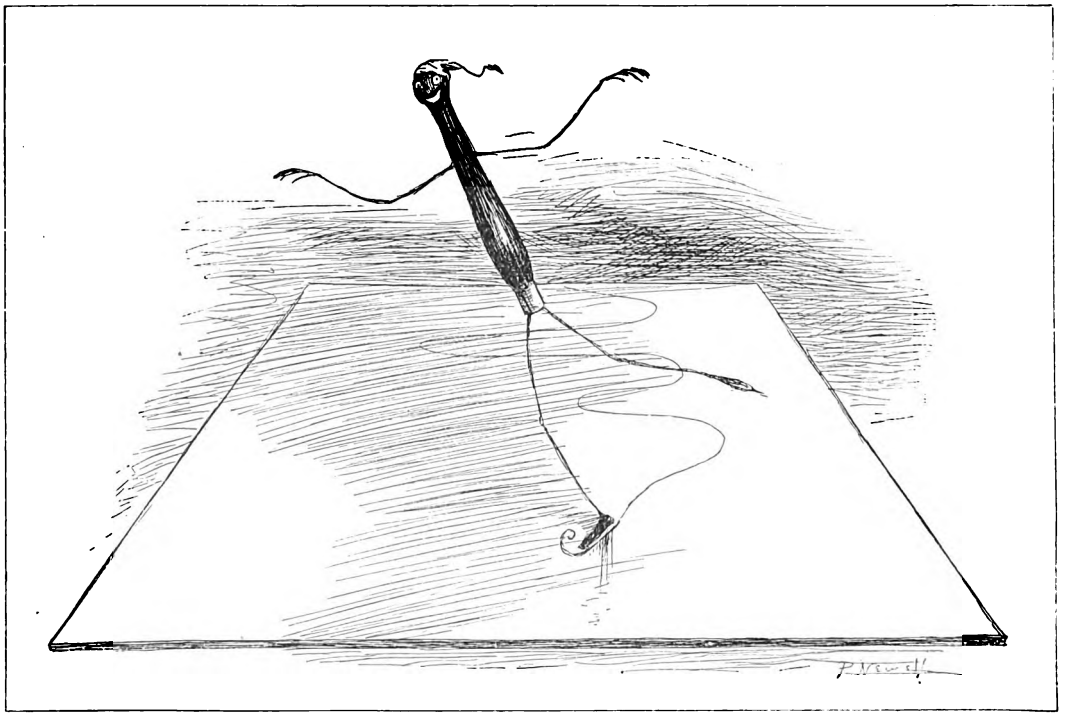
# INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.



MR. TOY BALLOON WAS ALWAYS SO BUOYANT AND LIGHT-HEARTED HE MUST HAVE HUNG HIMSELF THROUGH SHEER CARELESSNESS.



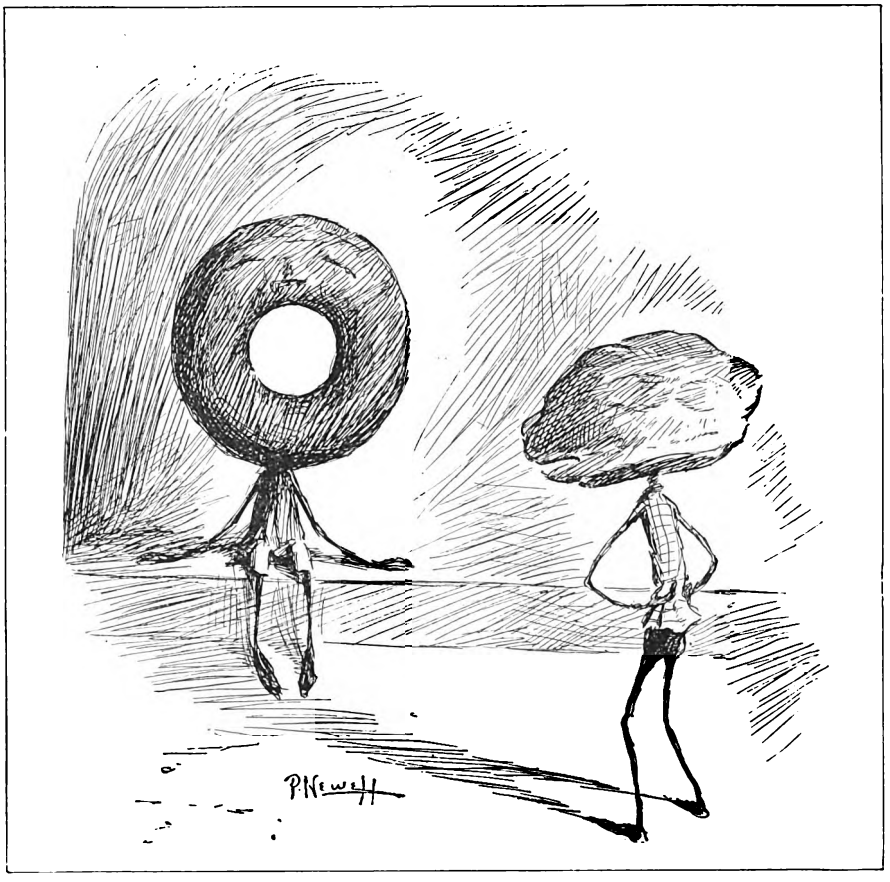
A THRILLING ADVENTURE.
PLUMB BOB ESCAPES FROM THE FOURTH-STORY WINDOW.



MR. GLASS-CUTTER: "What skater can cut a better figure than I?"

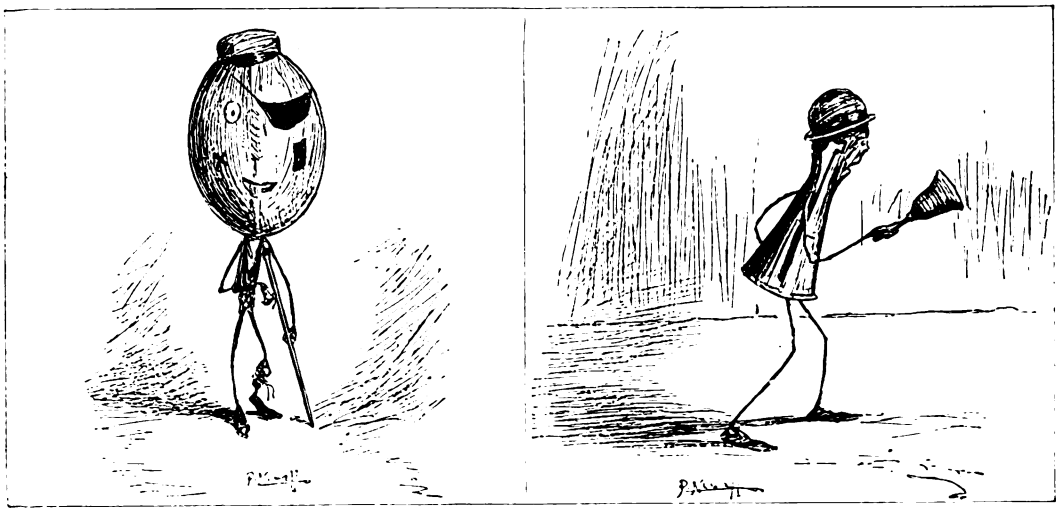


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ONE OF THE YAWNING KIND.

CREAM PUFF: "Well, that doughnut must be pretty sleepy; it has yawned for the last twelve hours."



EASY ENOUGH, FROM HIS STANDPOINT.

FOOT-BALL: "Don't know how to play foot-ball? All you have to do is to let yourself be carried around and be kicked."

OLD MR. PENCIL-SHARPENER:

"Pen-cils to shar-pen! Pen-cils to shar-pen!"

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By N. P. Babcock.

Said the Queen of the Cannibal Islands one day
To the King of the Cannibal Isles,
"I fervently wish you would take me away;
My appetite 's really becoming passé;
I should like to go miles upon miles."

So they ordered their boat, and away they set sail,
And with talk both pleasing and witty,
And a glimpse now and then of a sociable whale
(With occasional pauses in order to bail),
At last they arrived in the city.

"Now, the first thing, my dear," said the King to the Queen,
"That we really, you know, ought to do—"
"Yes, dear husband," she murmured; "I know what you 'd say."
So they entered a restaurant over the way,
And ordered a little-boy stew.

"And, pray," said the King to the waiter, who stared
With his eyes popping out of his head,



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And who would have fainted right there had he dared,
"I trust you will see that it 's ably prepared,—
We 're particular how we are fed."

"Excuse me, good sir," said the waiter, whose hair
Was beginning to whiten with fright,
"But little-boy stew — oh! I hope you won't care —
Is not to be found on our poor bill of fare;
We 're short of that order to-night."

"Very well," said the King; "bring a little-girl pie,
And see that the crust is well done."
Just then there arose a most terrible cry,
For the King, who was hungry, had fixed a keen eye
On the waiter, who started to run.

I really can't finish this pitiful tale.
The police took the strangers in hand;
And I venture to say if that sociable whale
Had dreamed in the least how the journey would fail,
He would not have allowed them to land.



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# THE LETTER-BOX.

AURORA SPRINGS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live near the center of Missouri. I am a little girl ten years old. I have traveled a great deal. I spent one season at Old Point Comfort, Virginia. I enjoyed catching crabs from off the pier, and bathing is fine in Chesapeake Bay. We visited San Francisco, California. I loved to go out to the Cliff House; it is situated about six miles from San Francisco. The scenery is fine, especially the sea-lions playing on the rocks in the ocean in front of it. The great ocean waves as they dash against the rocky cliffs, make a loud roar, and fall back in spray through which you see the rainbow. It is truly grand. There are many places of interest there—the Presidio, where the United States soldiers are stationed, and the old fort at the entrance of the bay; also the Alcatraz Island, on which the United States prisoners are kept. I enjoyed our trip through Yellowstone Park most of all. The geysers are wonderful; but the most lovely sight I ever saw was the grand cañon. I stood on Point Inspiration one afternoon about four o'clock; the sun was shining brightly; there was an eagle's nest and fish-hawks just below on the cliffs. Oh, it looked so grand! I have my little cane that helped me climb about the mountains. It is a pine stick; I picked it up as we started up the cañon, just before we came to the cascades. I remain your constant reader,

SYLVIA J. S——.

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NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you of the lovely times I have in the country. Our country residence is in the eastern part of New York State, nine miles' drive from Schenectady. When I am there I ride horseback and drive. I was also in Dorchester, Mass., in the summer. One day we went to Salem and saw many historical things. One was a church that was built in 1629; the beams are the same old ones, but the siding is new. In Essex Institute we saw the lock from the door of the room in which the Declaration of Independence was written, the mittens and shirt that Governor Bradford was baptized in, the carving-knife and fork that Napoleon Bonaparte used at St. Helena, a piece of the chair Penn sat in when he made the treaty with the Indians, and two bottles of the tea that was thrown overboard at the Boston tea-party,—it was found in the shoes of Lot Cheever after removing his disguise,—and many other things. I am your constant reader, "PEGGY."

---

STUTTGART, GERMANY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When my eldest sister was in America in 1887, she sent me ST. NICHOLAS for a present, and since that time I enjoy your coming every month. As a little girl I learned how to read English in your stories "for very little folks," and now, as I am sixteen, I know how to read your beautiful stories all by myself. Though I am a German girl, I like the English stories much more than the German ones. I think no German story is as beautiful as your "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or your "Lady Jane." I have a „Kränzchen," a society, with three of my school-friends. Every Tuesday we meet; we read stories and work. In these afternoons we are making dresses and other things for poor children. We are always very happy and diligent. When the meeting was at our house, I showed them one of your volumes, and they all were astonished to see how beautiful your pictures are.

To-day it is nearly impossible to go over the street. You know that our Queen Olga died, and therefore every one is in haste and excitement. In all the streets there are flags, and in the windows there are pictures or busts of the Queen with flowers and plants around them. This evening the Emperor is expected, and beside him more than twenty-five princes announced their arrival. You know our dear Queen was very much beloved by every one who knew her. Twice a day all the bells of Stuttgart are ringing for half an hour. To-day the streets near the castle and the courtyard are so crowded with people, that one has to make a great detour to go to the upper part of town. To-day's evening papers say that twenty-four thousand people passed in file through the castle.

This spring one of my sisters brought us from England a pen-wiper made of a wishing-bone, like the one that was told about in your November number. I remain your loving reader,

LOUISE H——.

---

STROMEFERRY, SKYE, N. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for some time, and are much interested in your stories. We are staying up in Skye. I do not know whether you have been in Skye. It is very nice. Our house is a stone's-throw from the sea. A little stone pier runs out into the sea. We fish off this pier for tiny fish, such as codlings, about three inches long. We used to swim, but now it is too cold. We have a boat and we go out deep-sea fishing. Our house faces the Island of Raasay, and on our right hand is the Island of Scalpay, and on our left is Sligachan Loch, and it is a very pretty sight to see the fishing-boats going up the loch every evening, with brown sails, to fish for herring. The children here are very dirty. They live in little dirty huts thatched with straw, and having ropes strung across with stones at both ends to keep the roof on. This is the first time I have written to you. I hope the letter is interesting enough to be printed.

I remain your affectionate and interested reader,

K. MAUD A. L——.
(Nine years old.)

---

TEHUANTEPEC, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my second letter, but I don't think you received the first one, because it had n't the right address on the envelop. I am going to tell you that this is the first year I have taken you, but you beat all the books I have read for young folks. Children enjoy reading your serial stories, and they learn a great deal from them. Even grown-up folks read them.

I am a telegraph-operator for the Central and South American Company on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and am twelve years old. Your constant reader,

MORSE D——.



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TIVOLI, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about our visit to Rome last year, and about all the wonderful and curious things that we saw in that dear old city. I am very fond of Rome and Italy, for my mother is an Italian.

I have lived a good deal in both England and France. We are now visiting my aunt on the North River. It is a beautiful place, and I have enjoyed my visit to America very much.

When we were in Rome we did a great deal of going about and sight-seeing. One day my mother told me that we were going to see the catacombs. I said nothing, but, to tell the truth, I felt a little frightened, and when the time came I would not go down, but stayed up-stairs with the monks.

The picture-galleries of Rome are not so fine as those of Florence. The world-renowned church of St. Peter is a wonderful building. I saw the statue of St. Peter. Now good-by. I am your devoted and interested reader,

ANITA W——.

---

VILLANOVA P. O., DEL. CO., PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three girl-cousins, and are staying in the country together.

There is a small bit of woods by our house, and one day we cooked down there on a little iron stove, and fried some potatoes and bread, which were very good, considering it was the first time we had ever cooked alone. We had a picnic last fall, and we were standing by a small pool with some of our friends, when a girl took me, Louise, by the arm, and said, laughingly, "Let 's take a swim," and accidentally we fell in. The water was not deep, so we easily crawled out, looking, as the others said, "like drowned rats."

One afternoon, last summer, we took a walk with a friend. Some yellow-jackets came out and flew after her and got in her hair and her clothes, and stung her very badly in eleven places. She turned so red and slapped herself so that we thought she was crazy, and ran up to her to help her, at which the yellow-jackets tried to sting us, too, but did not succeed. Your constant readers,

LOUISE, ALICE, AND NANCY.

---

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was mother's birthday a few days ago, and we children gave her two little gold-fish in a glass bowl. We have called them "Punch" and "Judy." They are no trouble to keep. We feed them on ants' eggs, and give them two a day and change the water once a week.

I have a dear little canary which sings very merrily and wakes me up nearly every morning. Its name is "Toby." Sometimes I open the cage and let it fly about the room. It enjoys this greatly. I catch it by putting my handkerchief gently over it, and it lies in my hand and pretends to be dead,—but soon comes to life again in its cage.

I have two twin brothers, Archie and Kingsley,—they are nearly eight,—and a little sister Mary. Good-by.

From your little friend, MARGARET W. B——.

---

FORT KEOGH, MONTANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend has given me a year's subscription to your magazine for a Christmas present. I also got the bound volumes for 1892.

I have a great many books, and take several papers; but among them all I don't think I like any better than I like you.

I wish I could know Mary P. E. and Winnie M. P., of Fort Sam Houston, because I am an army girl myself. My papa is a captain in the regiment next to theirs in number—the 22d Infantry. We are far north among ice and snow and cold, while they are walking among flowers every day. But we have lots of fun, and, although we can't ride in ambulances (for papa says the "Bogie Man" at Washington will catch us if we do!), when the market-sleigh comes around, every morning, we hitch our sleds to it and have jolly times being pulled around the fort. Somebody is always upset.

Your true friend, WINIFRED V. W——.

---

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a little dog that was given to us by a captain of a merchant ship. The dog's name was "Dick," and he could go up a ladder with a pitcher of milk, and would go down again just as well as a person would go up and down stairs. He was a splendid swimmer. When the ship sailed away he cried as if he were entreating the ship to come back.

Yours sincerely, M. M. H——.

---

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years.

I don't like the winters here at all, for you can't slide down hill then; but you can in summer, and this is the way it is done: First we find a long steep hill, covered with long, dry, foxtail-grass; then we get a long board and drag it sideways down the hill, which smooths the grass. Then we make some sleds, and are ready to slide down the hill.

I saw our neighbor brand four colts with his brand (P); he blindfolded them, and then pressed the hot brand against their left fore shoulder, burning the hair off, and leaving a scar the shape of the brand, which they never outgrow. Your loving reader, E. A. R——.

P. S.—They brand in the dark of the moon; otherwise they believe that the brand will grow larger.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my trip to Alaska. We left Portland, Oregon, one bright June day for Tacoma, which is beautifully situated on Puget Sound, and from there you have a lovely view of Mount Tacoma, one of the highest peaks on the Pacific coast. Its summit is always covered with snow.

Our first stop after leaving Tacoma by steamer was at Seattle, but because it was so early in the morning and the boat only waited there a little while, we stayed on the boat and did not get off at all.

Our next landing was at Victoria, B. C., where we stayed five hours. We reached there about eight o'clock in the morning and went to the Hotel Victoria, where we had our breakfast; afterward we took a carriage and drove all around the town. We went over a bridge, above a pretty cascade, and we saw the Navy Yard and dry-dock near by.

From Victoria we went to Fort Wrangel, which used to be an old Russian fort; now it is nothing but a small Indian settlement, and there are some very curious things to see. I saw some very queer poles—totem poles they are called—carved out of trees; some of them had figures of bears on top of them, some whales and some eagles. We got off the boat and walked till we came to a very shaky old bridge, and carefully went across it. On the other side we saw some more totem poles; one of the most curious had a bear carved on top of the pole and the footprints of the bear going all the way up to the top.

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The next stop we made was at Juneau, which is quite an interesting place and has a population of 1655; but most of them are Indians. On the dock there were Indian women with baskets, silver bangles, and spoons and salmon-berries to sell. The Indians are very clever in making the bracelets and spoons out of coin-silver with very rude tools; they were also very clever in making a bargain with us.

From Juneau we went across Douglas Sound to the Treadwell Stamp-mills, and I enjoyed seeing them take the gold from the ore.

We then went on to Sitka, which is on Baranoff Island, further south. We reached there on the Fourth of July and fired a salute with a small cannon before we reached the dock; the captain had the ship all trimmed with flags, and it made it look very gay. The harbor of Sitka is lovely, filled with little islands, and there are snow-capped mountains all around it.

We got off the ship and went first to see the Greek church, which is very interesting. There is an oil-painting there of the Madonna and Child, which came from Russia and is very beautiful; there are other paintings in the church, and all of them are very old. There is an old castle at Sitka which used to belong to the Russians, as Sitka is an old Russian town and must be over a hundred years old.

After leaving Sitka the most wonderful sight of the whole trip was going through Glacier Bay among the icebergs, where we went to see the great Muir Glacier; it was the sixth of July, but was so cold that we had to put on all the winter clothes that we had.

It rained nearly all the time we were there, but we had a good view of the glacier. The captain sent us ashore in small rowboats, and nearly everybody went, in spite of the wet weather. We had to walk a long way before we got to the glacier, and when we reached it, it was just like walking on ice.

Prof. Reid of Cleveland, and the friend of his who was with him, had a little hut built near the glacier, where they were going to stay some months. We started on our return trip, stopping at Juneau, Wrangel, and Port Townsend, and we made the entire trip in seventeen days.

Yours truly,

KATHARINE L. McC——.



IN THE WOODS IN MARCH. "WHICH IS THE WAY HOME?"

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals and finals, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Napoleon. 2. Altamaha. 3. Poetship. 4. Obligato. 5. Ladleful. 6. Enervate. 7. Oratorio. 8. Napoleon.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS: I. 1. S. 2. Ace. 3. Amiss. 4. Sciatic. 5. Estop. 6. Sip. 7. C. II. 1. F. 2. Dan. 3. Donor. 4. Fanatic. 5. Noted. 6. Rid. 7. C. III. 1. C. 2. Par. 3. Papal. 4. Capital. 5. Rated. 6. Lad. 7. L. IV. 1. L. 2. Mat. 3. Mucus. 4. Laconic. 5. Tuner. 6. Sir. 7. C. V. 1. L. 2. Cab. 3. Cater. 4. Lateral. 5. Berry. 6. Ray. 7. L.

DIAMOND: 1. G. 2. Ten. 3. Tones. 4. Genesis. 5. Nests. 6. Sis. 7. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Civility may truly be said to cost nothing; if it does not meet with a due return, it at least leaves you in the most creditable position."

HOLLOW STAR. From 1 to 2, spindle; 1 to 3, spiders; 2 to 3, enlists; 4 to 5, paining; 4 to 6, paddles; 5 to 6, guesses.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Krait. 2. Emmet. 3. Apron. 4. Snood. 5. Elder.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Fold the lower part of the puzzle in half, lengthwise, and the name of George Washington will appear. The answer to the rebus on the upper part is, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

A HEXAGON. 1. Talc. 2. Alert. 3. Legers. 4. Crenate. 5. Traced. 6. Steed. 7. Edda.

PROVERB PUZZLE. Longfellow. 1. Folks. 2. Known. 3. Honey. 4. Wager. 5. Offer. 6. Great 7. Folly. 8. Tells. 9. Grown. 10. Fewer.— ANAGRAM. Percy Bysshe Shelley.

BEHEADINGS. Beranger. 1. B-read. 2. E-rebus. 3. R-each. 4. A-theist. 5. N-arrow. 6. G-host. 7. E-motion. 8. R-hone.

COMPLEX SQUARE. Across: 1. Shad. 2. Wane. 3. Aril. 4. Yell.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Waterloo. 1. Wafer. 2. Alter. 3. Theme. 4. Eagle. 5. Reign. 6. Lance. 7. Olive. 8. Opine.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Maude E. Palmer — "The McG.'s" — "Uncle Mung" — Mama and Jamie — "Nearthebay" — Alice M. Blanke and Co. — L. O. E. — C. W. Brown — "The Wise Five" — E. M. G. — Rosalie Bloomingdale — Paul Reese — "Infantry" — Stephen O. Hawkins — Jessie Chapman — Josephine Sherwood — "Leather-Stocking" — "Suse" — Helen C. McCleary — Ida Carleton Thallon — Jo and I — "Wareham" — Hubert L. Bingay — Ida and Alice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Helen B. Myer, 1 — Helen T. Markham, 1 — G. B. Dyer, 6 — "Bick," 1 — Arnold Furst, 1 — Charlie Ames, 1 — Marie A. B., 1 — J. S. and E. S., 1 — Rosita C. de V. Cornwell, 1 — Walter Pach, 1 — Edwin B. Potts, 1 — Bessie and I, 1 — Marion, 1 — Jeannette, 1 — Margaret S. Otheman, 1 — John Farson, Jr., 1 — Sister Mary F., 1 — Melville Hunnewell, 4 — "Uncas," 6 — "Bolero," 2 — Herbert Lockwood, 1 — Sadie and Jamsie, 3 — Maud and Dudley Banks, 6 — Effie K. Talboys, 5 — Arthur D. Quackenbush, 1 — Delia L. Newton, 2 — S. C. Hilder, 2 — Arthur F. Saenger, 1 — Effie W. Perkins, 1 — M. D. Gardener, 1 — Annie B. Thorne, 1 — Laura M. Zinser, 5 — "Two Chums," 2 — Chester B. Sumner, 6 — No Name, Waterbury, Conn., 5 — "Elizabeth," 4 — Dora F. Hereford, 5 — "Two Sage Judges," 2 — Frank Rieder, 1.

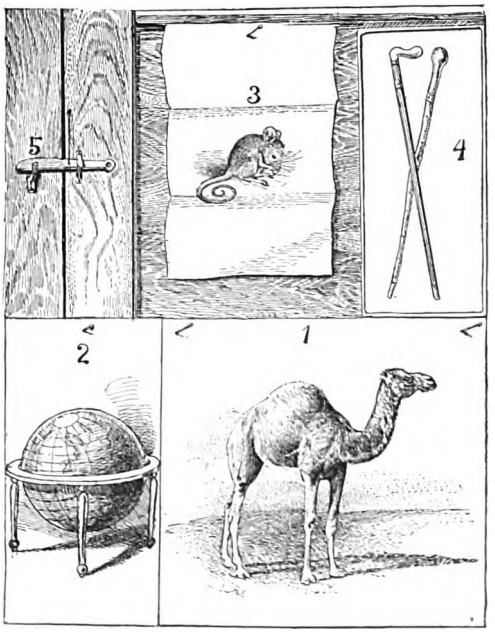
### HALF-SQUARES.

I. 1. The sea-cow. 2. A flowering shrub. 3. Ycleped. 4. Beverages. 5. To spread abroad. 6. Half of a word meaning "to acquire by labor." 7. In money.

II. 1. An animal resembling a small hog. 2. A character in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." 3. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 4. A descendant. 5. A feminine name. 6. A musical tone. 7. In money.

"XELIS."

### ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.




EACH of the above pictures may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters reading downward will spell the name of a painter who has been called "The American Wilkie."

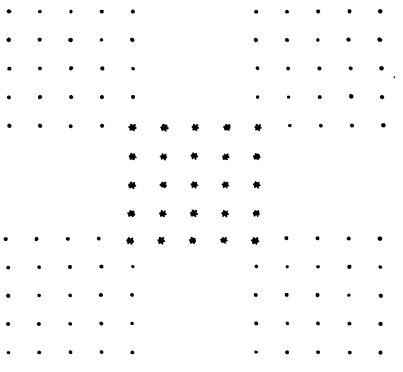
RUTH.

### ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS man of letters:

STYLE? LO, A CHARM!

### CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A kind of cement. 2. To detest. 3. To polish. 4. A strengthening medicine. 5. Upright.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Parts of a watch. 2. Borne by the feet. 3. Stately. 4. A musical term meaning sweetly. 5. A spirited horse.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A lock of hair. 2. Pulverized volcanic substances. 3. The after song. 4. To move sidewise. 5. To slumber.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Throws down with violence. 2. Harmony. 3. An ecclesiastical headdress. 4. The Turkish government. 5. To show contempt.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The appearance which anything manifests. 2. A harbor. 3. To turn aside. 4. A woolen twilled stuff. 5. To go in.

F. W. F.



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### DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. My primals and finals each name an English author.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. To ascend. 2. To expiate. 3. Unsullied. 4. To beautify. 5. Concord. 6. An Egyptian water-lily. 7. An island in the Ægean sea. 8. To long for.

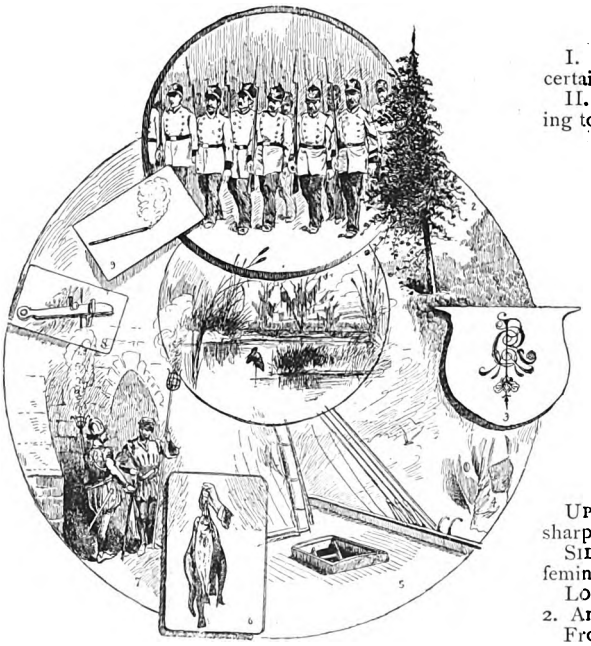
II. My primals and finals each name an English author.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. To shatter. 2. Semi-diameters of circles. 3. Made of oak. 4. To deal unjustly with. 5. Observes. 6. Visionary. 7. Courage. 8. Frivolous. LAURA M. Z.

### PI.

Od yuo kown weerh het scocur swolb?
Drune het wonss;
Dewi-edye dan swimone adn tinylaid fiar
Sa awnex coxtie scole-dented dan rear;
Yerve dilch skown
Ewerh het frits crusco swobl.

### ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS.



The problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

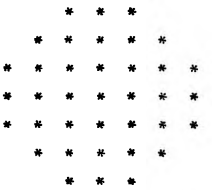
In the accompanying picture, change MARCH back again to MARCH in nine moves. Each change is shown in the illustration, and each picture used in the puzzle is numbered. The central picture is not a part of the puzzle. J. C. B.

### ZIGZAG.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a celebrated poem by Milton.

Cross-words: 1. A delicate tissue. 2. To praise in song. 3. Nice perception. 4. An inferior magistrate among the Mohammedans. 5. Any system of rules relating to one subject. 6. An African parrot. 7. Any species of cormorant. D.

### OCTAGON.



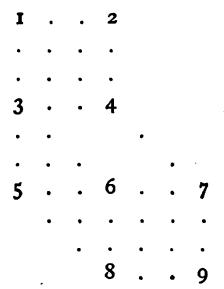
Cross-words: 1. The point of a pen. 2. A little carving in relief. 3. A pale red color, with a cast of orange. 4. To proceed. 5. Scolded. 6. Pertaining to a certain grain. 7. To scatter for drying.
ELDRED IUNGERICH.

### WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Pertaining to ships. 2. A proverb. 3. Uncertain. 4. Chills. 5. An old word meaning to hurt.

II. 1. Fear. 2. A maniac. 3. An old word meaning to shun. 4. A volcano. 5. Fear.
A. L. B. AND C. S. P.

### BOX-PUZZLE.



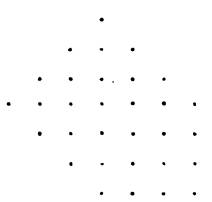

Upper Square (1 to 2, etc.): 1. To go before. 2. The sharp side of a knife. 3. A chill. 4. An animal.

Side Square (3 to 6, etc.): 1. An animal. 2. A feminine name. 3. To send forth. 4. To estimate.

Lower Square (6 to 7, etc.): 1. Fixed allowance. 2. Ancient. 3. To care for. 4. A small whirlpool.

From 4 to 7, that which is established as a criterion.
H. W. E.

### A PENTAGON.



1. In puzzles. 2. Turf. 3. A word occurring frequently in the Psalms. 4. A mammal having a single hoof on each foot. 5. Marked with spots of different shades of color. 6. The handle of an ax. 7. To estimate. F. S. F.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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A SPANISH BOY.

ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ,
BY PERMISSION OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XX. APRIL, 1893. NO. 6.

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## NEW YORK.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

EVERYBODY knows that New York's patron saint is St. Nicholas, and that he looks after the happiness of all young people in this broad and happy land. Omnipotent as he is,—and able to go down half a million chimneys of his pet island in a single night, let alone the rest of Christendom,—it would put the merry saint to his wits, if asked to tell about his own city in a few pages of his own magazine. He might just as well crowd the Genie back into the Fisherman's jar, or carry the whole western wheat-crop in a single freight-car, or perform some more saintly and miraculous feat.

But let our motto be the ancient one—"St. Nicholas be thy speed!" After all, one can always say that New York speaks for itself. Every American has two places of residence—one, his own; the other, New York. Every one, at least, except the New-Yorkers. They are so sure of the truth of my half-borrowed saying—in fact, so sure that New York goes without any saying—that they do not take the trouble to tell the world how it goes. There is no civic horn hung up for self-proclamation. If there was one, few New-Yorkers would stop to blow it. They stop very little for anything. Their city, to begin with, is the busiest, most hardworking town on earth; the rush, the industry, the rumbling, the passing up and down its wondrous length, are of themselves a marvel and an excitement. Perhaps the unconcern of its citizens is the strongest kind of horn-blowing. But this may be carried too far, even to the point of self-depreciation.

Yes: if New York does not become a perfect city, it will not be for want of instruction from her own children as to her needs and shortcomings. Sometimes a visitor takes us at our word, and in turn declares that the great town is unclean, long, narrow, and repulsive, and—that we put our feet in the trough. But then we get our backs up, like the praying deacon who called himself the vilest of the vile, and then grew angry because his neighbors would n't trust him.

Nevertheless, we have handed the brush to those who mark the faults of our work, until the canvas is well splashed over. Why not, for a change, see if there are not some beauties also?



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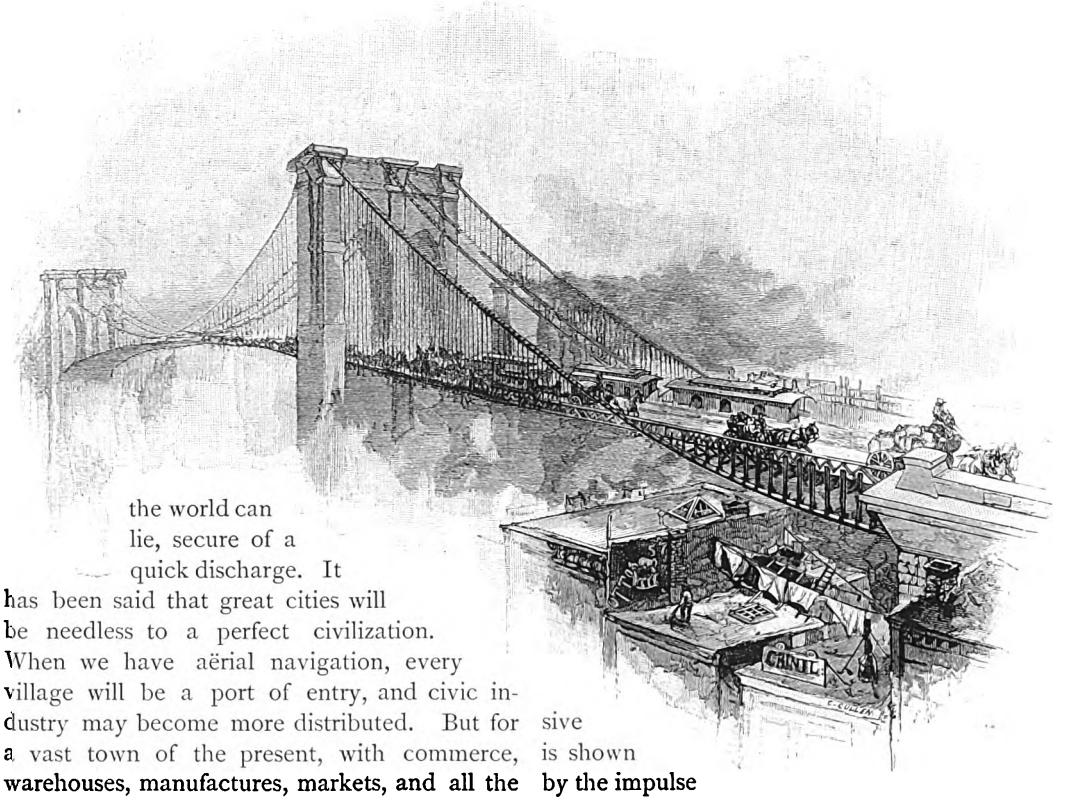
For example, here are those gifts of nature, which few people are likely to consider, but without which, they should call to mind, New York could never have become the Empire City. These are its climate and locality. Healthy boys and girls don't care what the weather is — except that they all like a snow-fall, and none wishes it to rain on a holiday. I have heard this climate called the worst in the world, but usually by some newcomer or weakling — seldom by an old resident. And I have heard far other climates called each the worst in the world, even one that tires you with its evenness, and is, in fact, no climate at all, but the want of one. The old Gothamite knows that his is the best kind of a climate; that its changes are alternate bracers and soothers. He knows that his one storm to guard against is the nor'easter, and that storm, along this shore, never comes without fair warning. He knows this is the only city where one can tell with certainty whether he need carry his umbrella — I mean the only city except London, for there he must *always* carry it. However, the nor'easter here is not so cold and raw as on the New England coast. He knows, besides, that however hot the summer, his island is swept by sea-breeze and land-breeze; that its suburbs abut upon ocean and bay and sound and river, and are watering-places of "the first water." So that New York, in what is called its residential portion, is a great watering-place itself, and yearly frequented as such by our friends from the Southern States, and from the West Indies and Spanish America, who delight in its zestful air, its Long Branch and Coney Island and Rockaway, its East and North Rivers, its drives and out-of-door dinners in the Park, its cool and radiant garden concerts, its countless summer attractions by day and night. He knows that on its island-ridge, with "water, water everywhere," salt and fresh, and with such an atmosphere, this should be, and will be, though it is not now, the cleanest, best-flushed, healthiest city in the wide world.

The extremes of winter cold are brief and mild compared with those elsewhere of which he reads. The polar storms and ice-waves are mollified on their journey from west and north. They somehow lose their rage as they near this edge of the sea,—so that once in a while, when a real blizzard gets here, though the drifts melt in a week, it is talked about for a decade. At this middle of January, while I am writing, and when the northern hemisphere is enduring the most prolonged and extreme "cold spell" known in many years, and when reports come from the inland regions as far south as Maryland and Tennessee, and from Continental Europe, of temperatures far below "0," the mercury in New York has not once fallen to zero. All through the strange season of 1891–92, when the South was shivering, the whirlwinds, cloudbursts, snow-drifts, were heard of everywhere, even within a hundred miles, save in the charmed circle of New York and its suburbs. Here all was serene.

And as for atmosphere and sky! Think of the cloud that hangs over London, — the smoke-veil of many a populous western town. Here the sky is blue by day, and the stars compel us to see them at night, just as they do in the country. The past generation kept from too much exhilaration by making the best part of the city "brown-stone." Our new architects, with poetry in their souls, are doing otherwise. Their joyous structures of marble, and creamy brick, and glowing tiles are brightening street after street. If they were not, you could not make the aspect gloomy. Dark or fair, New York always laughs in the sunlight.

Its climate suggests the importance of its site. Here was the spot designed, with the first rise of the continent from the ocean, for our grandest seaport. Thus far, its population has been crowded on Manhattan Island, if we exclude that of the shores across three rivers, and from this density have come both our success and our defects. We have had no space for rear alleys, but they are beginning to be a feature of model building-blocks in the broader region far "up-town." But where else are twenty miles of wharfage for ships to approach, and as many more of shore-line awaiting the future? Add to all these an equal length available for our suburbs of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Staten Island. In our bays and rivers the ships of

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THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE — THE END OF THE NEW YORK ANCHORAGE.

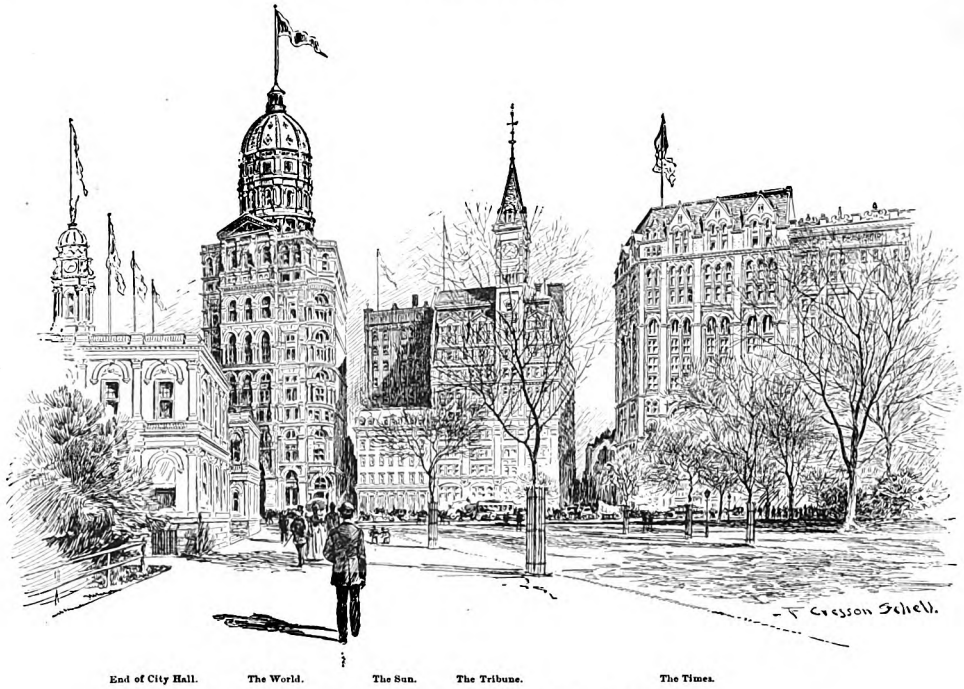
the world can lie, secure of a quick discharge. It has been said that great cities will be needless to a perfect civilization. When we have aërial navigation, every village will be a port of entry, and civic industry may become more distributed. But for a vast town of the present, with commerce, warehouses, manufactures, markets, and all the delights of society and culture that increase the worth of life,—for a city to organize the activities of a mighty nation, the ideal locality has been given to New York.

Here are the portals of the continent, and such they must always be. Here the old and new worlds come together. Here, for the present, is the spot where wealth chiefly centers, where our nation collects nearly two thirds of its commercial revenues, where the investments of its citizens are bought and sold, where the endurance, industry, refinement of a people look to their leaders. This cannot always be so preëminently the case. The United States cannot always depend upon New York, as older countries depend upon their capitals. For ours is a land of all climates and soils, with varied divisions, each requiring a capital suited to its conditions. Thus far, New York is the metropolis.

It is a matter of pride and patriotism, and of education, for young readers to think of this — of what is meant by a metropolis — when they visit New York. That the meaning is impressive is shown by the impulse which brings every one, old or young, to see the great town. For every American rightly feels that he has a share in it — as he feels that he has a share in the national capital, Washington; he knows that his own State has contributed to its wealth and talent and local traits, and that here he has a right to feel at home. He comes to a city which, as we learn from one authority, has a wealth "greater than that of the entire State of Pennsylvania," and five times greater than Illinois with its world-famous city of Chicago. He learns that within a space not much greater than the London metropolitan district, there are over 3,000,000 of his fellow-beings. Make the suburban circle a little larger, and 1,000,000 more will be included; so that New York with its suburbs is now the second among the civic centers of Europe and America. In visiting this metropolis, moreover, with its unique mixture of nationalities, he sees the peoples and customs of the entire civilized world.

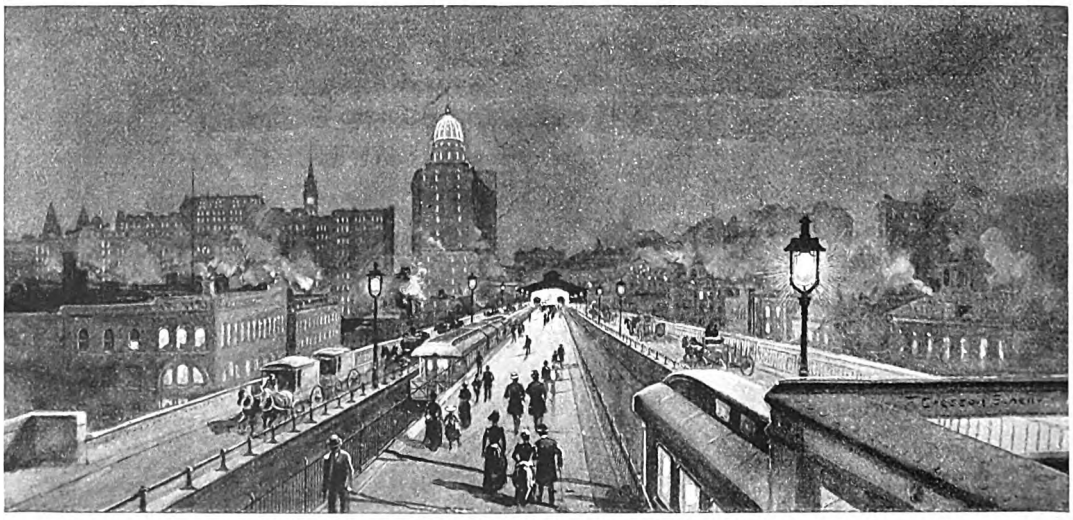
Thoughts of this kind probably are not what

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SOME OF THE NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS.

chiefly fill the minds of New York's younger visitors. They and I know very well the sights they chiefly come to see, the famous marvels and attractions of the great town — the Brooklyn Bridge, the Liberty Statue, Trinity Church, the Exchanges, the great newspaper offices, Cooper Institute, Madison Square Garden, the parks, Grant's tomb, the museums, monuments, and places of historic interest. They wish to see the shipping at the docks, the huge ocean steamers, the yacht-fleets; the rich and brilliant shopping-districts — yes, and their frequenters, for I am not the first to think that the women of New York, from the fashionable dames and damsels to the spirited, self-reliant shop-girls, whether of native or foreign blood,



ON THE BRIDGE — VIEW TOWARD THE NEW YORK SIDE AT NIGHT.

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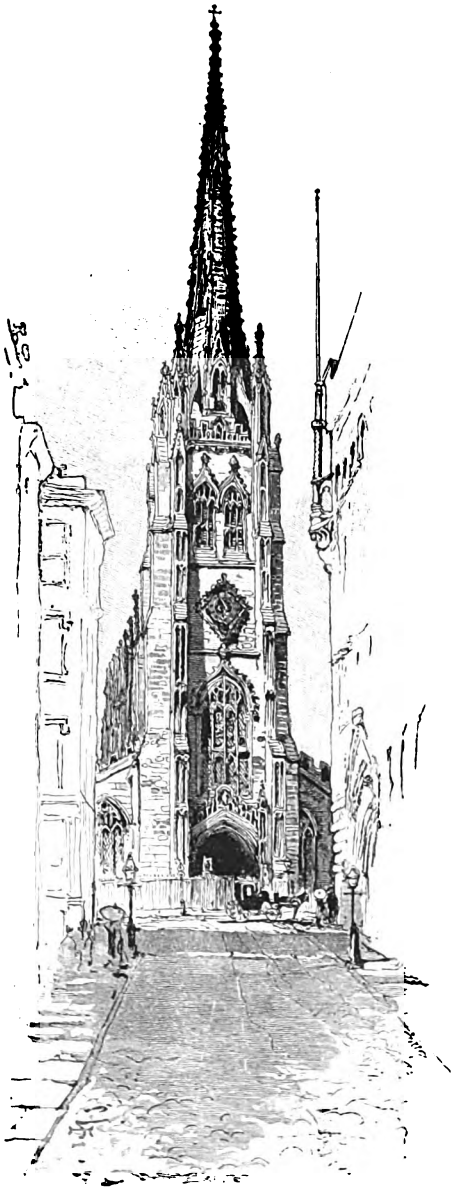
or of the two commingled, have a more various beauty, and a style and carriage more indisputable, than can be observed elsewhere. When I was a boy, Barnum's Museum was the place which boys and girls visited without delay. That does not seem (to me) very long ago; but now there are scores of places of amusement for young and old, and delights and wonders far more confusing and endless than those which Christian and Faithful found in Vanity Fair. But rather than to catalogue such sights, let me try to convey some idea of New York as a whole, of its character for good or bad, of what it means now, and what it is to be and to mean in the future.

First, of the impression made by so great a metropolis, the mysterious spell of the city—instantly felt, yet as difficult to capture as "the secret of the sea." I remember how wonderful it seemed to one boy, after coming down the East River on a Sound boat, or entering the city glare at night—with the feeling of the country lad in "Locksley Hall," whose spirit

> leaps within him to be gone before him then
> Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men.

Once among these throngs, there is the strange vastness of abode, the fascinating vistas down far-away streets, some of which I have left unexplored to this day, so that the early feeling may not be quite lost. And then the tremendous stream of humanity, flowing south at dawn and back again at dusk, and in and out all day! No one whose youth was passed in the country ever becomes quite free from these sensations. His town-born children comprehend the city. They are of it, as he is not, and tread its streets with an easy confidence of birthright. On the other hand, they will never know the inmost secrets of wood and field. Nature whispers these to her children only in their youth.

A like effect is produced, in less degree, by a few other cities. So I will suggest the method by which visitors can gain at once that personal impression of New York as a whole which the best map poorly conveys. To begin, I would have them view it on both sides, the Brooklyn and Jersey fronts, and "the islands" with their institutions, from the ferry-boats east and west. Then let them obtain those "bird's-eye" views which various points afford, and which are rivaled only by the views from the Boston State House dome and the Eiffel Tower in Paris. That from St. Paul's Cathedral in London, owing to the fog and smoke, affects one chiefly through the imagination, which in truth it powerfully excites.



TRINITY CHURCH, FROM WALL STREET.

There will be a grand lookout in Philadelphia when the tower of the Public Building shall be

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finished. But rarely will you get such a metropolitan prospect as from any one of three elevations which I select from the many available.

First, then, get leave to ascend the noble clock-tower of the Produce Exchange, very near the island-point where the city had its beginnings. Below you is the site of the old fort, in which the Dutch governors ruled "New Amsterdam," and which hard-headed Petrus Stuyvesant had to surrender to the Duke of York's forces — their first act being to rechristen the settlement and fasten their master's name upon us. Within sight, everywhere, is perhaps the most continuously historic ground of the Revolution, and at your feet the spot whence King George's beaten soldiery finally left these shores. Here, too, are the Battery and Bowling Green. Look off, and you will never forget the scene about you. The vast commercial region stretches northward. You can almost throw a stone into Wall street, where Washington took his presidential oath. In this direction you see the grandest buildings, vying in height with Trinity Church and St. Paul's; a little further, mark the "Telegraphic Capitol," and the towers and domes of the lofty newspaper edifices. Everywhere, far as the eye can see, is a mass of stores, warehouses, financial buildings; in short, the spreading traffic, the strictly commercial and executive portion of the town. Survey the harbor, to Liberty and Staten islands, to the forts, and through the Narrows to the sea. To right and left are the rivers, the Bridge, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the inland hills. Both of the rivers, you remember, are to be bridged and tunneled again and again. What splendor of life and movement in the streets and on the water! Such a maritime panorama at all hours, with ferry-boats, tugs, schooners, steamers, going to and fro, and ships and yachts at anchor, can be seen nowhere else on earth, — there being no other city, equally huge, that is at once ocean-port and metropolis.



THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE AND TOWER.

Concerning the impression produced by a closer knowledge of all this activity, I will quote from a letter written by a London author, for some time here a resident. He writes:

"So closely has New York bound itself to

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me that the regret is keen when I feel that its marvelous atmosphere, its bright, buoyant life, and its youthful vigor, are not likely to be a part of one's own record again. . . . It is just because the grimy stress of our hideous throbbing city is as dear as are its quiet squares and its show-streets that I feel I love London,—and because the motley down-town of New York—the crowded ferry-boats—the life of the streets—are so superb to one who can appreciate them, that I feel I may also love its clubs and its aristocracy of genius, its glorious Hudson and its luxurious life!"



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND TOWER.

Now go three miles northward, and you are in that civic center which has shifted, within memory, from the City Hall Park to Union Square, and again to Madison Square — the plaza around which are tokens of our most brilliant life and pleasure. Here you are whirled up the delightful Sevillian tower of the "Garden," and from a height of 300 feet look out "over the roofs of the world"—picturesquely broken up, spire-pierced, full of color. Here you view the social and residential "up-town" region,—rich and proud mansions, the costly hotels, the theaters, clubs, music-halls, opera-houses, and the colossal apartment-houses. The Roman Catholic cathedral lifts its white spires over all. You see the churches, homes, and play-houses of upper-class New York, as it now exists.

Three miles more, and you may climb the Belvedere on the highest eminence of Central Park. Here one is enchanted by viewing that long pleasure-ground which nature and art combine to make so varied. It is too narrow, perhaps, but this enables you to see how it is bordered with new and stately mansions, and to look away to the Riverside and Morningside parks, and yonder to the "Cathedral Heights," to be crowned anon by the Grant Mausoleum, the Columbia University, and by that coming wonder—the Protestant cathedral. Between is the "new New York," a spacious tract with fair streets, houses of modern design, a score of

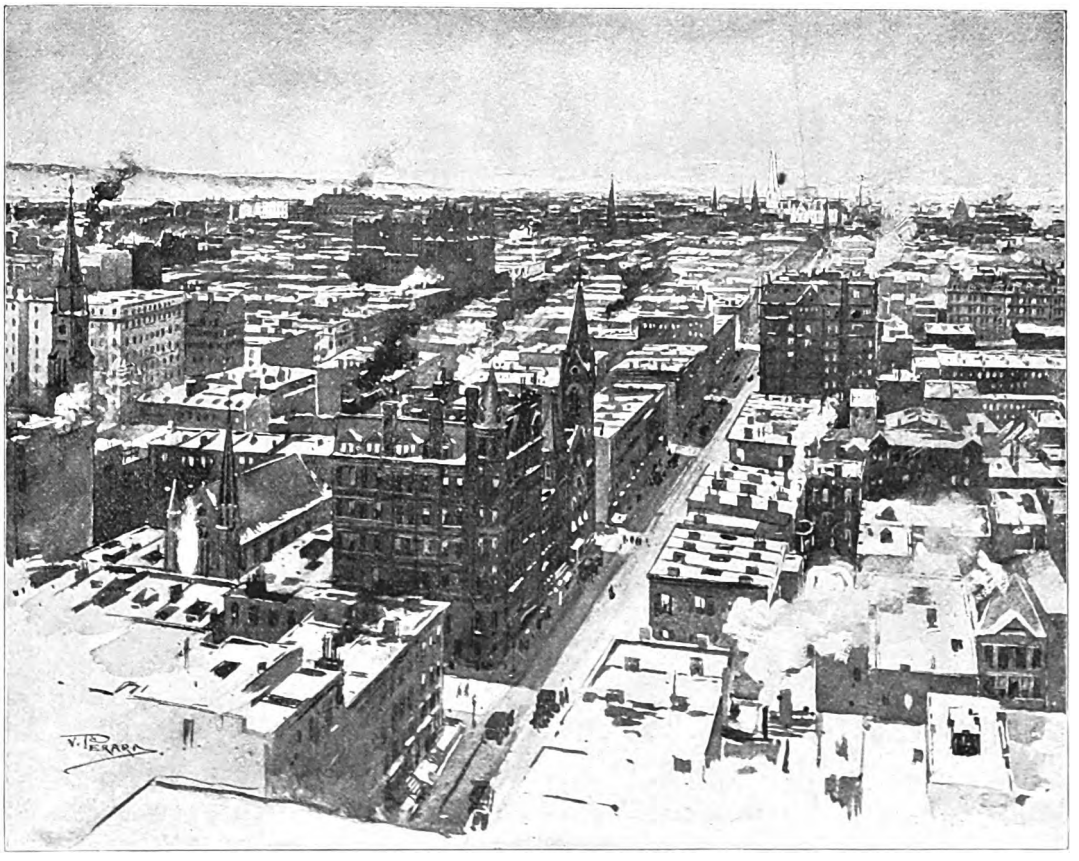
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eigner has said that, until entering our harbor, he never understood why an American moved along as if he bore the word "Empire" in invisible letters upon his forehead.

One morning in May I reached our "gates of the ocean," returning on a steamer from the West Indies. Among our passengers was a young Englishman, an Oxonian, on his way home from Jamaica. He was to pass only a day in New York, having gained an unfavorable idea of it from a newspaper letter, but wished to get the most out of his day. I was not ashamed, however, of the approach to the city that sunlit morning, through the imperial Lower Bay, alive with sailing craft and steamers. As we passed through the Narrows, I saw that he understood the delight with which millions of immigrants have looked upon the green slopes flanking that entrance to their promised land. There was Liberty on her buttressed island, proclaiming her wardership to all the world: a poetic figure — in conception, at least — at the very outpost of the country of materialism. Then, the Upper Bay, the rivers, the cities on each side, the airy wondrous Bridge, the shipping, the Queen of Cities right in front.

I helped my young Englishman through his custom-house inspection, and attempted no apology for our wooden docks, except to say that Rome was not built in a day. His box was sent to a hotel near Madison Square. But him I conveyed by the "L" road to my station near Central Park, casually remarking that this railway carried 600,000 passengers daily, or 219,000,000 a year, and had never lost through negligence the life of a passenger once fairly in the company's charge. As we stood on the high platform at West Eighty-first street, looking over Manhattan Square, and across

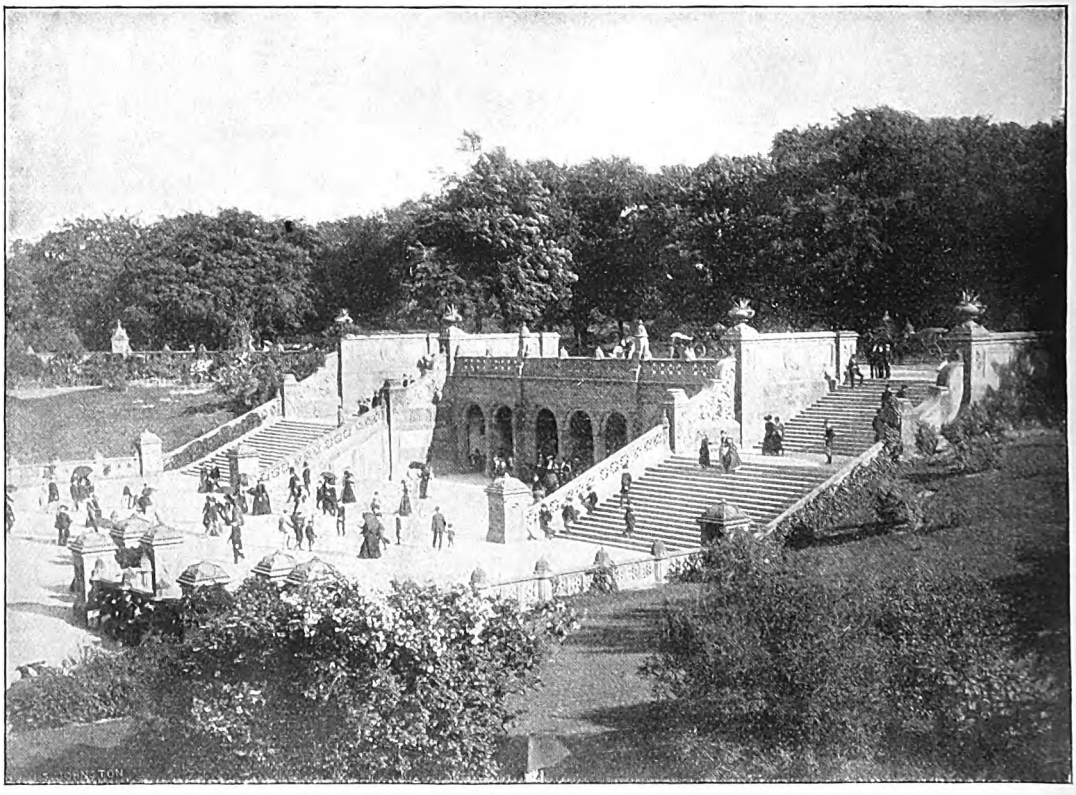


VIEW TO THE NORTH FROM THE TOWER OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

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Central Park,—where our flag was streaming from the Belvedere,—and at the grassy meadows and stately houses, he—who for a year had not seen a green English sward, and who had never found such a sky as ours elsewhere—broke out: "Why, this is a dream. It is glorious!"

Then I bade him enter the Park at Seventy-eighth street, and walk—he was a sturdy walker—down by the Lake to the Mall, and then to Fifth Avenue, and by that thoroughfare a couple of miles to his hotel; and so I left him,—being, as you see, something of an impressionist. I am sure he reached his hotel with a joyous heart and a good appetite; and that he got as good a breakfast as can be obtained on British soil.



THE TERRACE IN CENTRAL PARK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. JOHNSTON.)

This reminds me that New York is now the city of cafés; that in no foreign capital can you have your choice between so many of different nationalities and at all prices, and between so many fine cafés, within a half-mile radius, at a price which one must pay when he wishes luxury.

It is preëminently, also, the city of hotels, varying from the cheap lodging-house to superb palaces for our millionaire guests. But it is no less a city of homes, though this is what a stranger does not readily comprehend until properly introduced to them, and then not fully unless his visit extends to months or even seasons. Let him land in a less cosmopolitan city, and, with friends to welcome him, he soon will know its best home life and society, and will say: "How charming this is! how much like life at home!" But after a few weeks, he will have little new to discover. In New York, the process is exactly the reverse. Nor is our "best society" that restless, extravagant set which arrogates the name, and is forever on exhibition. It is, as elsewhere, the society of culture and refinement, now increasing so rapidly. It in-

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cludes, no less, upon its list many of the best estates and oldest families of Manhattan. It has the home life, art life, the life at the Century Club and kindred organizations, which has become the envy of the merely rich and luxurious.

And now, with respect to the evident defects of the metropolis,— the contrasts of splendor and squalor; the want of evenly distributed beauty and comfort; the want of civic spirit; the need, shared in common with various American cities, of "municipal reform."



VIEW FROM THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.)

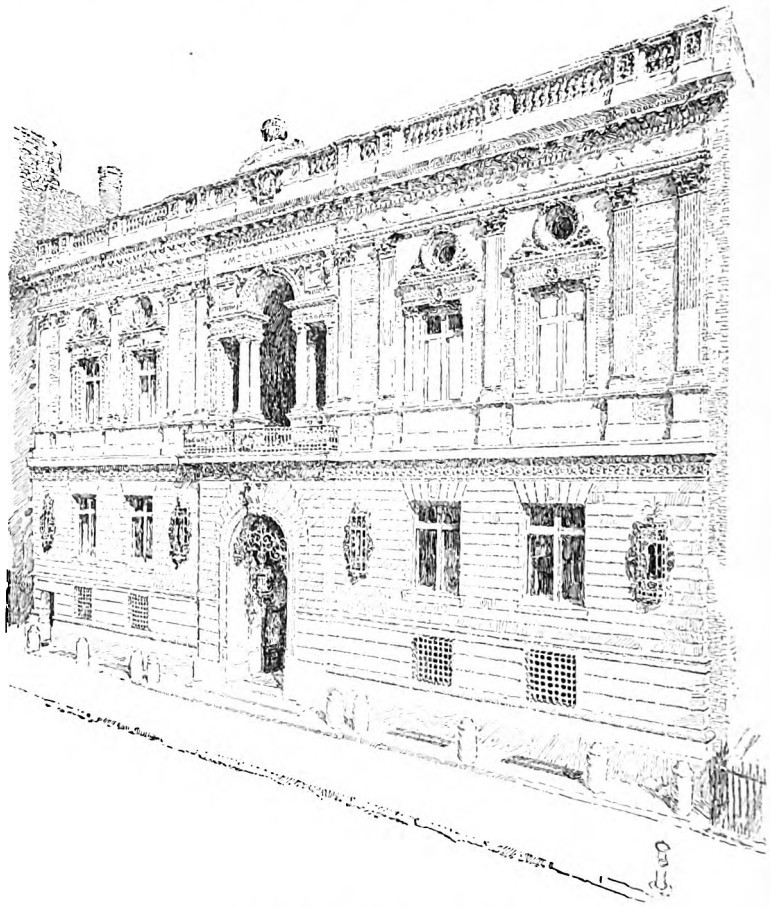
In any judgment of these matters, two things should be understood. New York always has experienced sudden transformations. While minor towns are affected by the changes in their respective districts, the striking changes of all districts are reflected here. The metropolis has had no chance to become wonted to any of its metamorphoses. Imagine a school-boy suddenly promoted, before he had got half through his fifth form, to the fourth form or class, and forced to adjust himself to it as rapidly as possible; and then, before half used to the fourth class, as suddenly advanced to the third, and again, in the same premature way, to the second. Or suppose a Dutch turnspit so strangely enchanted that, when quite young, he should become an English house-dog, and, just as he was having some comfort and growing into shape, should change into a half-grown mastiff, bigger and more ungainly; and that then it should appear that he was destined, after all, to become a magnificent lion, of dimensions requiring so abnormal a growth as to unsettle for a while his temper, looks, and proportion. A single invention, for instance, alters not only our way of living and doing business, but the city's appearances. In time the whole town may grow up to the "elevator" period. We are constructing prodigious and often sightly buildings; but these are here and there and everywhere, so that they produce, except in a district just south of the Park, an effect as different as possible from the even perfection of Paris. They are grand, indeed, in the region I have excepted. For New York is the city of palatial apartment-houses, excelling in number, comfort, splendor, and outlay any others in the Old World or the New. I could devote this

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article to a description of the "Navarro" houses alone. There are countless smaller apartment-houses and flats, suited to families of all stations. Before the war, people of moderate means were compelled to "board"; there was not a single flat above the grade of the East Side "tenement" floor. Rents are still high, owing to the shape and restricted area of the island, but thousands of hopeful young couples are happy in the independence of their pretty "apartments."

The second thing to be remembered is that New York not only handles the resources of the nation,—and on such a scale of increase that to make its docks and streets keep pace with it would require the means of the State, almost of the nation itself,—but it also has a special, vast, and patriotic task — to receive the living overflow of Europe, to cleanse and distribute it, to retain the most unsightly portion of it and make this, as the clear Mississippi makes the turbid Missouri, a portion of its own substance. New York, then, is the city of immigrants, the most hospitable and educational of world-centers. It is the national reception-room — the place of rest for hungry, travel-worn pilgrims after Jordan has been crossed. The task of American New York and its government is to take these foreign hordes in hand, to welcome the better class and make Americans of them, and to gain from them labor, taste, color, in return; to receive also the far greater mass of the coarse and wretched, and to make Americans of them, if possible, but certainly of their children. And not without success. When a patriotic day of joy or mourning occurs, it moves one's sense of their growing brotherhood to see that their humble decorations in the colonial "quarters" are more general than the costlier trappings elsewhere.

The metropolis, then, assimilates these strangers; such is its unceasing, heroic task. By the State census of 1890, there were 1,800,891 souls within the present city limits. Four fifths of these were either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents. Out of 43,659 persons dying in 1891, only 7883 were of native parentage. I have obtained by favor, at Washington, statistics of our foreign-born population by place of birth, according to the United States Census of 1890,—facts un-



THE HOME OF THE CENTURY CLUB.

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known to our boards of Police, Health, and Charities. (Fancy an Old World city government uninformed as to such matters!) Of the 1,634,234 persons enrolled, 639,943 were "foreign-born," and it may be assumed that as many more were the children of foreign-born parents. The foreign-born were composed of 210,723 Germans, 190, 418 Irish, 48,790 Russians, and 6759 Poles, 10,139 Scandinavians, 3951 Italians, 2048 Chinese, 887 Spaniards, 266 Turks, 263 Greeks, and of all other nationalities 129,699. Add to this list the children of these immigrants born since their arrival. The Russian Jews have more than doubled in number, by immigration, since 1890.



THE WASHINGTON ARCH, WASHINGTON SQUARE.

These are dry figures for young readers, but I spare them enough more to fill an arithmetic. So varied is the population that New York is called the first Irish city in existence, and the largest German city except Berlin, and that it contains large Russian and Italian cities, and goodly Norse and French towns. Its Jewish residents number probably over 250,000. With their thrift and talent they swiftly rise from poverty to independence, and to their cultured leaders we owe no mean share of our advance in music, art, and letters. Again, in 1890 there were 23,601 persons of African descent (black or of mingled blood), a smaller proportion than one who frequents Sixth Avenue would estimate. Nearly all these colonies occupy districts to the east and west of the grander thoroughfares, as distinct as the Jewish quarter in Prague, or the Christian quarter in Constantinople. How broad and populous the great German district beyond the Bowery; how picturesque and typical the French quarter below Washington Square!—in which artistic writers have found their most fascinating themes and atmosphere.

Now, the supervision and training of which I speak devolve upon the municipal government, with its courts, police, schools, hospitals, aided by noble charities and missions of all classes, and retarded by conditions upon which I do not enlarge, but which excite the zealous criticism that is of itself a hopeful symptom. Evident as is the need of a model city government—like that of Birmingham, for instance—New York can justly take pride in the Police, the Fire Department, the Militia with its noble armories, and in the grandest of aqueducts, each of these an example for other municipalities. Our public schools, however, much as they have advanced, are neither large enough nor good enough. A thorough change is needed in their administration and capacity.

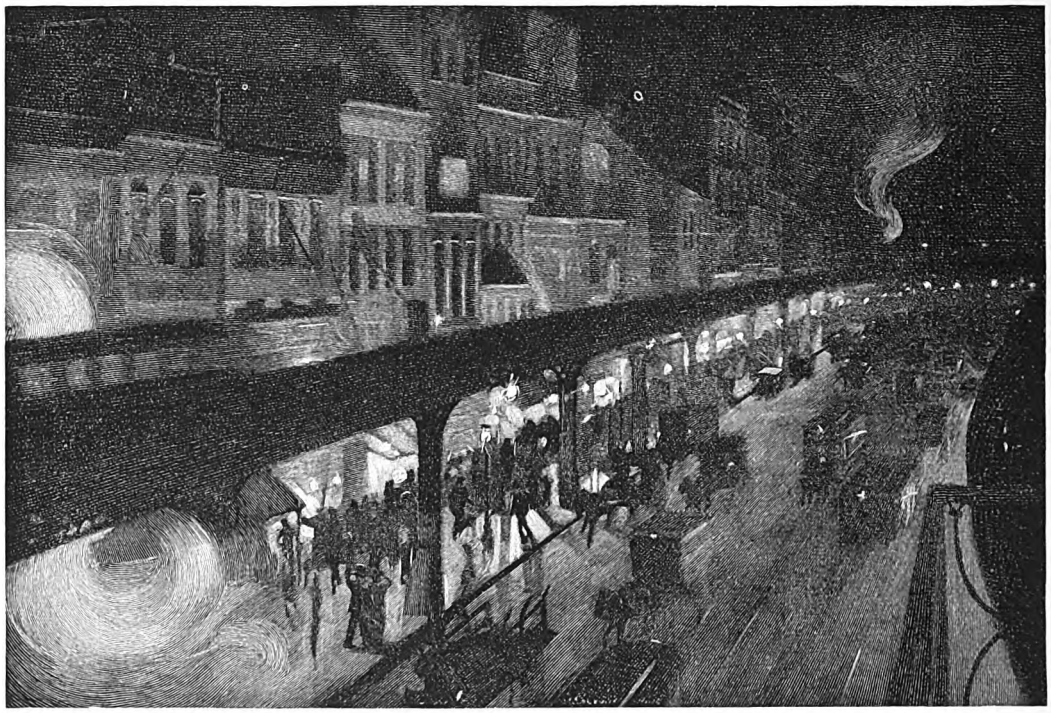
More than upon our rulers—who can plead that they fairly represent the "majority"—blame must fall upon the dull indifference of the great trading class which has built up New York, yet has lived here solely to acquire gain. We need not regret the past absorption of dry-goods men, manufacturers, etc., in their business. Out of their success—as the stories of Venice and of other historic cities tell us—the higher attainment must come. Such is the law—first, material success, then taste and ideal progress. It is no less to the shame of our moneyed classes that the movements for public culture, adornment, elevation, are set on foot and sustained chiefly by a small and most

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select group of generous men. Their names can be counted in a minute, and of these the richest often have not given in proportion to some of lesser means.

If an appeal to the business man's sense of the ideal is useless, let him consider his practical interests. What is the situation? That New York is a true metropolis is shown by its provincialism. Paris is the most provincial of cities, because the most visited. When I asked a London-born lady, resident in Paris since her childhood, if she did not wish to revisit her native land, she replied, with a French shrug of her handsome English shoulders: "No, indeed. Why should I wish it? Does not all the world have to come to Paris?" The Parisian cares nothing for the outside world, but he knows how to make it pay tribute. London? Read the English papers, and you will see how ludicrously England undervalues the mighty life of the western hemisphere. We copy the example, forgetful of the prophetic "course of empire." Westerners are alert to see this, and to wonder at us, as we wonder at Paris and London. Let our business men have a care. There is a new metropolis in the central West; there will be another on the Pacific. There is commerce enough for all, but our easy self-assurance hastens the inevitable reduction of our custom-house receipts as compared with those of growing rivals; it is already reducing our superiority in the marks of taste and learning.

For years the mercantile classes have thrived without much civic pride and gratitude; without reflecting that a time may come, as to Babylon, when their heirs may "weep and mourn" because "no man buyeth their merchandize any more." How does Paris continue? By making herself ever more fair, creative, and alluring; so that all resort thither for happiness, for art, science, learning. It is amazing that our mercantile classes do not demand, and lavishly create, the finest streets, public buildings, lights, arches, pleasure-grounds; the grandest schools, churches, universities, libraries, museums; and withal, a trustworthy municipal government.

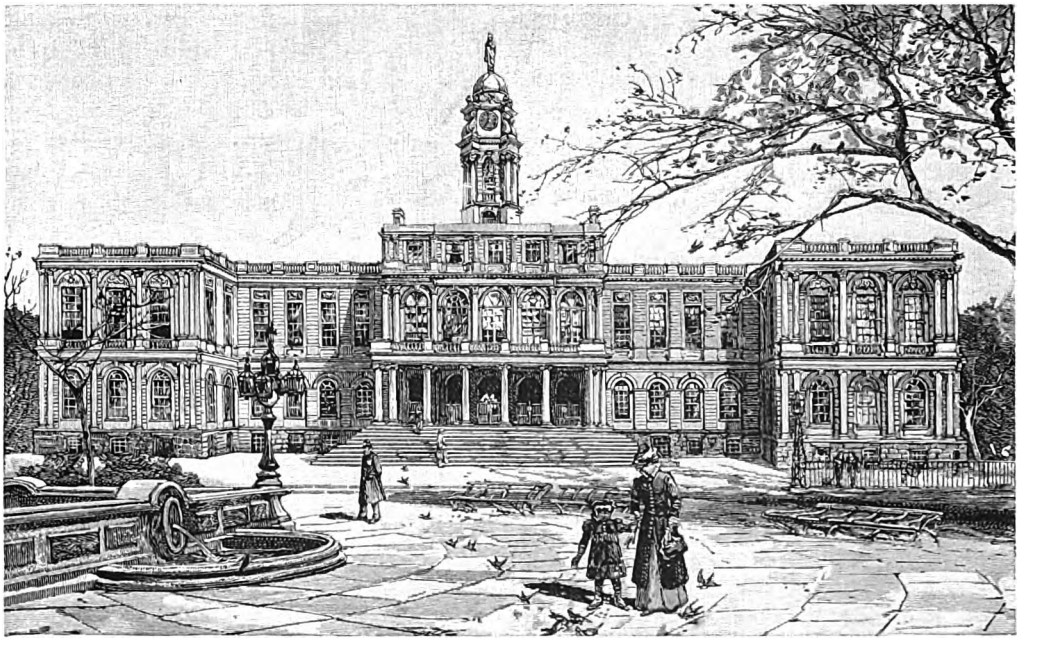


THE BOWERY AT NIGHT, SEEN FROM THE GRAND STREET STATION OF THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

We need not complain, now that literary and

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artistic conditions are bettered, and the victory is won, that New York has been "a stony-hearted mother" to her writers, artists, and scholars; that her respect for art, learning, literature was so long a kind of dress-coat patron-



THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.

age and diversion; that even now our newly rich have advanced but to the object-lesson period, and encourage art largely to delight their eyes with beautiful "interiors" that are the luxury and evidence of moneyed success. For the conditions are changing, as I have said in referring to "our best society," and so rapidly that the younger workmen can never realize what their predecessors encountered. There are hopeful signs, even in our self-reproach, of the growth of "civic spirit." There is a realization of the educational value of the beautiful—testified by such creations as the Madison Square Garden, by financial and other structures equaling in design the best in the world, by the museums, and the new Arts building, and the Washington Arch, each and all of which have aroused local pride, and the desire to advance upon these hopeful beginnings.

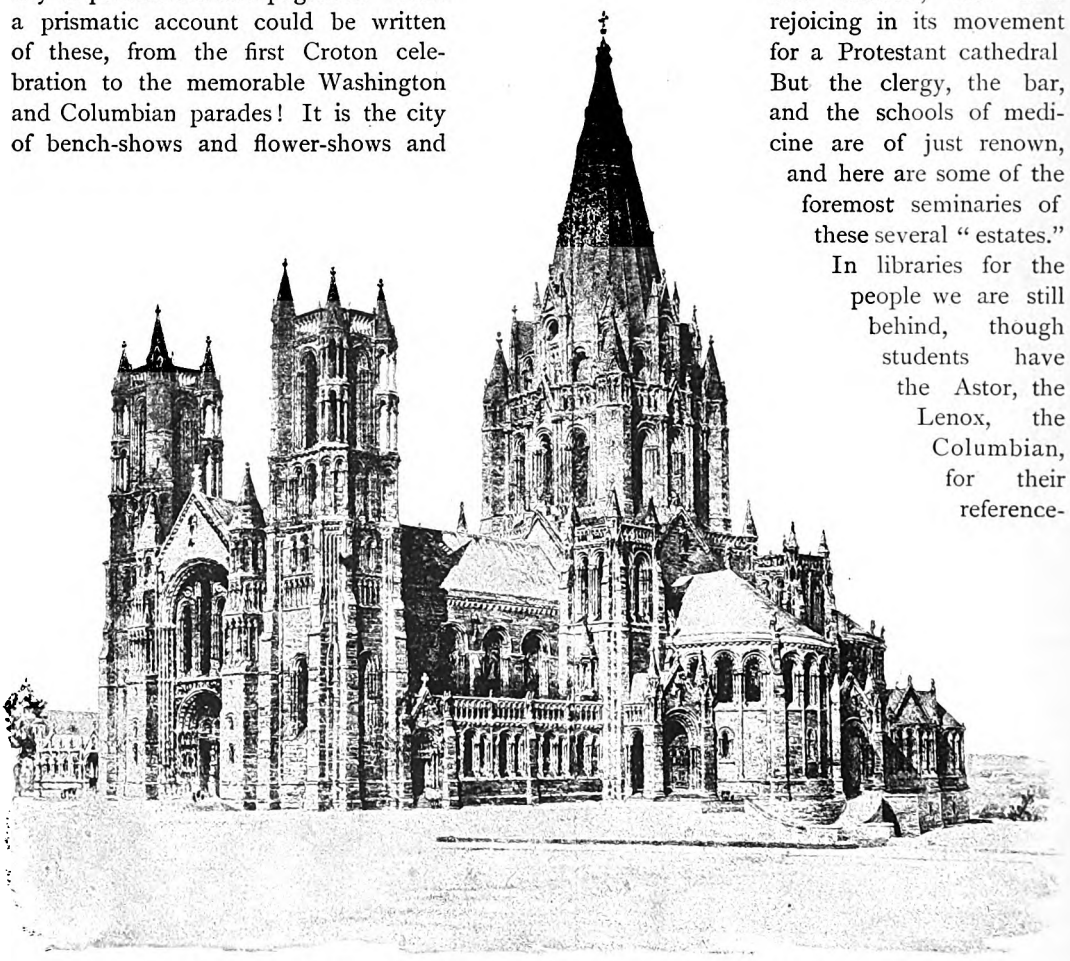
Much may be forgiven, too, to those who have "loved much"; and it must be confessed that, however slow has been the response to purely ideal appeals, the great heart of New York, once touched, is tender and sympathetic. This is, above all, the city of charity. It is even true that much of its niggardliness in matters of taste has been due to want of leadership and organization. The subscription to the Arch was successful. That for the Grant Mausoleum, requiring more than $500,000, halted in favor of a call for help to the suffering. It instantly was made up when an executive leader planned a mode of appeal to all citizens. No other town ever has responded with generosity more swift, practical, and unstinted, when human misery has been made known to it. Nearly $2,000,000 were contributed by New-Yorkers to Chicago after the great fire. Over $1,000,000 were promptly raised in aid of sufferers by the Johnstown flood. Whenever pestilence, flood, fire, or famine makes havoc elsewhere, the bounty of the metropolis seems exhaustless. Its hospitals, both public and private, are more than notable; indeed, physicians complain that our hospital system is so munificent that this city is a poor place for all but the chiefs of their profession. The Fresh Air Fund is renewed annually by the voluntary gifts of old and young. Charitable societies, especially the



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Children's Aid and its like, have for years triumphed in noble and successful work. The new Kindergarten movement is of promise.

Other things must at least be mentioned, for which the metropolis is great in spite of itself, as French say. Partly owing to its special formation, it has been, and will be, the city of processions and pageants. What a prismatic account could be written of these, from the first Croton celebration to the memorable Washington and Columbian parades! It is the city of bench-shows and flower-shows and horse-shows, the latter with its attendant display of thoroughbred and thorough-dressed men and women. What we need, and will yet possess, is an American Colosseum, across the Harlem, in which more than a hundred thousand people can witness such contests as the Thanksgiving foot-ball game. It is the city of theaters, and the rallying-point for actors great and small. Its orchestras, conservatories, music-halls, are reaching the front. It is the city of clubs, mercantile, fashionable, political, professional, dramatic, artistic, literary, social above all. These outrank those of any place except London in quality, luxury, and number. It is not the city of churches, though becoming so in the new districts, and now rejoicing in its movement for a Protestant cathedral But the clergy, the bar, and the schools of medicine are of just renown, and here are some of the foremost seminaries of these several "estates." In libraries for the people we are still behind, though students have the Astor, the Lenox, the Columbian, for their reference-work. New York has not only her Columbia College, now entering as a university upon a new career under the inspiring guidance of President Low, but on either hand she has Yale and Princeton almost as closely related to her as Harvard is to Boston. Finally, in her museums she has the youth of institutions worthy of her greatness, and already advanced by private largesses to a point further than



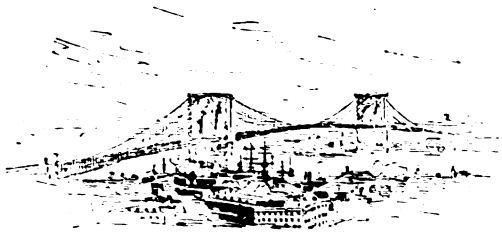
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE. (BY PERMISSION, FROM THE DESIGN PUBLISHED IN "ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING.")

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the subsidied museums of London reached in an equal length of time.

Above all, the metropolis draws to itself the ambitious youths, the picked men and women, from the country at large. Hither they come, to see and not be seen, yet finally to profit so much by what they see as to achieve reputation and success. If few of them are coddled, if the struggle is keen and sometimes cruel, talent after all has its equal chance in the testing process which only the fit survive. The vast aggregation of life gives freedom — liberty of action and belief, and seclusion or society as one may choose. There is, of course, the hard-hitting of opponents, sometimes very unfair; but there is no room for the petty scrutiny, bigotry, formalism, of little towns. The fresh note, the genuine addition, are eagerly welcomed. New York's ingathering of writers and artists is yearly more significant. Here they find the needful atmosphere, and the dramatic, picturesque life of sunlight and shadow, upon which their genius thrives. Here, then, are the schools of art and architecture, and, above all, the most important literary and artistic markets. Where the food is, "there will the eagles be gathered together." The writers upon the staffs of the newspapers — secular, religious, and technical — are of themselves an intellectual army, and in the lead of national opinion. New York magazines are foremost in popularity here and abroad. They have developed native writers, and are eagerly contributed to by foreign pens; they have created modern wood-engraving, in which America stands at the head as confessedly as in the construction of modern stained glass — an art brought to fresh and marvelous beauty by our local designers. As for publishing-houses of all grades, this city has more than its proportional share. The best of them, like the leading houses of a few other American cities, are conducted by educated gentlemen, generous in their outlay, whose relations with authors are intimate, and honorable to all parties concerned. Lastly, with respect to professional life in New York, it may be said that until recently it derived its strength largely from the New England element, but is now recruited from all parts of the country, and many born on Manhattan Island are specially conspicuous in art, letters, and the other liberal pursuits.

When our younger friends revisit the Empire City in 1923, they will complete their series of bird's-eye views by surveying that of which so many are now dreaming — the greater city of the future. The idea of "Greater New York" has of late taken hold upon the public mind. Movements once begun, in view of such a conception, never go backward. The civic pride, now awakening, is sure to fulfil its mission with increasing ardor. Thousands of my readers will live to ascend some tower above the Harlem River, from which they will see not only Manhattan Island, filled to all its shores with buildings, and the acropolis where are grouped the Mausoleum, Columbia University, and St. John's Cathedral with its dome and cross at the highest height, — but will also gaze upon the residential city to the east, with its series of magnificent parks, its beautiful mansions set in garden-closes, its speedways, plazas, and broad shaded streets. In the distance, the Brooklyn district will beacon from Long Island's shore, huge as New York is now, and united by bridge after bridge with what will then be the district of New York. For, while both the present cities may retain their present titles, the imperial metropolis will inevitably be consolidated under one name — and that, perhaps, neither Dutch nor English, but aboriginal. There is none more purely American than *Manhattan*, and none to which the term "historic" more truthfully can be applied.



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# POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

*Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.*

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter XIV.

### LIFE IN THE BIRD'S NEST.

Polly settled down in the Bird's Nest under the protecting wing of Mrs. Bird, and a very soft and unaccustomed sort of shelter it was.

A room had been refurnished expressly for the welcome guest, and as Mrs. Bird pushed her gently in alone, the night of her arrival, she said, "This is the Pilgrim Chamber, Polly. It will speak our wishes for us."

It was not the room in which Polly had been ill for so many weeks; for Mrs. Bird knew the power of associations, and was unwilling to leave any reminder of those painful days to sadden the girl's new life.

As Polly looked about her, she was almost awed by the dazzling whiteness. The room was white enough for an angel, she thought. The straw matting was almost concealed by a mammoth rug made of white Japanese goat-skins sewed together; the paint was like snow, and the furniture had all been painted white, save for the delicate silver lines that relieved it. There were soft, full curtains of white bunting fringed with something that looked like thistle-down, and the bedstead had an overhanging canopy of the same. An open fire burned in the little grate, and a big white-and-silver ratan chair was drawn cozily before it. There was a girlish dressing-table with its oval mirror draped in dotted muslin; a dainty writing-desk with everything convenient upon it; and in one corner was a low bookcase of white satinwood. On the top of this case lay a card, "With the best wishes of John Bird," and along the front of the upper shelf were painted these words: "Come, tell us a story!" Below this there was a rich array of good things. The Grimms, Laboulaye, and Hans Christian Andersen were all there. Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" jostled the "Seven Little Sisters" series; Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" lay close to Lamb's "Tales from Shakspere," and Whittier's "Child Life in Prose and Poetry" stood between Mary Howitt's "Children's Year" and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses."

Polly sat upon the floor before the bookcase and gloated over her new treasures, each of which bore her name on the fly-leaf.

As her eye rose to the vase of snowy pampas plumes and the pictured Madonna and Child above the bookcase, it wandered still higher until it met a blue-and-silver motto painted on a white frieze that finished the top of the walls where they met the ceiling.

Polly walked slowly round the room, studying the illuminated letters: "*And they laid the Pilgrim in an upper chamber, and the name of the chamber was Peace.*"

This brought the ready tears to Polly's eyes. "God seems to give me everything but what I want most," she thought; "but since He gives me so much, I must not question any more; I must not choose; I must believe that He wants me to be happy, after all, and I must begin and try to be good again."

She did try to be good. She came down to breakfast the next morning, announcing to Mrs. Bird, with her grateful morning kiss, that she meant to "live up to" her room. "But it 's a frightfully perfect room," she confessed. "I shall not dare have a naughty thought in it; it seems as if it would be written somewhere on the whiteness!"

"You can come and be naughty in my bachelor den, Polly," said Mr. Bird, smilingly. "Mrs. Bird does n't waste any girlish frills and poetic decorations and mystical friezes on her poor brother-in-law! He is done up in muddy browns, as befits his age and sex."

Polly insisted on beginning her work the



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very next afternoon; but she had strength only for three appointments a week, and Mrs. Bird looked doubtfully after her as she walked away from the house with a languid gait utterly unlike her old buoyant step.



"POLLY GLOATED OVER HER NEW BOOKS."

Edgar often came in the evenings, as did Tom and Blanche Mills, and Milly Foster; but though Polly was cheerful and composed, she seldom broke into her old flights of nonsense.

On other nights, when they were alone, she prepared for her hours of story-telling, and in this she was wonderfully helped by Mr. Bird's suggestions and advice; for he was a student of literature in many languages, and delighted in bringing his treasures before so teachable a pupil.

"She has a sort of genius that astonishes me," said he one morning, as he chatted with Mrs. Bird over the breakfast-table.

Polly had excused herself and stood at the farther library window, gazing up the street vaguely and absently, as if she saw something beyond the hills and the bay. Mrs. Bird's heart sank a little as she looked at the slender figure in the black dress. There were no dimples about the sad mouth, and was it the dress, or was she not very white these latter days?—so white that her hair encircled her face with absolute glory and startled one with its color.

"It is a curious kind of gift," continued Mr. Bird, glancing at his morning papers. "She takes a long tale of Hans Andersen's, for instance, and after an hour or two, when she has his idea fully in mind, she shows me how she proposes to tell it to the younger children at the Orphan Asylum. She clasps her hands over her knees, bends forward toward the firelight, and tells the story with such simplicity and earnestness that I am always glad she is looking the other way and cannot see the tears in my eyes. I cried like a school-girl last night over 'The Ugly Duckling.' She has the natural dramatic instinct, a great deal of facial expression, power of imitation, and an almost unerring taste in the choice of words

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which is unusual in a girl so young and one who has been so imperfectly trained. I give her an old legend or some fragment of folk-lore, and straightway she dishes it up for me as if it had been bone of her bone and marrow of her marrow; she knows just what to leave out and what to put in, somehow. You had one of your happy inspirations about that girl, Margaret,—she is a born story-teller. She ought to wander about the country with a lute under her arm. Is the Olivers' house insured?"

"Good gracious! Jack, you have a kangaroo sort of mind! How did you leap to that subject? I'm sure I don't know, but what difference does it make, anyway?"

"A good deal of difference," he answered blandly, looking into the library (yes, Polly had gone out); "because the house, the furniture, and the stable were burned to the ground last night,—so the morning paper says."

Mrs. Bird rose and closed the doors. "That does seem too dreadful to be true," she said. "That poor child's one bit of property, her only stand-by in case of need! Oh, it can't be burned down; and, if it is, it *must* be insured. I'm afraid a second blow would break her down completely just now, when she has not recovered from the first."

Mr. Bird went out and telegraphed to Dr. George Edgerton:

Is Oliver house burned, and what was the amount of insurance, if any? Answer. JOHN BIRD.

At four o'clock the reply came:

House and outbuildings burned. No insurance. Have written particulars. Nothing but piano and family portraits saved. GEORGE EDGERTON.

In an hour another message, marked "Collect," followed the first one:

House burned last night. Defective flue. No carelessness on part of servants or family. Piano, portraits, ice-cream freezer, and wash-boiler saved by superhuman efforts of husband. Have you any instructions? Have taken to my bed. Accept love and sympathy.
CLEMENTINE CHADWICK GREENWOOD.

So it was true. The buildings were burned, and there was no insurance.

I know you will say there never is in stories where the heroine's courage is to be tested, even if the narrator has to burn down a whole township to do it satisfactorily. But to this objection I can make only this answer: First, that this house did really burn down; second, that there really was no insurance; and third, if this combination of circumstances did not sometimes happen in real life, it would never occur to a story-teller to introduce it as a test for heroes and heroines.

"Well," said Mrs. Bird, despairingly, "Polly must be told. Now, will you do it, or shall I? Of course you want me to do it! Men never have any courage about these things, nor any tact either."

At this moment the subject of conversation walked into the room, hat and coat on and an unwonted color in her cheeks. Edgar Noble followed behind. Polly removed her hat and coat leisurely, sat down on a hassock on the hearth-rug, and ruffled her hair with the old familiar gesture, almost forgotten these latter days.

Mrs. Bird glanced warningly at the tell-tale yellow telegrams in Mr. Bird's lap, and strove to catch his eye and indicate to his dull masculine intelligence the necessity of hiding them at present.

This glance was too much for Polly's gravity. To their astonishment she burst into a peal of laughter.

"My lodging is on the cold, cold ground,
And hard, very hard is my fare!"

she sang, to the tune of "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."—"So you know all about it, too?"

"How did you hear it?" gasped Mrs. Bird.

"I bought the evening paper to see if that lost child at the asylum had been found. Edgar jumped on the car, and seemed determined that I should not read the paper until I reached home. I knew then that something was wrong, but just what, was beyond my imagination, unless Jack Howard had been expelled from Harvard, or Bell Winship had been lost at sea on the way home; so I persisted in reading, and at last I found the fatal item. I don't know whether Edgar expected me to faint at sight! I'm not one of the fainting sort!"

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"I 'm relieved that you can take it so calmly. I have been shivering with dread all day, and Jack and I have been drawing lots as to which should break it to you."

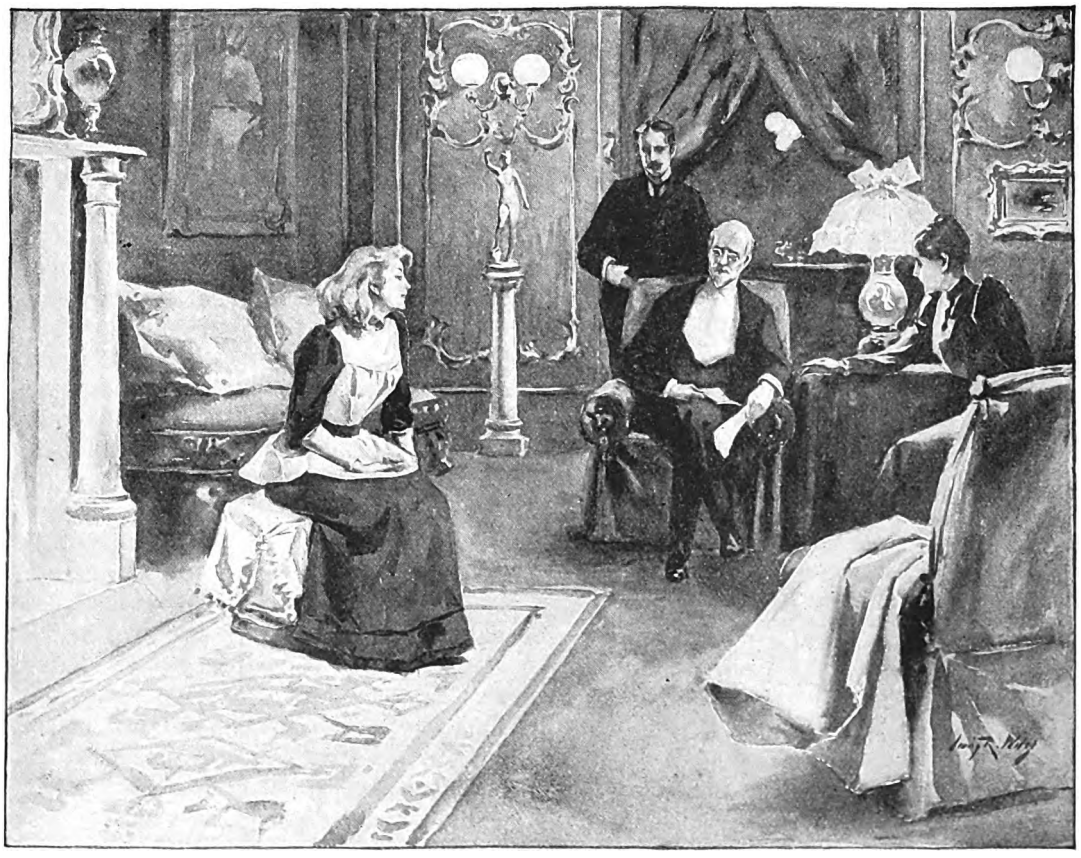
"Break it to me!" echoed Polly, in superb disdain. "My dear Fairy Godmother, you must think me a weak sort of person! As if the burning down of one 'patrimonial estate' could shatter my nerves! What is a passing

"How was it that the house was not insured?" asked Mr. Bird.

"I 'm sure I don't know. It was insured once upon a time, if I remember right; when it got uninsured I can't tell. How do things get uninsured, Mr. Bird?"

"The insurance lapses, of course, if the premium is n't regularly paid."

"Oh, that would account for it!" said Polly,



"'SO YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, TOO?' SAID POLLY."

home or so? Let it burn, by all means, if it likes. 'He that is down need fear no fall.'"

"It is your only property," said Mr. Bird, trying to present the other side of the case properly, "and it was not insured."

"What of that?" she said briskly. "Am I not housed and fed like a princess at the present moment? Have I not two hundred and fifty dollars in the bank, and am I not earning twenty-five dollars a month with absolute regularity? Avaunt, cold Fear!"

easily. "There were quantities of things that were n't paid regularly, though they were always paid in course of time. You ought to have asked me if we were insured, Edgar,—you were the boy of the house,— insurance is n't a girl's department. Let me see the telegrams, please."

They all laughed heartily over Mrs. Greenwood's characteristic message.

"Think of 'Husband' bearing that aged ice-cream freezer and that leaky boiler to a place of safety!" exclaimed Polly. "'All that was

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left of them, left of six hundred!' Now, my family portraits, piano, freezer, and boiler will furnish a humble cot very nicely in my future spinster days. By the way, the land did n't burn up, I suppose, and that must be good for something, is n't it?"

"Rather," answered Edgar. "A corner lot on the best street in town, four blocks from the new hotel site! It 's worth eighteen hundred or two thousand dollars, at least."

"Well, then, why do you worry about me, good people? I 'm not a heroine. If I were sitting on the curbstone without a roof to my head, and did n't know where I should get my dinner, I should cry! But I smell my dinner" (here she sniffed pleasurably), "and I think it 's chicken! You see, it 's so difficult for me to realize that I 'm a pauper, living here, a pampered darling, in the halls of wealth, with such a large income rolling up daily that I shall be a prey to fortune-hunters by the time I am twenty! Pshaw! don't worry about me! This is just the sort of diet I have been accustomed to from my infancy! I rather enjoy it!"

Whereupon Edgar recited an impromptu nonsense verse:

"There 's a queer little maiden named Polly,
Who always knows when to be jolly.
When ruined by fire
Her spirits rise higher,
This most inconsistent Miss Polly."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CANDLE CALLED PATIENCE.

THE burning of the house completely prostrated Mrs. Clementine Churchill Chadwick Greenwood, who, it is true, had the actual shock of the conflagration to upset her nervous system, though she suffered no financial loss.

Mr. Greenwood was heard to remark that he wished he could have foreseen that the house would burn down, for now he should have to move anyway, and if he had known that a few months before, why —

Here the sentence always ended mysteriously, and the neighbors finished it as they liked.

The calamity affected Polly, on the other hand, very much like a tonic. She felt the necessity of "bracing" to meet the fresh responsibilities that seemed waiting for her in the near future; and night and day, in sleeping and waking, in resting and working, a plan was formulating itself in the brain just roused from its six months' apathy,— a novel, astonishing, enchanting revolutionary plan, which she bided her time to disclose.

The opportunity came one evening after dinner when Mrs. Bird and her brother, Edgar and herself, were gathered in the library.

The library was a good place in which to disclose plans, or ask advice, or whisper confidences. The great carved-oak mantel held on the broad space above the blazing logs the graven motto, "*Esse Quod Opto.*" The walls were lined with books from floor half-way to ceiling, and from the tops of the cases Plato, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, and our own Emerson looked down with benignant wisdom. The table in the center was covered with a methodical litter of pamphlets and magazines, and a soft light came from the fire and from two tall, shaded lamps.

Mr. Bird, as was his wont, leaned back in his leather chair, puffing delicate rings of smoke into the air. Edgar sat by the center-table, idly playing with a paper-knife. Mrs. Bird sat in her low rocking-chair with a bit of fancy-work, and Polly, on the hearth-rug, was leaning cozily back against her Fairy Godmother's knees.

The clinging tendrils in Polly's nature, left hanging so helplessly when her mother was torn away, reached out more and more to wind themselves about lovely Mrs. Bird, who, notwithstanding her three manly sons, had a place in her heart left sadly vacant by the loss of her only daughter.

Polly broke one of the pleasant silences.

An open fire makes such delightful silences, if you ever noticed it! When you sit in a room without it, the gaps in the conversation make everybody seem dull; the last comer rises with embarrassment and thinks he must be going, and you wish that some one would say the next thing and keep the ball rolling. The open fire arranges all these little matters with a perfect tact and grace all its own. It is acknowledged to be the center of attraction, and the people gathered about it are only supernumeraries. It blazes and crackles and snaps cheerily, the logs break and fall, the coals glow and fade

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and glow again, and the dull man can always poke the fire if his wit desert him. Who ever feels like telling a precious secret over a steam-heater?

Polly looked away from everybody and gazed straight into the blaze.

"I have been thinking over a plan for my future work," she said, "and I want to tell it to you and see if you all approve and think me equal to it. It used to come to me in flashes, after this Fairy Godmother of mine opened an avenue for my surplus energy by sending me out as a story-teller; but lately I have n't had any heart for it. Work grew monotonous and disagreeable and hopeless, and I 'm afraid I had no wish to be useful or helpful to myself or to anybody else. But now everything is different. I am not so rich as I was (I wish, Mr. Bird, you would not smile so provokingly when I mention my riches!), and I must not be idle any longer; so this is my plan. I want to be a story-teller by profession. Perhaps you will say that nobody has ever done it; but surely that is an advantage. I should have the field to myself for a while at least. I have dear Mrs. Bird's little poor children as a foundation. Now, I would like to get groups of other children together in somebody's parlor twice a week and tell them stories — the older children one day in the week and the younger ones another. Of course I have n't thought out all the details, because I hoped my Fairy Godmother would help me there, if she approved of my plan; but I have ever so many afternoons all arranged, and enough stories and songs at my tongue's end for three months. Do you think it impossible or nonsensical, Mr. Bird?"

"No," said he, thoughtfully, after a moment's pause. "It seems on the first hearing to be perfectly feasible. In fact, in one sense it will not be an experiment at all. You have tried your powers, gained self-possession and command of your natural resources; developed your ingenuity,—learned the technicalities of your art, so to speak, already. You propose now, as I understand, to extend your usefulness, widen your sphere of action, address yourself to a larger public, and make a profession out of what was before only a side issue in your life. It 's a new field, and it 's a noble one, taken in its highest aspect, as you have always taken it. My motto for you, Polly, is Goethe's couplet:

> "What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
> Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it."

"Make way for the story-teller!" cried Edgar. "I will buy season tickets for both your groups, if you will only make your limit of age include me. I am only five feet ten, and I 'll sit very low if you 'll only admit me to the charmed circle. Shall you have a stage name? I would suggest 'The Seraphic Sapphira.'"

"Now, don't tease," said Polly, with dignity; "this is in sober earnest. What do you think, Fairy Godmother? I 've written to my dear Miss Mary Denison in Santa Barbara, and she likes the idea."

"I think it is charming. In fact, I can hardly wait to begin. I will be your business manager, my Pollykins, and we 'll make it a success if it is possible. If you 'll take me into your confidence and tell me *what* you mean to do, I will plan the hows and whens and wheres."

"You see, dear people, it is really the only thing that I know how to do; and I have had several months' experience, so that I 'm not entirely untrained. I 'm not afraid any more, so long as it is only children; though the presence of one grown person makes me tongue-tied. Grown-up people don't know how to listen, somehow, and they make you more conscious of yourself. But when the children gaze up at you with their shining eyes and their parted lips,— the smiles just longing to be smiled and the tear-drops just waiting to glisten,— I don't know what there is about it, but it makes you wish you could go on forever and never break the spell. And it makes you tremble, too, for fear you should say anything wrong. You seem so close to children when you are telling them stories; just as if a little, little silken thread spun itself out from one side of your heart, through each of theirs, until it came back to be fastened in your own again; and it holds so tight, so tight, when you have done your best and the children are pleased and grateful."

For days after this discussion Polly felt as if

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she were dwelling on a mysterious height from which she could see all the kingdoms of the earth. She said little and thought much (oh, that this should come to be written of Polly Oliver!). The past which she had regretted with such passionate fervor still fought for a place among present plans and future hopes. But she was almost convinced these days that a benevolent Power might after all be helping her to work out her "own salvation" in an appointed way, with occasional weariness and tears, like the rest of the world.



It was in such a softened mood that she sat alone in church one Sunday afternoon at vespers. She had chosen a place where she was sure of sitting quietly by herself, and where the rumble of the organ and the words of the service would come to her soothingly. The late afternoon sun shone through the stained-glass windows, bringing out the tender blue on the Virgin Mary's gown, the white on the wings of angels and robes of new-born innocents, the glow of rose and carmine, with here and there a glorious gleam of Tyrian purple. Then her eyes fell on a memorial window opposite her. A mother bowed with grief was seated on some steps of rough-hewn stones. The glory of her hair swept about her knees. Her arms were empty; her hands locked; her head bent. Above, a little child with hand just extended to open a great door which was about to unclose and admit him. He reached up his hand fearlessly ("and that is faith," thought Polly), and at the same time he glanced down at his weeping mother, as if to say, "Look up, mother dear! I am safely in."

Just then the choir burst into a grand hymn which was new to Polly, and which came to her with the force of a personal message:

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

Verse after verse rang in splendid strength through the solemn aisles of the church, ending with the lines:

O God, to us may strength be given
To follow in His train!

Dr. George's voice came to Polly as it sounded that gray October afternoon beside the sea: "When the sun of one's happiness has set, one lights a little candle called Patience and guides one's steps by that."

She leaned her head on the pew in front of her, and breathed a prayer. The minister was praying for the rest of the people, but she needed to utter her own thought just then.

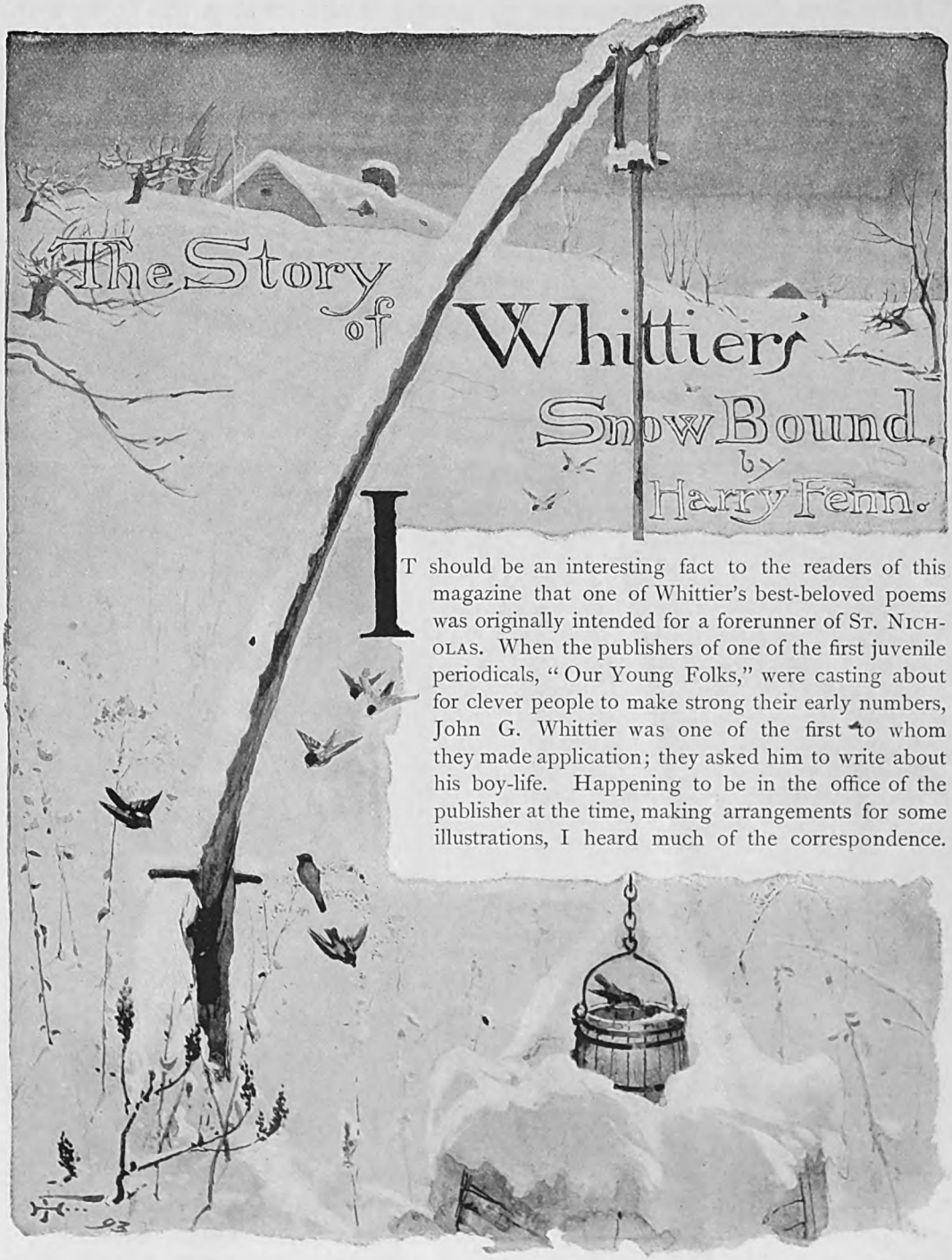
"Father in heaven, I have lighted my little candle. Help me to keep it burning! I shall stumble often in the darkness, I know, for it was all so clear when I could walk by my darling mother's light, which was like the sun, so bright, so pure, so steady! Help me to keep the little candle steady, so that it may throw its beams farther and farther into the pathway that now looks so dim."

. . . . . .

Polly sank to sleep that night in her white bed in the Pilgrim Chamber; and the name of the chamber was Peace indeed, for she had a smile on her lips,—a smile that looked as if the little candle had in truth been lighted in her soul, and were shining through her face as though it were a window.

*(To be continued.)*

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# The Story of Whittier's Snow Bound.

by Harry Fenn.

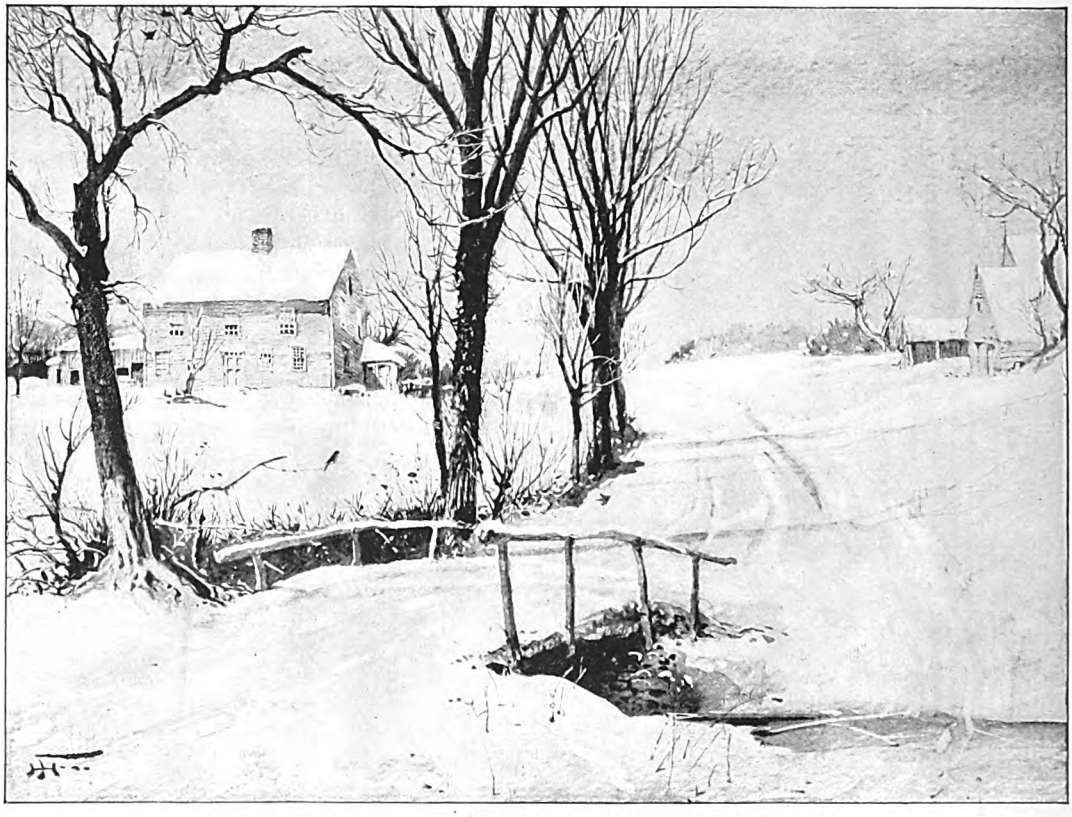
IT should be an interesting fact to the readers of this magazine that one of Whittier's best-beloved poems was originally intended for a forerunner of ST. NICHOLAS. When the publishers of one of the first juvenile periodicals, "Our Young Folks," were casting about for clever people to make strong their early numbers, John G. Whittier was one of the first to whom they made application; they asked him to write about his boy-life. Happening to be in the office of the publisher at the time, making arrangements for some illustrations, I heard much of the correspondence.



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In response to another letter from Mr. James T. Fields about the contribution, the poet replied substantially, "Oh, the matter has grown beyond all bounds! Thee wanted twelve stanzas, and three times that are now written and the story has scarcely begun; and, moreover, I fear thee will not like it." Mr. Fields telegraphed, "Send it along and let me judge for myself." The next morning Mr. Fields thrust the first pages of "Snow-Bound" into my hand, remarking, "What do you think of that for a Christmas book? There is a picture in every line"; and truly it was so. The sheets were sent back with just eight words attached: "Make it as long as you can. Splendid!"

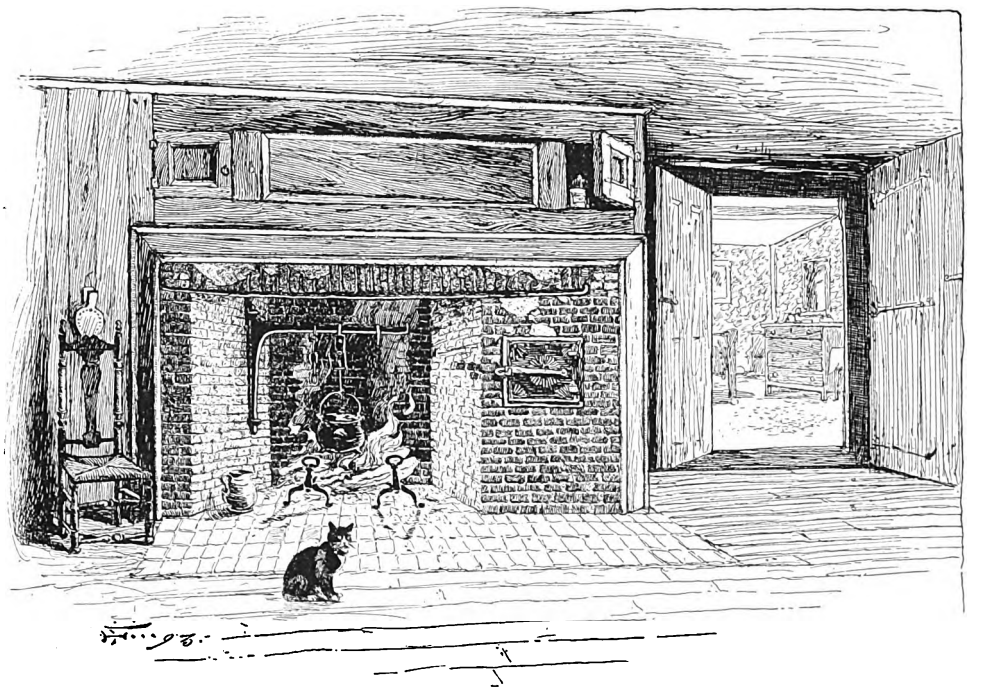
Two months later the poem was finished, and I was on my way to Amesbury for an interview with the poet and to gather material in the locality for illustrations. I had never met Mr. Whittier, and with his usual shyness toward strangers he received me, as I thought, rather coolly, taking refuge behind his fierce eyebrows (the only thing fierce about him, by the way). After a few minutes' conversation, he advised me to walk to the top of a neighboring hill, and see the view, instead of "wasting my time" with him. Late in the day, on my way toward his house, I came upon a charming effect among the willows of Powow River. I blundered in upon the poet with enthusiastic exclamations concerning the river and the sunset sky. He made no reply, but his eyes flashed for a moment, and he handed me a volume, turning to a certain page and stanza, where I found almost word for word, the effect I had described to him. The ice was broken; we saw a little alike. And soon I found out what had disturbed his usual serenity.



WHITTIER'S HOME. THE HOUSE DESCRIBED IN THE POEM "SNOW-BOUND."

It appeared that a talkative woman had invaded his study and read some of his own poems to him, and, after boring the poor man for two hours, had added the last straw by

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OLD KITCHEN FIREPLACE IN THE WHITTIER HOUSE.

requesting a lock of his hair. This was too much for even him to endure. The old poet rose to his full height, stalked to the door, held it open, and solemnly remarked to the unfortunate visitor, "Madam, I should think thee could see I have none to spare!"

For some reason, he seemed very averse to my visiting his birthplace; probably its run-down condition troubled his loving memory.

"Thee can make a much better picture from thy imagination and the poem than by going there. Moreover, it is guarded by a dragon, and a very untidy dragon at that, and thee will not find the old fireplace that is described, but a modern Yankee cooking-stove, and a general commonplace air that will discourage thee."

I could only reply, "I am instructed by the publishers to go up to the old homestead and make sketches on the spot, and go I must."

Well, the place was not promising, although I keenly enjoyed scenting out the happy hunting-ground dear to every American boy to whom the poet appeals in his direct description of the fun when with

> Mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
> To guard our necks and ears from snow,
> We cut the solid whiteness through.
> And where the drift was deepest, made
> A tunnel, walled and overlaid
> With dazzling crystal: we had read
> Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
> And to our own his name we gave,
> With many a wish the luck were ours
> To test his lamp's supernal powers.

And when I came upon the old well-sweep, I remembered that

> The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
> And even the long sweep, high aloof
> In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
> Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

The woman in charge, a foreigner, justified the poet's warning. It was very difficult to make her understand what I wanted. But, at last, after considerable parley, I succeeded in having that objectionable cooking-stove and fire-board removed; and to my joy there were the very cranes and hooks and chains that had helped to cook the dinners fifty years before; and it took but little imagination to fancy that between the andiron's straddling feet

> The mug of cider simmered slow.

Being so far fortunate, I requested that I might go up garret, and see if I could find any

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of the old furniture. This was strongly objected to, but finally I penetrated the dark and dusty old attic, and again to my joy found remnants of old spinning-wheels, chairs, and tables. These I carried down-stairs and propped up around the room; and then I went to work, getting a very fair sketch of the interior as it looked seventy-five years ago, when "The old rude-furnished room, burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom" by the hearth's light.

After working till nightfall, making several other sketches about the place, I returned to Amesbury, and found the poet in his study. His bright black eyes twinkled in the expectation of hearing of my discomfiture. I said not a word, but opened my sketch-book at the page illustrating the kitchen interior. The effect was startling; his face quivered; he started to his feet, and hastened around the study table, the sketch-book in his hands, and the tears running down his cheeks, crying, "How did thee do it? how did thee do it? 'T is just as we knew it near a half-century ago!"

I need not say that during the week spent under his roof I became very intimate with the poet, and his sweet personality made an impression on me that will never be effaced. His pure and noble life was an ever present inspiration, and through all the intervening years of friendship this grand and simple-hearted man made those about him sensible of a benign influence,— as

> The traveler owns the grateful sense
> Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
> And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
> The benediction of the air.

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## WHAT THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN SAID.

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.

Little Prince Carl he stole away
From the gold-laced guard and the powdered page,
And the ladies in waiting, who night and day
Kept their bird in a gilded cage.

Alone in the twilight gray and dim,
He climbed on the carven chair of state,
And there with a smile sufficiently grim,
And a royal air, His Highness sate.

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He folded his arms with a mighty mien,—
Little Prince Carl, the son of a king,—
But never an auditor was to be seen,
Save the pea-green cockatoo, perched in his swing!

And rebellion shone in His Highness' eyes:
"When I am a king full-grown," said he,
"I fear there is going to be surprise
At some of the things this court shall see!



"I COMMAND YOU TO JUMP WHEREVER YOU GO!"

"With the Dowager Duchess I shall begin;
When I say, 'Stand forth!' she shall bow her low.
'For me to jump you have said was a sin;
I command *you* to jump wherever you go!'

"The Court Physician I next shall take:
'And you, I hear, have declared it best
That I, your monarch, shall not eat cake,—
*Plum-cake, too, of the very best!*—

"'Well, *you* are to eat a gallon of rice,
And nothing besides, for every meal;

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"SO YOU ARE TO EAT A GALLON OF RICE."

I am sure 't is quite "wholesome," "nourishing," "nice,"
But I know quite well just how you feel!'

"Now let the Lord Chamberlain have a care!"
His Highness' voice took a terrible ring;
He rumpled his curls of yellow hair,
And the pea-green cockatoo shook in its swing!

"'Down! Get down on your knocking knees,
Down with your smile and your snuff-box, too!'
I will thunder, 'and now 't is time, if you please,
To settle an old, old score with you!



"DOWN! GET DOWN ON YOUR KNOCKING KNEES!"

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"'What became of those three white mice
That crept from the royal nursery door,
After you said if they did it twice
They should never be heard of any more?

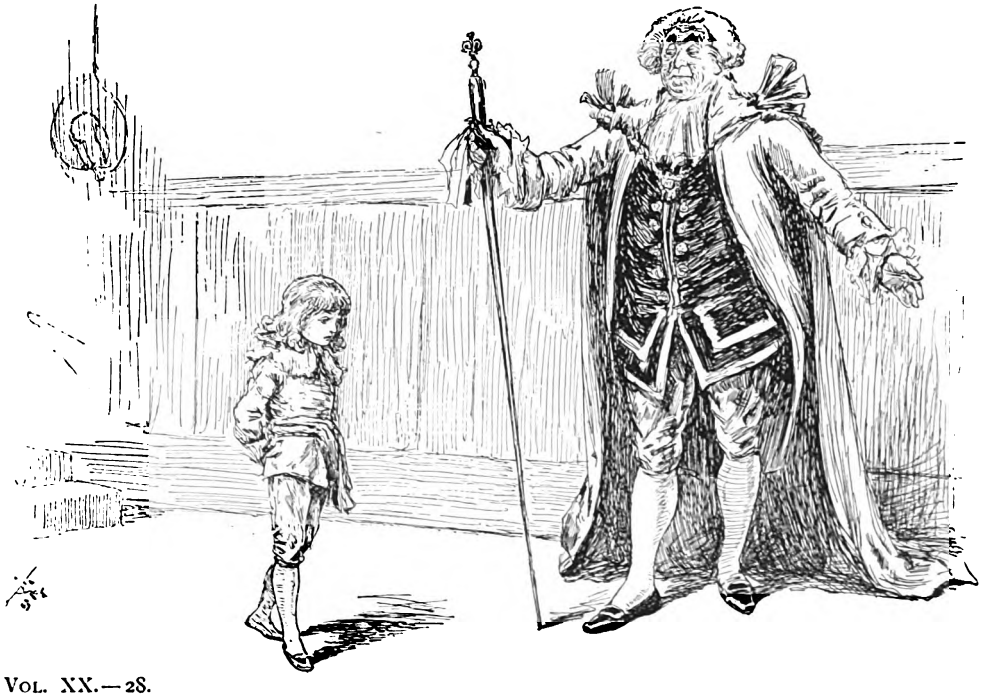
"'*I know, for I heard the little one squeak!*
And I ran and stopped my ears up tight.
You need not squirm, and you need not speak,
For your fate shall be settled this very night.

"'In the darkest depths of the dungeon lone
You are to live; but do not fear,
For company livelier than your own
You shall have three million mice a year!'"

The little Prince clapped his hands in glee,
And laughed aloud at this fancying,—
Oh, a rare and a wonderful monarch he!—
And the pea-green cockatoo hopped in its swing:

When out of the twilight a slow voice rolled;
There stood the High Chamberlain, stern, who said:
"I regret to state that I 've just been told
It is time for Your Highness to go to bed!"

And lo! not a word did His Highness say!—
He went at once, like the son of a king.
But his bright curls drooped as he walked away,
And the cockatoo's head went under its wing.





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# THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter IX.

### THE LITTLE VOLCANO.

The first to escape from doubts and difficulties, that morning, was the little blackfellow; for he found the spot where his friends had eaten their barbecue and danced their corroboree. He also found some kangaroo bones, but more important to him were half a dozen of the gum-tree roots, for he was thirsty.

All his anxiety was now gone, for he could follow the trail of the party. He at once set out vigorously, and it was well for him that his tremendous budget of news did not weigh anything.

Perhaps the next to discover something new were the pair of white boys. They had been wondering, for half a mile, at Beard's easy strength as he strode along under the weight of a big kangaroo upon his shoulder. At length he put it down upon the grass, and remarked, "Here we are, boys. We are safe now. I 'll put you into my house, and shut the door after you, and then even blackfellows can't find you."

"It 's the biggest tree I ever saw, but I don't see any house," Ned remarked.

"It 's the biggest house you ever saw, too," said Beard, "and the deepest cellar, and highest and steepest roof. It will hold plenty of people, too, after they once get in. But the front door 's a little narrow. Wait until you see the back door, though."

Hugh stared up at the dizzy height of the tree and searched among the rocks and bushes.

"Where is the door?" he asked.

"Can't you see it?" said Beard. "Follow me, and I 'll unlock it for you."

He led them a few steps farther through the bushes, and they found themselves in a hollow between two gnarled roots of the tree. Behind and over them was a dense green cover of vines and branches and tall weeds; and in front of them was the rugged face of the bark, with a large flat stone leaning against it.

Beard moved the stone, took out a wide piece of bark, and then they saw a hole.

"That 's the door," said Beard. "I 'll go in and you follow me. Then I 'll come out and bring in this kangaroo, and go back after the other. Then I can close up the house."

He crept in on all-fours.

"I carry my things in on my back," he said, —"game, and coal, and wood, and everything. I have to go some distance for my coal."

Hugh went down on all-fours and followed Beard. Ned imitated them. They did not say a word until Beard remarked:

"There, boys, I 've found a torch. Have you matches? Give me one." In a moment more there was a blaze, and they began to see about them.

"Hugh," exclaimed Ned, "look at the stalactites and stalagmites! It is a cave, and like some we have in America. What a splendid house to live in!"

"Did n't I tell you so?" said Beard, "and it 's the biggest house you ever saw. When I was here last, I brought in heaps and heaps of wood and coal, chiefly because I 'd nothing else to do. We 'll light a fire in the fireplace, and then we 'll go and hang the meat in my refrigerator, so that it will keep. If we don't, it 'll spoil soon in this hot December weather."

"Your refrigerator?" said Hugh. "Oh, is n't this jolly! Come on, Ned, I want to see the cave."

Beard went back after the kangaroos, and before his return they had plenty of time to kindle the fire in the fireplace he had pointed out, and then to examine all the splendid whiteness. They had very little to say. There was so much of it to see that they could not pick



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out the right words to tell how it looked. They piled wood upon the fire, excusing themselves by promising they would bring in more for him, and every fresh knot which kindled brightly showed them something new and beautiful.

"Now, boys," said Beard, when he came back, "you shall see the refrigerator, and then I 'll go out and scout a little. Pick up that rope and bring it with you. Take the torch, too. Go ahead, Ned."

Ned walked on in advance, carrying the torch, in the direction of a mysterious crash and roar they had been puzzling over ever since they entered the cave.

"I 've read about such things," said Ned, as Beard explained the chasm and the torrent. "They seem to have them in all the big caves. I wonder if there are any fish in this one. Sometimes there are blind fish."

"I never tried for any fish," said Beard; "but if you hang meat far down in the depths there, it will almost freeze. There 's always a draft of air and a spray of water, making a continual evaporation. It 's a regular freezing process."

Beard slung the kangaroo carefully over the edge, and let it down.

"There," said he, "I 'll go back for the other. We must n't waste any provisions."

He was not long in returning with his second load.

"Boys," he remarked, as he put it down, "we were only just in time. I heard one of those land-pirates 'coo-ee-e' just as I was picking up the kangaroo."

"What do you mean by 'pirates'?" asked Ned.

"Land-pirates," replied Beard with emphasis, "They may be old convicts, but I don't know. They are robbers, anyhow, of the worst kind."

"We 've had any number of our sheep stolen," said Hugh, "but not from the pastures that extend this way."

"This way?" exclaimed Beard. "Why, you are nowhere near any of your land; you 've been getting away from it. You could n't get back to the edge of it in three days' travel, if you did your best."

"This makes seven days since we came out,— a whole week!" said Hugh. "Oh, if I only knew where the rest of the party are!"

"I 'll find them for you," said Beard; "but I want two or three of Ka-kak-kia's blackfellows to help me, if I can get them."

"Can you trust them?" asked Ned.

"Trust them? No!" replied Beard promptly. "But they 'll do anything for plenty to eat and drink; and if your party is strong, they will be afraid of it. I don't know how it is, but I 've been safe among them, year after year. That is—pretty safe. They try to kill me, every now and then; and after they fail we make up."

"They are a queer people," said Ned.

"They are not like any other," said Beard. "But we will hang this second kangaroo in the refrigerator, and then I 'll go out and see what those fellows are doing."

The game was attended to, and then the boys followed him almost to his front door as he went out.

"You stay right here," said Beard, as he left them, "unless I am gone too long. I won't be long, unless something happens to me."

The boys felt they were wonderfully well hidden. Nobody, except Beard, knew where they were. In fact, their party did not know just where they themselves were.

The six men who had lost their coffee-pot, and were hunting Beard and his nuggets, threaded the woods, occasionally coo-ee-e-ing to each other, to keep from getting too widely separated. At last one pair of them stumbled upon so sudden a surprise that the shouts they gave made the woods ring. Not many minutes later, all six had collected around the remains of the boys' deserted camp-fire, and were staring at the marks upon the ground, and at the waterfall.

"Boys," said Jim, "he 's got somebody with him,—fellows with boots on. He was barefooted himself. Now we 've got to move carefully." The man called Bill remarked:

"What beats me is, who can it be that 's with him? Why, he dares n't go into any settlement—he 'd be hung as sure as they caught him. That 's what makes it safe for us to go after him."

"We 'll track him right along now, anyway," said Jim. "We 've struck his trail."

At that very moment there were morning visitors in the camp which the robbers had left

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some blankets, and the provisions. Beard's six enemies were not men who would bring a needless article with them, even if they had owned one. The blackfellows themselves, expecting to be pursued, took only what they could handily carry. They made short work of it, and then seemed to vanish, so suddenly did they slip away. Meanwhile the white robbers finished their visit to the camp by the waterfall, and once more pushed on, following the trail of the horses. They moved silently and with caution, feeling sure that their prey was at hand. They passed the jungle in which Beard had hidden the saddles and bridles, to the point where the hoof-marks ceased upon the rocky level. Here they turned and went up the rugged hillside, expecting every moment to discover some sign of a human habitation.

"Boys!" suddenly exclaimed Bill. "Lie low! See the smoke!"

"Smoke?" exclaimed his companions, and they hid themselves.

"That must be from his fire," said Jim. "He 's there. We 've got him this time — nuggets and all!"

They worked their way forward with watchful, feverish eagerness. There was indeed a column of blue smoke arising above the ledges ahead of them, and there must needs be a fire; and a fire must be a sure tell-tale of the hands which kindled it.

They were by no means in error. Nevertheless, they drew nearer and nearer to that smoke cloud without discovering any chimney.

"He must be there, somewhere," said one of them, as he stealthily looked out from behind a shattered boulder. "I can't see any sign of a cabin, though. Hullo!"

He stepped out and walked forward, followed by his party, all with their eyes and mouths opening in wonder.

"Volcany!" exclaimed Bill. "Did you know there was any volcanies round here? I never heard of any."

"It 's a volcano!" said another. "No mistake about that."

"Smells like pine-wood, too," said Jim. "It 's a pitch-burnin' volcano. I 've heard tell of such."

The smoke came hotly up through a crevice in one of the ledges. It seemed to be carried by a strong draft, as if through a natural chimney.

"I say, boys," remarked Jim, "when I first saw that smoke, I was just sure we 'd found his house."

They stood around that puzzle, and then they gave it up, and climbed down again to take another hunt for the lost trail. They had a great deal to say about volcanoes, as they went, until they changed the subject, and then they spoke of big trees. Several declared that they had seen taller trees than one they were approaching. Then each added that he was n't quite sure, and he 'd take a closer look at it.

They went closer, and they looked, and wondered, and they argued about what they had done and were going to do.

The bushes at the foot of the tree were thick, and made a good place for six warm, tired men to sit down and talk. It was shady, and just behind them there was a curious crack in the bark of the tree, between two of its roots, and behind the crack there were two faint whispers.

"Hush-sh, Hugh! It is lucky we did n't try to get out any sooner."

"Listen, Ned! We can find out all about them. Hear that?"

Hugh and Ned heard the conclusion of their conference.

"Come on, boys," said Jim. "We 're on the right track, anyhow. Let 's go back to camp and get our horses and truck, and then make another search here. He is n't far away, now. We can settle the two fellers with him easy enough."

Ned and Hugh nudged each other as they heard that. The others agreed with Jim. Then they arose and walked away.

After they were at a safe distance, the bark door opened entirely, and the two boys crept out.

"Hugh," said Ned, "I 'm glad to see daylight again. I just could n't stay cooped up there any longer!"

"It did seem an awful long time," said Hugh. "I wish I knew what 's become of Beard. What has kept him away so long?"

"I hope nothing 's happened to him," said Ned. "Did you hear those fellows say that

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they 'd found the place where the smoke gets out?"

"Boys," said a deep voice behind them, that startled them tremendously, "I 'm glad you heard what those pirates had to say. Tell me all about it. There are lots of blackfellows in the woods, and I had to get home through the side door. I found you 'd come out this way."

"The side door?" exclaimed Hugh. "I did n't know there was any."

"Yes, there is," replied Beard; "but I 'm not sure that you and I will ever get out alive though any sort of door."

## CHAPTER X.

### A SPEAR AND A BUCKSHOT.

SIR FREDERICK PARRY was an exceedingly prosperous man. He was a baronet; a gentleman of high rank; educated; accomplished; very good-looking. He owned estates in England, and he had a fine sheep-farm in Australia, with a remarkable farm-house in the middle of it. But he was also a wretchedly miserable person. He was pale at one moment and very red-faced the next, as his thoughts came and went; and he was savagely out of temper all the time.

"It is of no use!" he muttered hoarsely. "I 'm too sick at heart to coo-ee-e any more. Where can my wife be?"

At that moment something flashed closely past his head, making a buzzing sound as it went; but it was not an insect nor a bird, and the baronet spurred his horse forward with a quick, fierce exclamation.

"A spear!" he exclaimed. "The blackfellows!"

No second spear followed, and Sir Frederick drew his rein hard, as he looked back and saw a gaunt, black shape bounding along among the trees. The baronet had a shot-gun with him, and he must have been accustomed to shooting from the saddle, for up it came to his shoulder. Out rang a loud report, and a shower of buckshot pattered sharply all around the bounding blackfellow.

"It was long range," said Sir Frederick, "and they scattered; but I touched him."

For the savage had dropped upon the ground, and was holding up one of his feet to look at it. A solitary buckshot, nearly spent, had struck a little above the big-toe joint. It was not at all a dangerous hurt, but for a while there could be no more bounding or fast running upon that foot. The blackfellow rubbed the foot, and chattered angrily as he did so. Sir Frederick watched him for a moment, but did not lift his gun again.

"I hope that will be enough," he said, as he once more rode forward.

The necessity of keeping a lookout for spears and other missiles gave him something to occupy his mind. He carefully reloaded his gun. "If they follow me," he said, "they may be less likely to find Maude."

In another part of the forest, his wife was wandering aimlessly. She was very pale, and her horse looked as if she must have ridden rapidly in her fruitless efforts to find her husband. She herself took notice of his condition, and in a moment more she halted him.

"He ought to have water," she said. "I 've been almost cruel to him. I 'll dismount and let him rest, if I can find a place that looks safe."

It was not difficult to pick out a grassy hollow bordered by dense thickets, and Lady Parry dismounted. She gathered up the long skirt of her riding-habit, and walked on for a few paces, and then suddenly sank upon the ground between two of the bushes.

"Blackfellows!" she whispered. "Oh, I hope they have n't seen me!"

They had not seen her, because they were gazing intently in another direction. They were stealthily moving away from her, for they had passed through the very thicket where she was now lying.

"Poor Helen!" she murmured, as she looked out at the receding forms of the blackfellows. "I hope she has found her way back into the camp."

Helen Gordon's light-footed pony had only carried her farther and farther away from it, in zigzag paths that were but bewildered wanderings.

"I 'm so thirsty," she said at last; "and Nap

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must be as thirsty as I am. Where can we be! Oh, if I could see somebody!"

It was only a minute or so before her lips opened again, and this time it was in almost joyful exclamation.

"The river!" she shouted. "We can drink, and the camp can't be far away. Hurrah!"

She dismounted, stooped, and drank from her hand until her thirst was gone. Then she led her pony to the water's edge. All the while, however, a thoughtful shadow overcast her face.

"The camp is on the bank of the river," she said. "That 's sure; but am I above it or below it? Ought I to go up-stream or down-stream? I have n't the least idea; and if I go wrong, I shall only be riding further away. What shall I do?"

She sat down in the shade of a tree to think, while Nap found a very good dinner for himself growing all around him.

Beard stood with the boys under the great tree. He made them repeat to him all they had overheard.

"Volcano?" he said, half laughing. "It 's all right, though. The smoke goes out there, but it can't tell tales that will do any harm. They can't get in by that way, and they can't find any other, unless we get careless and help them. I think very likely they have found your old camp by the waterfall, and have gone back there. It 's a good spot for a camp."

"Mr. Beard," exclaimed Hugh, "I hardly know in what direction that is from here. Where does that river run to, from that place? What 's the nearest road to it from here?"

"Where does it run to?" replied the cave-man. "Why, it wanders off among the mountains, I don't know where. It runs all around this mountain. You can reach it that way, below, as well as by going back to the waterfall. Your father's party must be somewhere below there."

"I wish I could find them," said Hugh.

"We must be careful," said Beard. "We 're in a bend of the river, with the mountains behind us, in the bend, and the forest in front of us. We 're sure that your father is n't up-stream."

"How?" asked Hugh. "I 'm all mixed up. How are we sure?"

"Because," said Beard, "water does n't run up-hill. The Grampians is lower than this mountain country. He has n't crossed the water, and he has n't crossed the mountain-range. There 's only one pass through the range, and it 's the one those robbers followed. We 'll eat dinner now; and then I 'm going to scout up toward their camp and know what they 're doing. This will be an exciting day, if I 'm not mistaken. Don't you feel hungry?"

They crept quickly in; Beard followed and closed the door behind him, and in a few minutes more the infant volcano, away up at the chimney-top on the mountain-side, was puffing smoke at a great rate.

Beard seemed disposed to eat very rapidly, as if he had important work before him. Soon he said:

"I must know what they 're doing. When you go out, shut up the door tightly and don't go far. Keep under cover, too."

"All right," said Ned, as the cave-man picked up his rifle and strode away.

"Ned," asked Hugh, "do you know any more about all that geography than you did before he explained it?"

"Not much," said Ned, thoughtfully. "I know there 's a bend in the river and another in the mountain, and the cave is in the bend, and the river does n't run up-stream."

"That 's all I know," said Hugh. "It 's mixed; but here we are, and he says that father's camp must be below, and he thinks he can find it. I hope he can."

"He means to try it to-night, if he finds the woods clear enough," said Ned, holding out another chop to the fire.

No sooner had the white rascals regained their camp, than they saw something was wrong.

"Boys!" shouted Jim, the instant he walked in and looked around him. "Somebody 's been here!"

"The horses are all right," shouted a man who had gone to look for them.

"Horses!" exclaimed another. "We can't eat horses! Where 's the bacon?"

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The bacon was hunted after in vain, and so were other articles upon which they had relied for dinner. They soon gave up trying to express their feelings about it.

"We 've got to find that fellow, and find him right away," said Jim; "but first we must change camp, and then hunt game or starve."

"No, we won't," said Bill. "We kin ketch fish. We won't starve. We 'll git the nuggets, too, if we 're not speared by the blackfellows."

Bob McCracken, and the other men belonging to the camp of Sir Frederick Parry, rode into it again to cook and eat their dinner; but they were a crestfallen company, and even the horses they dismounted from had a jaded look. So had Yip and the two hounds.

"There 's no use denying it," said Bob, as he poured out four cups of the coffee he had made, "Sir Frederick 's lost himself, just as those two young fellers lost themselves, and



"HELEN SAT DOWN IN THE SHADE OF A TREE TO THINK."

"The blackfellows will never come near such a crowd as this, if we keep together," said another man confidently.

But even as he spoke, a pair of dark, searching eyes were watching him through a tangle of thick vines, and Ka-kak-kia was remarking in his own tongue:

"Too many rifles. Kill blackfellows by day. Can't kill so well with rifles after dark. Wait till night. Then blackfellows have a chance to spear them." He said something more about waddy-clubs and their uses, but he lay very still while the white fellows saddled their horses and mounted, and dolefully rode away.

her leddyship's gone off and lost herself, and whether she 's got the young leddy with her or Sir Frederick, there 's no telling."

"Bob," groaned Marsh, the driver of the mule-team, "we 're as much lost as any of 'em — excepting that we 've got enough to eat and drink."

"You 're not a leddy!" exclaimed Bob. "Think of that! Don't I wish her leddyship and Miss Helen had a cup of this coffee!"

It was a curious time; so many different parties, dodging around in those woods, each group of persons ignorant of where the others were, and of what they were doing.

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"Ned," said Hugh, as soon as they had finished their dinner, "I 'm puzzled about that side door; where is it, and how did he get in?"

"We 'd be likely to get lost in the cave, or to break our necks, if we tried to find out," said Ned. "Let 's do as he said, and go out and look around."

Hugh agreed to that, and they started; but both found much to say about the wonders of the place they were in.

"Beard must have been burrowing like a woodchuck, when he found it," remarked Ned, as he crept out into the open air.

"I can't guess how he did it," replied Hugh; and then he turned to fit the bark slab into its place.

They had an idea of the direction in which Beard had gone, and they quickly decided about their own.

"We can't stay here, doing nothing," said Ned; "and we might find some of our folks. Let 's each take a separate track. We must n't go too far, and we can be back in an hour or so. Beard may be here by that time. What do you say?"

"All right," said Hugh. "But remember what he said about keeping well under cover. I 'll go this way."

So the American boy slipped away in one direction, and the English boy in another, each with his heart beating, his fingers tingling, and his eyes watching keenly every sight and sound of the luxuriant "bush" around him.

Two or three miles beyond them, there was a very remarkable meeting at about that hour. A tall blackfellow, with a handful of sticks, was limping along painfully on his left foot, to which something had happened, when there came running to catch up with him a black boy who had picked up an old dry branch for the sake of having a stick to carry.

No white man could have understood the quick rattle of hard words which followed; but the man was the boy's father, and they were both intensely interested.

All the while the wounded father limped onward. Fast walking was impossible, however, and at last he consented to sit down, while his son and heir (heir to all the sticks he owned) once more pushed forward, alone, to tell his story to the other blackfellows — and a very proud boy was he.

They, at least, would soon have news concerning other people, and perhaps they would know what to do with it; but the four white fellows in Sir Frederick's camp grew more and more troubled over the sad fact that they had no news whatever.

They sat around and rested for a while after dinner, and let their horses crop the grass; but at last Bob McCracken sprang to his feet, exclaiming loudly, "I can't stay here! Call the dogs, and we will go out for another hunt after Sir Frederick and the leddies."

Every man of them shouted a ready assent, and they called the dogs. "Yip, Yip! Pomp! Cæsar!" They called and called, but there was no response. They searched all around the camp, but not a dog was to be found, and the four men stood still at last, and looked at one another.

"I 've heard of such things," groaned Marsh. "The blackfellows have stolen 'em!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Bob. "It 's that dog Yip. He 's scented something, and he 's led off the two hounds to hunt it up. He 'll get them all lost in the woods — and what 'll Sir Frederick say to that?"

"I don't know," said Brand. "He set great store by those dogs. It 's no fault of ours, anyhow."

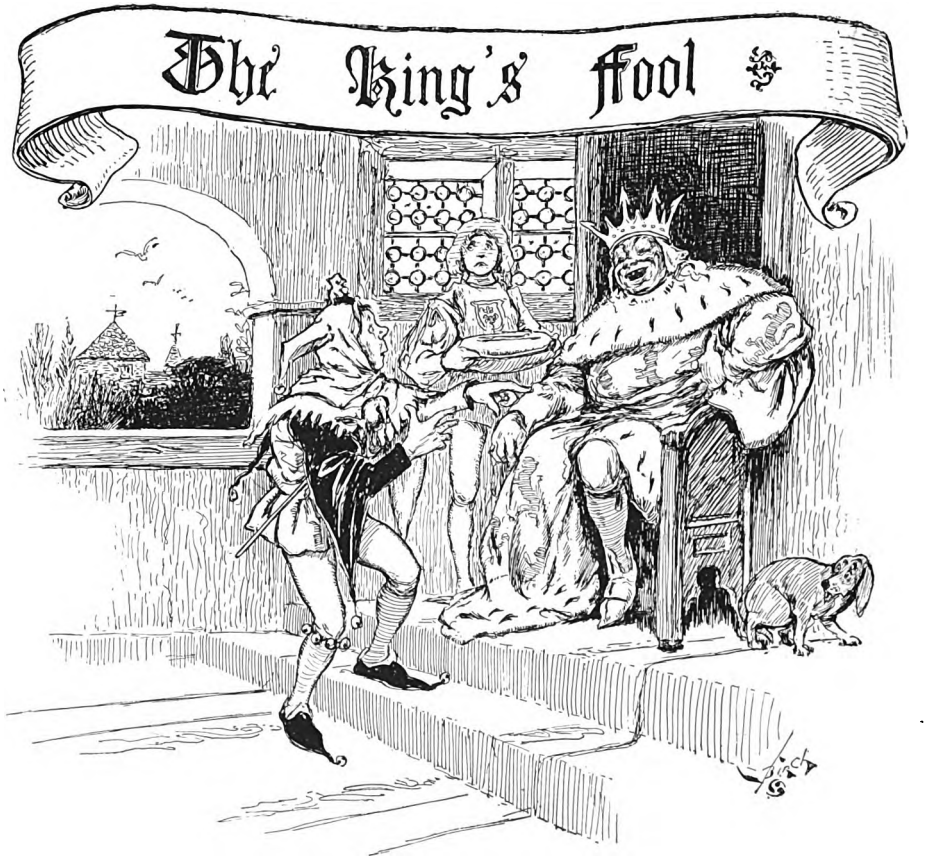
Yip and the hounds had indeed seemed to hold a conference after eating dinner. They had then gone to the river and lapped water. They had listened to the talk of the four men, and they had whined and yawned, and Yip had barked once or twice. Then he had worried hither and thither in the outskirts of the camp for some minutes, and had given a small, suppressed yelp. The hounds came to him at once, and when he trotted off into the woods, they followed him.

*(To be continued.)*

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# The King's Fool

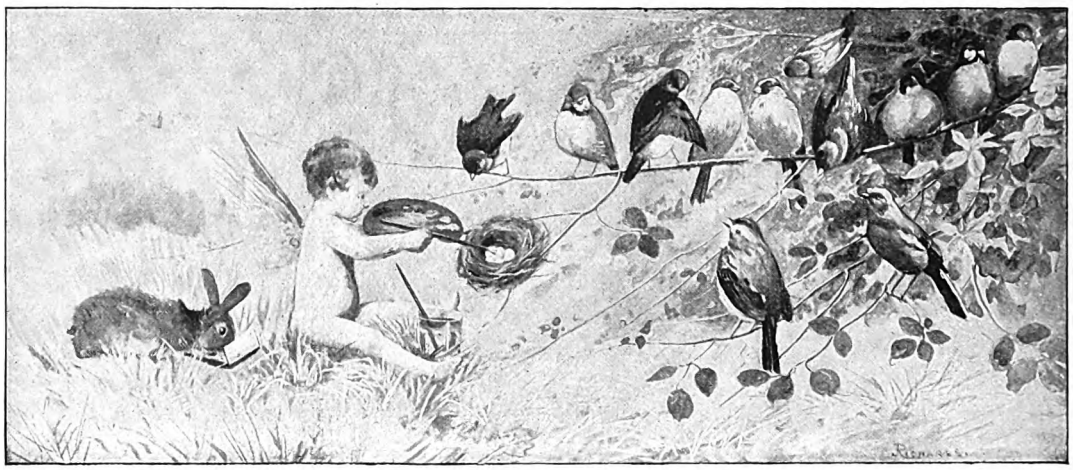


The fool kept by the King
Was quite a stupid bore,
Although, at everything,
His Majesty would roar
"There's nothing in his chaff"
Said he, "to cause me mirth,
But still I have to laugh
To get my money's worth"





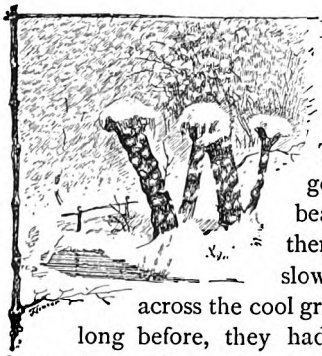
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EASTER MORNING.

# THE LITTLE SERVANTS OF THE SEA.

By Alice W. Rollins.



WILDLY flew the snowflakes. They were gathering into great clans. They clung together in strong and beautiful clouds, and then began moving slowly northward across the cool gray sky. Not very long before, they had been little blue drops of water in a tropic sea. But one day the sun sent down from the sky long, slender little ladders of sunbeams, and the pretty blue drops began climbing up, up into the sky, and there they received new gowns, not blue any longer, but gray, of filmy gauze.

Then they found themselves sailing across the sky in the large gray clouds, and as they went farther and farther north, it grew colder and colder; but Nature kept watch of them always, like a thoughtful mother, and as it grew colder she changed their pretty gowns of gray gauze, this time into soft white wool that was very warm and comfortable; for although you and I think the snow is very cold, it is really like a thick warm blanket over the earth in winter, and protects the roots of the flowers and the grass, and keeps them safe and warm underground until it is safe and warm for them overhead.

So the many little drops of water clinging together in the great cloud were quite comfortable and happy, wrapped in their white wool; but after a while they grew tired of the sky.

Very, very far to the north they had traveled now, and one day a great storm-cloud let down little silvery ropes of mist to the sea, and although they were not quite so tempting as the golden sun-ladders that the little drops had climbed up by, they seized the opportunity and slid down and down on the mist, and fell at last on what seemed like a big bed of ice.



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It was not really ice, but was made of snowflakes, like themselves, that had been falling from the sky for years and years, and had grown quite stiff and almost like ice from lying still so long, and being constantly pressed closer and closer together, as more and more snowflakes kept falling from the sky. At last the bed of snowflakes that had turned into something no longer soft, and yet not quite like ice,— more, perhaps, like chalk,— was more than a thousand feet thick. It was called a "glacier"; and it is not quite true that it was so stiff because the solid snowflakes had lain still so long, for the glacier did move a little — a very, very little — every day; and if it kept on so patiently, although so slowly, in fifty or a hundred years the little snowflakes we have been following would reach the sea again,— not their own blue tropic sea that they remembered so lovingly, but a gray cold sea. And yet they had heard such wonderful stories of the adventures that befell the icebergs which drifted off from the glacier as soon as it reached the sea, that our little flakes were not at all frightened, and, grown quite experienced now from so much travel, were only curious to find out what would happen to themselves.

They knew that somewhere, very far to the south, even this cold gray sea melted into the warm bright one of the tropics; and although they had enjoyed the experience of finding themselves cool and white, they were quite ready now to become once more blue and warm. They thought they had done their share of the glacier's work, for they had been now in the cold arctic regions for several hundred years (which I am sure you will acknowledge is a long time to wait for anything). Every day they slid a little farther down the long, gradual slope that led from the mountains to the sea, but there was some difficulty in moving even as little as they did, because all the snowflakes compressed in the big glacier could not move equally fast. Those that had fallen last from the sky, and so were on top of all the rest, could, of course, move along faster than the others, many of whom were a thousand feet below the surface. When the sun shone, though it was not a very hot sun in that cold northern country, it would turn the little flakes on top, that had become almost like ice, into drops of water again, and then they could slip along quite easily for a few feet, perhaps.

But at night, when the sun disappeared and it was very cold again, they, too, would turn cold again and freeze hard to the icy bed beneath them; while those too far below the surface to feel the sun at all, even in the daytime, had to creep along as best they could, helped by the fact that their way to the sea was of course a little sloping and a little slippery, and by being constantly pressed on all sides by their millions of companions, all equally eager for the sea, but not all equally able to travel.

Those that were near the edges of the glacier, for instance, could not move as fast as those in the middle. There were stones and all sorts of rubbish along the sides of the glacier, that those on the edges had to contend against. Sometimes they could manage only by carrying all the stones and rubbish along, too; all of which took up still more time. So once in a while those that were kept back grew very impatient, and suddenly there would be a grand quarrel, and all the compressed snowflakes that had been keeping so close together would separate, and a great crevice, or *crevasse*, or gulf, would appear between them, so that the whole glacier would be badly scarred with the signs of their disturbances; but, on the whole, they all kept moving a little, steadily down to the sea that was still so far away.

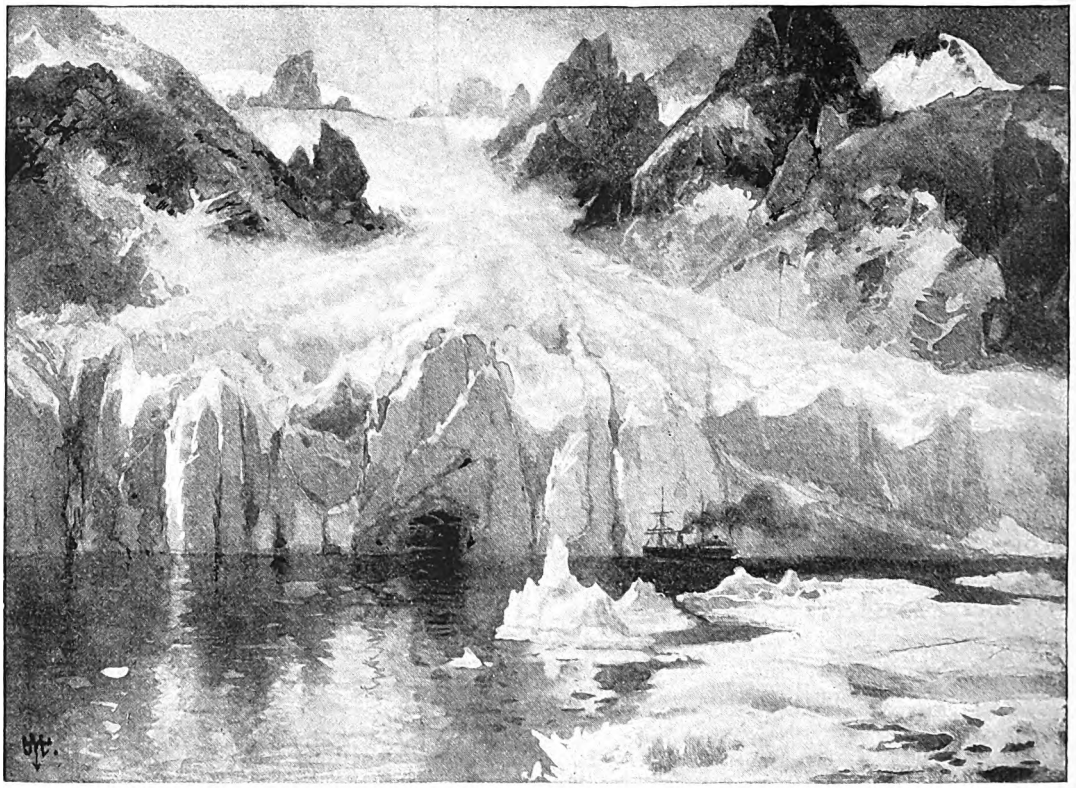
Every day, from the part of the glacier that had reached the sea, great blocks in the form of tall peaks would break away into icebergs that plunged headlong into the tempting ocean, and then, coming to the surface after their quick bath, went sailing off by themselves in search of new adventures. None of them, however, ever came back to tell what their adventures had been, unless they had sailed far enough to the south to melt quite away again into drops of water that again climbed into the sky on golden ladders of the sun, and again floated northward on the big clouds, and again had fallen into the glacier far up among the mountains, and again patiently worked their way to the gray ocean. Several millions of the

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little compressed snowflakes, that were companions of those we have been following, had been through this experience, and they told the others very thrilling stories of meeting great steamers on their way to Europe, thronged with people going for a long vacation.

One day, while our snowflakes were listening to one of these stories, they caught a glimpse of the sea they had longed for. In another moment a tall peak of the glacier, in the middle glacier. This was not a steamer going to Europe (for our snowflakes had been on the Pacific coast, far away to the north), but it was a steamer whose deck was crowded with people who had come up to Alaska just on purpose to see the snow and ice and icebergs and glaciers.

This was certainly very interesting, and one small block of ice that had broken away from the rest felt very proud when a boat was lowered from the ship and came swiftly toward it,



THE GREAT GLACIER.

of which they happened to be, broke away from the rest with a loud boom like that of a cannon, plunged into the water, and rose to the surface refreshed and brightened by the bath, and ready to start off on a little trip all by itself in search of adventures farther south.

But sometimes adventures come to us when least expected, and although they had hoped some time to meet one of those great steamers laden with happy people going to Europe, they were astonished to find at once a steamer quite near them, waiting close to the edge of the evidently meaning to secure it as a prize. Think of it! They had only expected to meet a steamer and to look at it, but now they were really to go on board of it and sail away much faster than they could have gone all by themselves.

Very soon, indeed, they were hoisted up to the deck, but they were a little disappointed not to be left there among the passengers, who were admiring the icebergs and the glacier so much — for the great block of ice was swung down into the hold just as if it had been merely

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a piece of luggage. However, the snowflakes in the block thought they would not mind being shut up in the dark awhile if only they were carried a little more quickly south, south, south, to the beautiful warm blue tropic sea that they were homesick for. How proud the blue ocean down by the equator would be to welcome them back and hear all their adventures! And how glad they would be to throw off all their white wool and become again just little, gentle, soft, gliding drops of water that could slip along and dance with the wind and waves so much more easily than they had moved when shut up in the cold glacier.

But again they were surprised. Suddenly, just before dinner was to be served to the passengers in the cabin, a steward came along with a heavy ax, and began separating the block into small pieces. They heard him say that the little boys on board had begged the captain to give them ice-cream for dinner, and so he was cutting the ice to pack into the freezer that held a very nice custard which was to be frozen hard for the little boys' dessert. It was rather a trying thought that the ice had come all this distance and been united all these years, just at last to be cut up in little bits and mixed with some salt, and packed into a big bucket round a tin pail full of custard that was to be whirled round, and round, and round in it until they were all quite dizzy!

That is one of the queer things of life — that everything is always wishing it were something else. Here was this beautiful soft smooth custard, longing to became a little yellow glacier, hard, and cold, and stiff; while the little bit of a glacier from the mountains was longing to melt into soft liquid drops again. And each had its wish, and, strange to say, helped the other to its wish just by having its own. The ice melted, and becoming colder still as it melted with the salt, turned the custard into a hard smooth block that was carried in to the captain's table and made the little boys smile with delight. Then suddenly the melted ice was all poured over the ship's side into the sea, and the little drops, dancing with joy to be at home again, went whirling along in the great ocean currents that carried them so much faster than the glacier could.

On, and on, and on they floated, till at last they did reach the blue tropic sea from which they had started. Oh, how happy they were to be there again! But how much there is in habit! They had supposed they would never care to wander away again, if once they found themselves back in the blue sea; but they had not been there long before they felt again a wild desire for new and thrilling experiences, and felt sure they could never be contented just to be little blue drops forever.

So one day, when they saw another of those golden ladders of the sun reaching down into the sea, they began quietly climbing to the sky again.

And the other drops that were left in the ocean missed them, and said to one another, "Where are they gone?" And then again they said to each other, "They are dead; they have disappeared forever." But they were not dead; and they had not disappeared forever. Nothing ever dies; it is only changed. Do you remember a story of Hans Andersen's, about the little flax-flower that thought it was dying when it was only fading? The flax was made into beautiful linen, and when the linen was worn out and seemed to be only rags, the rags were made into paper, and the paper into a book that had beautiful stories in it; and when the book was worn out it was thrown among the rubbish and into the fire, and turned into flame and ashes. Then, indeed, it appeared to be dead; but it was not; it was only changed. People made potash out of the ashes, and many things were made with the potash, and all in time seemed to perish themselves, and yet never did; they were only changed.

And so the little blue drops that had disappeared, had only disappeared; they were not lost or dead. Up in the sky they put on their dresses of gray gauze again, and again went sailing away in the wind currents of the sky, on the great white clouds. This time one of the gauzy drops floated on the clouds up to Greenland, and became part of a great glacier there, and, later still, part of a huge iceberg broken from the glacier, that came sailing down again into the open sea. And this time it had the experience it had wanted: it met a great European steamer, crowded with passengers who

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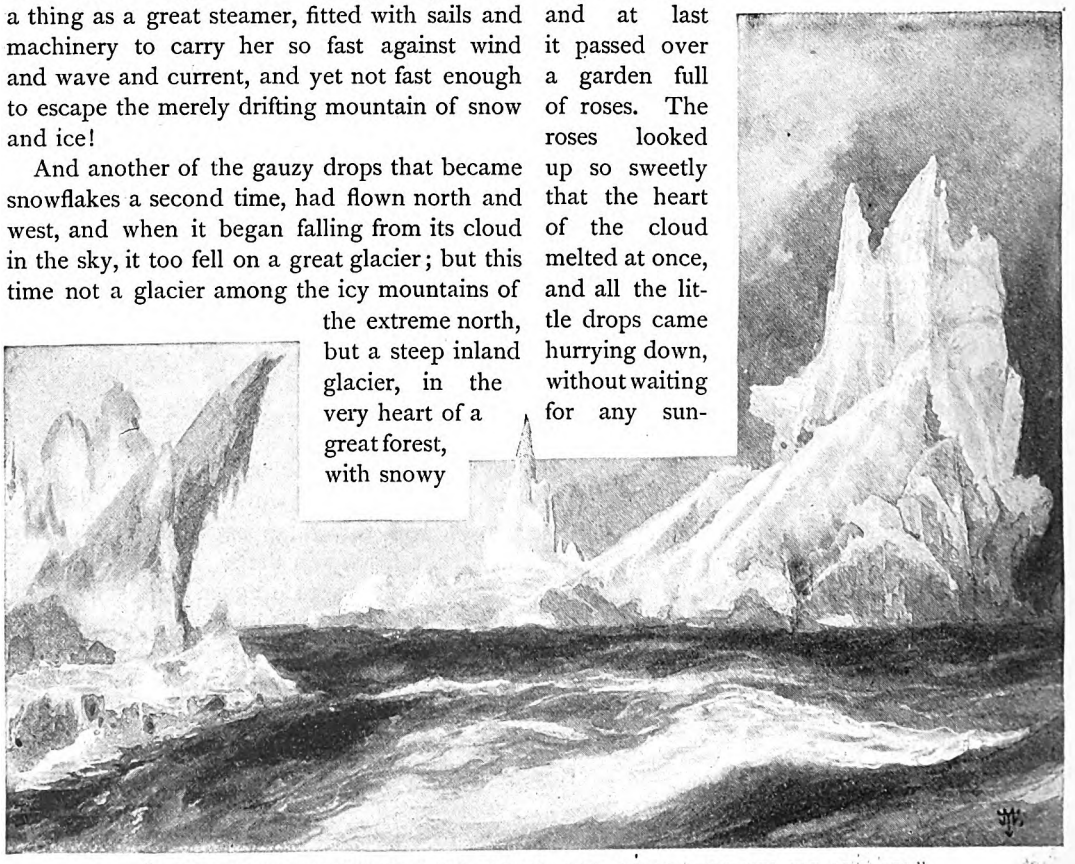
were looking forward to a long and delightful vacation. But, alas! experience is not always what we think it is going to be, even if the very thing happens that we have wanted to happen. When the iceberg came quite near to the beautiful ship, alas! the faces on the deck, that ought to have been so happy, were white with fear. Fast as the steamer had been going, it could not now go fast enough to get out of the way of the iceberg; and although the iceberg had not meant to do the least harm to the beautiful ship, it was borne along by currents too deep and powerful to be turned aside or stopped. So before it realized at all what danger they were in, there was a terrible crash as the iceberg met the ship, and the ship went down, down in wreck, with all on board!

Strange that an iceberg, only a mass of snowflakes, once so soft and yielding before they were massed together in this terrible group, could have the power to destroy so powerful a thing as a great steamer, fitted with sails and machinery to carry her so fast against wind and wave and current, and yet not fast enough to escape the merely drifting mountain of snow and ice!

And another of the gauzy drops that became snowflakes a second time, had flown north and west, and when it began falling from its cloud in the sky, it too fell on a great glacier; but this time not a glacier among the icy mountains of the extreme north, but a steep inland glacier, in the very heart of a great forest, with snowy mountains towering indeed above it, but with lovely flowers growing at its very feet, and delicious verdure in the spicy woods around it.

Our snowflake this time melted in the sun and slipped along on the surface of the glacier, before others had fallen on it to drive it down into the depths; and because the green woods were so near, and because the air was so much sunnier and softer than it had been farther north in cold Alaska, it reached the edge of the glacier much sooner than it had before, and dropped gently down into the stream below.

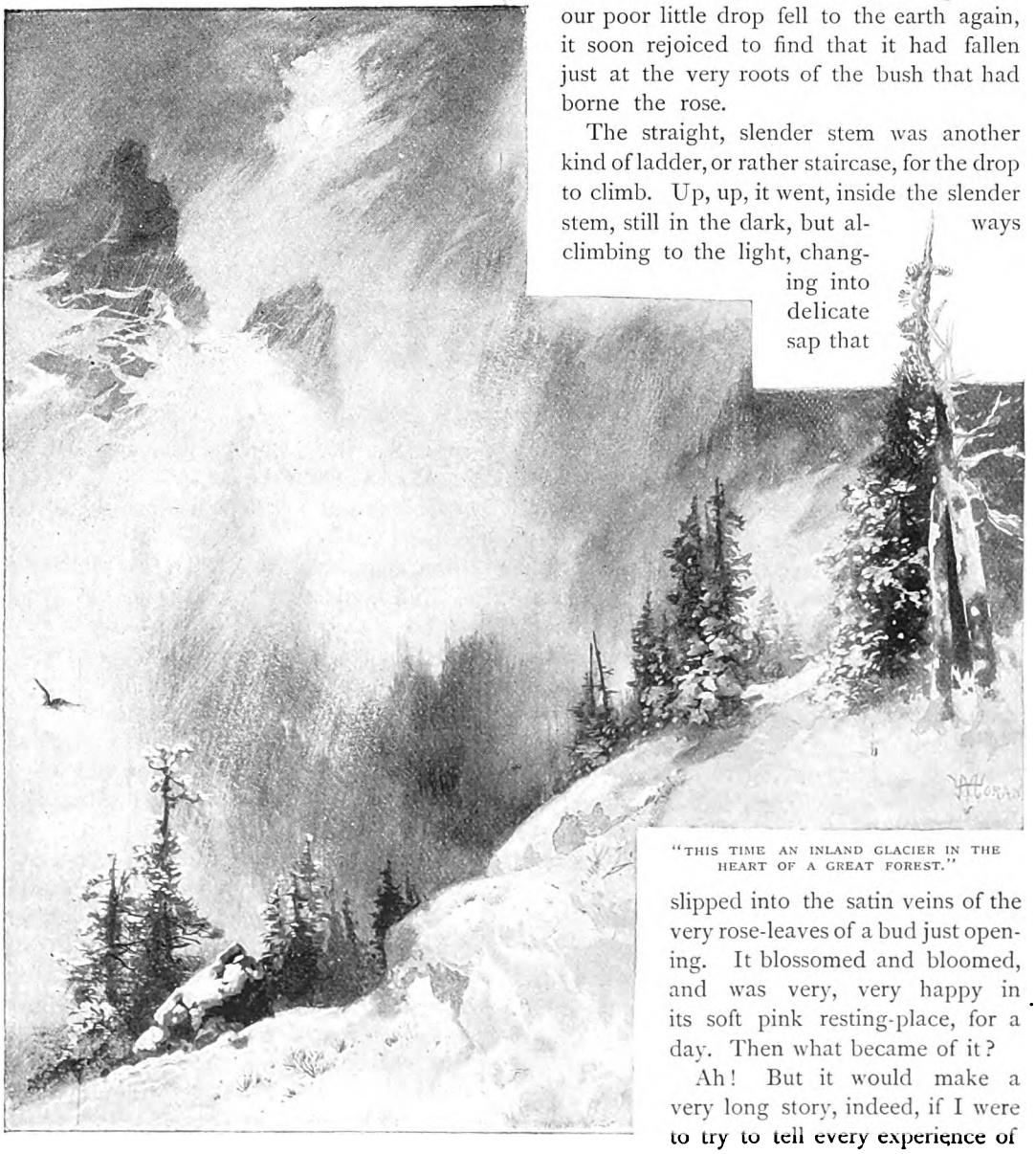
It was a quiet little stream, moving softly on through the woods and among the flowers; but it reached the sea at last. All the brooks, all the streams, all the rivers reach the sea at last. Again it stayed in the sea a little while; but it never could long resist those tempting sunshine ladders that led up to the sky; and this time, when it had climbed, it floated southward on a great cloud, and at last it passed over a garden full of roses. The roses looked up so sweetly that the heart of the cloud melted at once, and all the little drops came hurrying down, without waiting for any sun-



"A HUGE ICEBERG, BROKEN FROM THE GLACIER, CAME SAILING DOWN INTO THE OPEN SEA."

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shine ladder or ropes of mist, in a gentle rain of silvery showers. And our little drop fell right into the heart of a great crimson rose. There it was very happy; but it was not destined to stay as long in the rose as it had stayed in the glacier. When the shower was over, some one came out into the garden and gathered the rose, scattering to the ground again all the dewy drops that would fain have clung to the beautiful flower through every danger that might threaten it now that it had been gathered. But though it was with a sigh that our poor little drop fell to the earth again, it soon rejoiced to find that it had fallen just at the very roots of the bush that had borne the rose.



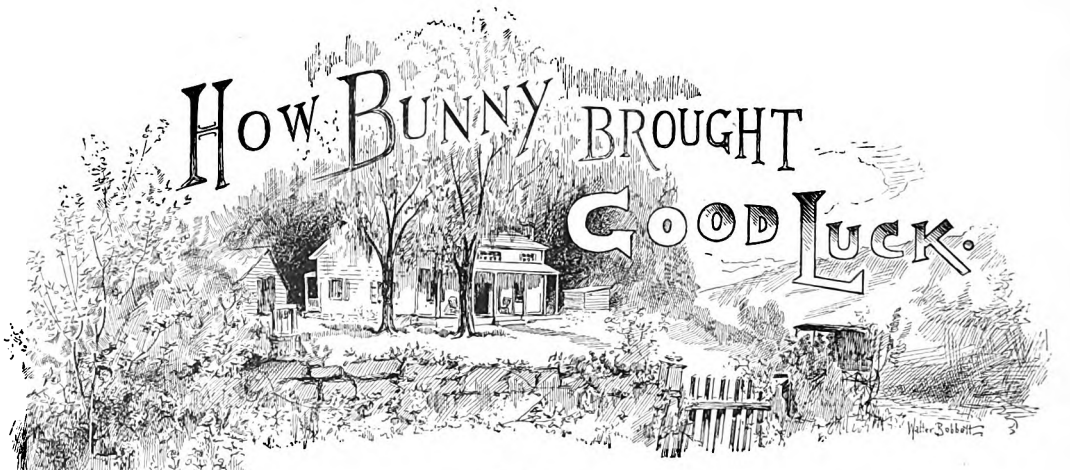
"THIS TIME AN INLAND GLACIER IN THE HEART OF A GREAT FOREST."

The straight, slender stem was another kind of ladder, or rather staircase, for the drop to climb. Up, up, it went, inside the slender stem, still in the dark, but always climbing to the light, changing into delicate sap that slipped into the satin veins of the very rose-leaves of a bud just opening. It blossomed and bloomed, and was very, very happy in its soft pink resting-place, for a day. Then what became of it?

Ah! But it would make a very long story, indeed, if I were to try to tell every experience of even one little snowflake or drop of dew. I only know this: new and strange things are certain to have happened to it in new and strange ways, but whatever happened, it was never lost; it never died; it was only changed.



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By Susan Coolidge.

IT was Midsummer's Day, that delightful point toward which the whole year climbs and from which it slips off like an ebbing wave in the direction of the distant winter. No wonder that superstitious people in old times gave this day to the fairies, for it is the most beautiful day of all. The world seems full of bird-songs, sunshine, and flower-smells; then storm and sorrow appear impossible things; the barest and ugliest spot takes on a brief charm and, for the moment, seems lovely and desirable.

"That 's a picturesque old place," said a lady on the back seat of the big wagon in which Hiram Swift was taking his summer boarders to drive.

They were passing a low, wide farm-house, gray from want of paint, with a shabby barn and sheds attached, all overarched by tall elms. The narrow hay-field and the vegetable-patch ended in a rocky hillside, with its steep ledges, overgrown and topped with tall pines and firs, which made a dense, green background to the old buildings.

"I don't know about its being like a picter," said Hiram dryly, as he flicked away a fly from the shoulder of his off horse; "but it is n't much by way of a farm. That bit of hay-field is about all the land there is that 's worth anything; the rest is all rock. I guess the Widow Gale does n't take much comfort in its bein' picturesque. She 'd be glad enough to have the land made flat if she could."

"Oh, is that the Gale farm where the silver-mine is said to be?"

"Yes, marm; at least it 's the farm where the man lived that, 'cordin' to what folks say, said he 'd found a silver-mine. I don't take a great deal of stock in the story myself."

"A silver-mine! That sounds interesting," said a pretty girl on the front seat, who had been driving the horses half the way, aided and abetted by Hiram, with whom she was a prime favorite. "Tell me about it, Mr. Swift. Is it a story, and when did it all happen?"

"Well, I don't know as it ever did happen," responded the farmer cautiously; "all I know for certain is that my father used to tell a story that, before I was born — nigh on to sixty years ago that must have been — Squire Asy Allen that used to live up to that red house on North street — where you bought the crockery mug, you know, Miss Rose — come up one day in a great hurry to catch the stage, with a lump of rock tied in his handkerchief. Old Roger Gale had found it, he said, and they thought it was silver ore; and the Squire was a-takin' it down to New Haven to get it analyzed. My father he saw the rock, but he did n't think much of it from the looks, till the Squire got back ten days afterward and said the New Haven professor pronounced it silver, sure enough, and a rich



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specimen; and any man who owned a mine of it had his fortune made, he said. Then of course the township got excited, and everybody talked silver, and there was a great to-do."

"And why did n't they go to work on the mine at once?" asked the pretty girl.

"Well, you see, unfortunately, no one knew where it was, and old Roger Gale had taken that particular day of all others to fall off his hay-riggin' and break his neck, and he had n't happened to mention to any one before doing it where he found the rock! He was a close-mouthed old chap, Roger was. For ten years after that, folks that had n't anything else to do went about hunting for the silver-mine, but they gradooally got tired, and now it 's nothin' more than an old story. Does to amuse boarders with in the summer," concluded Mr. Swift, with a twinkle. "For my part, I don't believe there ever was a mine."

"But there was the piece of ore to prove it."

"Oh, that don't prove anything, because it got lost. No one knows what became of it. An' sixty years is long enough for a story to get exaggerated in."

"I don't see why there should n't be silver in Beulah township," remarked the lady on the back seat. "You have all kinds of other minerals here — soapstone, and mica, and emery, and tourmalines and beryls."

"Well, ma'am, I don't see nuther, unless mebbe it 's the Lord's will there should n't be."

"It would be so interesting if the mine could be found!" said the pretty girl.

"It would be *so*, especially to the Gale family,— that is, if it was found on their land. The widow 's a smart, capable woman, but it 's as much as she can do, turn and twist how she may, to make both ends meet. And there 's that boy of hers, a likely boy as ever you see, and just hungry for book-l'arnin', the minister says. The chance of an eddication would be just everything to him, and the widow can't give him one."

"It 's really a romance," said the pretty girl carelessly, the wants and cravings of others slipping off her young sympathies easily.

Then the horses reached the top of the long hill they had been climbing, Hiram put on the brake, and they began to grind down a hill equally long, with a soft panorama of plumy tree-clad summits before them, shimmering in the June sunshine. Drives in Beulah township were apt to be rather perpendicular, however you took them.

Some one, high up on the hill behind the farm-house, heard the clank of the brakes and lifted up her head to listen. It was Hester Gale — a brown little girl with quick dark eyes, and a mane of curly chestnut hair only too apt to get into tangles. She was just eight years old, and to her the old farmstead, which the neighbors scorned as worthless, was a sort of enchanted land, full of delights and surprises,— hiding-places which no one but herself knew, rocks and thickets where she was sure real fairies dwelt, and cubby-houses sacred to the use of "Bunny," who was her sole playmate and companion and the confidant to whom she told all her plans and secrets.

Bunny was a doll,— an old-fashioned doll, carved out of a solid piece of hickory-wood, with a stern expression of face, and a perfectly unyielding figure, but a doll whom Hester loved above all things. Her mother and her mother's mother had played with Bunny, but this only made her dearer.

The two sat together between the gnarled roots of an old spruce which grew near the edge of a steep little cliff. It was one of the loneliest parts of the rocky hillside, and the hardest to get at. Hester liked it better than any of her other hiding-places because no one but herself ever came there.

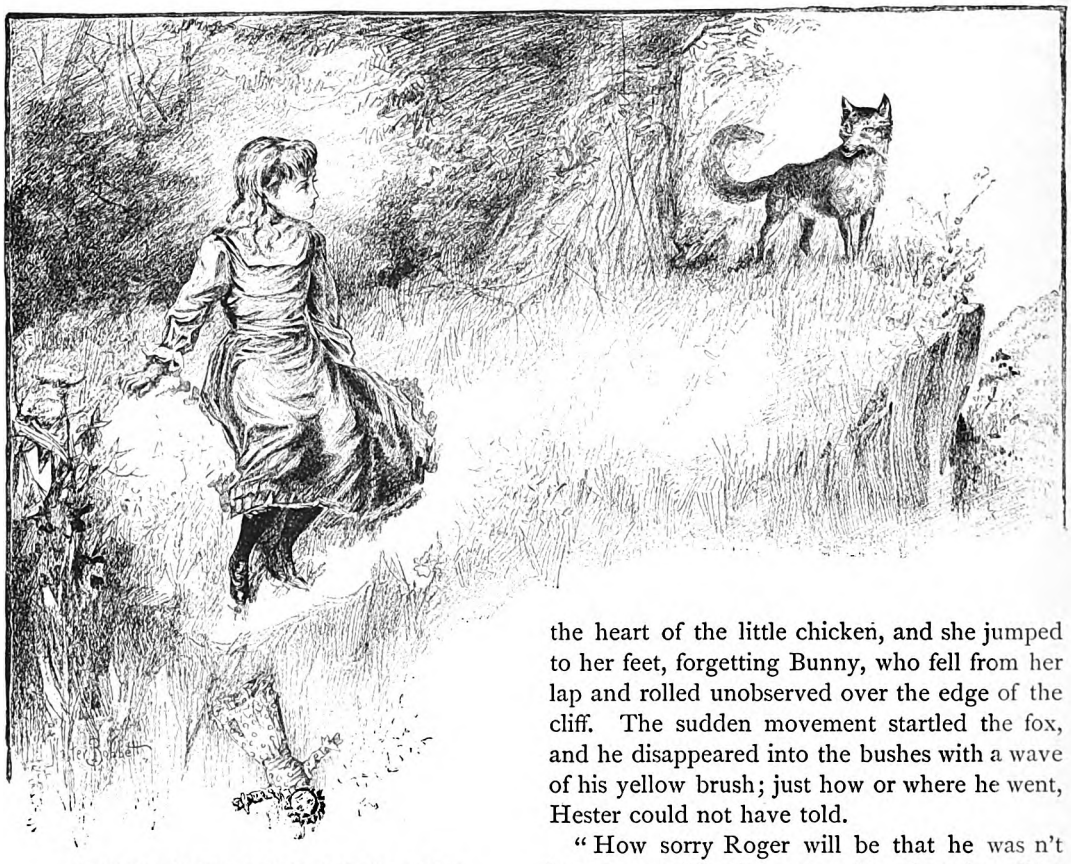
Bunny lay in her lap, and Hester was in the middle of a story, when she stopped to listen to the wagon grinding down-hill.

"So the little chicken said, 'Peep! Peep!' and started off to see what the big yellow fox was like," she went on. "That was a silly thing for her to do, was n't it, Bunny? because foxes are n't a bit nice to chickens. But the little chicken did n't know any better, and she would n't listen to the old hens when they told her how foolish she was. That was wrong, because it 's naughty to dis — dis — apute your elders, mother says; children that do are almost always sorry afterward.

"Well, she had n't gone far before she heard a rustle in the bushes on one side. She thought

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it was the fox, and then she *did* feel frightened, you 'd better believe, and all the things she meant to say to him went straight out of her head. But it was n't the fox that time; it was a teeny-weeny little striped squirrel, and he just said, 'It 's a sightly day, is n't it?' and, without waiting for an answer, ran up a tree. So the chicken did n't mind *him* a bit.



"THE FOX STARED AT HER, AND SHE STARED BACK AT THE FOX."

"Then, by and by, when she had gone a long way farther off from home, she heard another rustle. It was just like—oh, what 's that, Bunny?"

Hester stopped short, and I am sorry to say that Bunny never heard the end of the chicken story, for the rustle resolved itself into—what do you think?

It was a fox! A real fox.

There he stood on the hillside, gazing straight at Hester, with his yellow brush waving behind him, and his eyes looking as sharp as the row of gleaming teeth beneath them. Foxes were rare animals in the Beulah region; Hester had never seen one before; but she had seen the picture of a fox in one of Roger's books, so she knew what it was.

The fox stared at her, and she stared back at the fox. Then her heart melted with fear like the heart of the little chicken, and she jumped to her feet, forgetting Bunny, who fell from her lap and rolled unobserved over the edge of the cliff. The sudden movement startled the fox, and he disappeared into the bushes with a wave of his yellow brush; just how or where he went, Hester could not have told.

"How sorry Roger will be that he was n't here to see him," was her first thought. Her second was for Bunny. She turned and stooped to pick up the doll—and lo! Bunny was not there.

High and low she searched, beneath grass tangles, under "juniper saucers," among the stems of the thickly massed blueberries and hardhacks, but nowhere was Bunny to be seen. She peered over the ledge, but nothing met her eyes below but a thick growth of blackish, stunted evergreens. This place "down below" had been a sort of terror to Hester's imagination always, as an entirely unknown and unex-

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plored region; but in the cause of the beloved Bunny she was prepared to risk anything, and she bravely made ready to plunge into the depths.

It was not so easy to plunge, however. The cliff was ten or twelve feet in height where she stood, and ran for a considerable distance to right and left without getting lower. This way and that she quested, and at last found a crevice where it was possible to scramble down,—a steep little crevice, full of blackberry briers, which scratched her face and tore her frock. When at last she gained the lower bank, this further difficulty presented itself: she could not tell where she was. The evergreen thicket nearly met over her head, the branches got into her eyes and buffeted and bewildered her. She could not make out the place where she had been sitting, and no signs of Bunny could be found. At last, breathless with exertion, tired, hot, and hopeless, she made her way out of the thicket and went, crying, home to her mother.

She was still crying and refusing to be comforted, when Roger came in from milking. He was sorry for Hester, but not so sorry as he would have been had his mind not been full of troubles of his own. He tried to console her with a vague promise of helping her to look for Bunny "some day when there was n't so much to do." But this was cold comfort, and in the end Hester went to bed heartbroken, to sob herself to sleep.

"Mother," said Roger, after she had gone, "Jim Boies is going to his uncle's in New Ipswich, in September, to do chores and help round a little, and to go all winter to the academy."

The New Ipswich Academy was quite a famous school then, and to go there was a great chance for a studious boy.

"That 's a bit of good luck for Jim."

"Yes; first-rate."

"Not quite so first-rate for you."

"No" (gloomily). "I shall miss Jim. He 's always been my best friend among the boys. But what makes me mad is that he does n't care a bit about going. Mother, why does n't good luck ever come to us Gales?"

"It was good luck for me when you came, Roger. I don't know how I should get along without you."

"I 'd be worth a great deal more to you if I could get a chance at any sort of schooling. Does n't it seem hard, Mother? There 's Squire Dennis and Farmer Atwater, and half a dozen others in this township, that are all ready to send their boys to college, and they don't want to go! Bob Dennis says that he 'd far rather do teaming in the summer, and take the girls up to singing practice at the church, than go to all the Harvards and Yales in the world; and I, who 'd give my head, almost, to go to college, can't! It does n't seem half right, Mother."

"No, Roger, it does n't; not a quarter. There are a good many things that don't seem right in this world, but I don't know who 's to mend 'em. I can't! The only way is to dig along hard and do what 's to be done as well as you can, whatever it is, and make the best of your 'musts.' There 's always a 'must.' I suppose rich people have them as well as poor ones."

"Rich people's boys can go to college."

"Yes,—and mine can't. I 'd sell all we 've got to send you, Roger, since your heart is so set on it, but this poor little farm would n't be half enough, even if any one wanted to buy it, which is n't likely. It 's no use talking about it, Roger; it only makes both of us feel sad. —Did you kill the broilers for the hotel?" she asked with a sudden change of tone.

"No, not yet."

"Go and do it, then, right away. You 'll have to carry them down early with the eggs. Four pairs, Roger. Chickens are the best crop we can raise on this farm."

"If we could find Great-uncle Roger's mine, we 'd eat the chickens ourselves," said Roger, as he reluctantly turned to go.

"Yes, and if that apple-tree 'd take to bearing gold apples we would n't have to work at all. Hurry and do your chores before dark, Roger."

Mrs. Gale was a Spartan in her methods, but, for all that, she sighed a bitter sigh as Roger went out of the door.

"He 's such a smart boy," she told herself, "there 's nothing he could n't do,—nothing, if he had a chance. I do call it hard. The folks

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who have plenty of money to do with have dull boys; and I, who 've got a bright one, can't do anything for him! It seems as if things were n't justly arranged."

Hester spent all her spare time during the next week in searching for the lost Bunny. It rained hard one day and all the following night; she could not sleep for fear that Bunny was getting wet, and looked so pale in the morning that her mother forbade her going to the hill.

"Your feet were sopping when you came in yesterday," she said; "and that 's the second apron you 've torn. You 'll just have to let Bunny go, Hester; no two ways about it."

Then Hester moped and grieved and grew thin, and at last she fell ill. It was low fever, the doctor said. Several days went by, and she was no better. One noon, Roger came in from haying to find his mother with her eyes looking very much troubled. "Hester is light-headed," she said; "we must have the doctor again."

Roger went in to look at the child, who was lying in a little bedroom off the kitchen. The small, flushed face on the pillow did not light up at his approach. On the contrary, Hester's eyes, which were unnaturally big and bright, looked past and beyond him.

"Hessie, dear, don't you know Roger?"

"He said he 'd find Bunny for me some day," muttered the little voice; "but he never did. Oh, I wish he would! — I wish he would! I do want her so much." Then she rambled on about foxes, and the old spruce-tree, and the rocks; always with the refrain, "I wish I had Bunny; I want her so much!"

"Mother, I do believe it 's that wretched old doll she 's fretted herself sick over," said Roger, going back into the kitchen. "Now, I 'll tell you what. Mr. Hinsdale 's going up to the town this noon, and he 'll leave word for the doctor to come; and the minute I 've swallowed my dinner, I 'm going up to the hill to find Bunny. I don't believe Hessie 'll get any better till she 's found."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gale. "I suppose the hay 'll be spoiled, but we 've got to get Hessie cured at any price."

"Oh, I 'll find the doll. I know about where Hessie was when she lost it. And the hay 'll take no harm. I only got a quarter of the field cut, and it 's good drying weather."

Roger made haste with his dinner. His conscience pricked him as he remembered his neglected promise and his indifference to Hester's griefs; he felt in haste to make amends. He went straight to the old spruce which, he had gathered from Hester's rambling speech, was the scene of Bunny's disappearance. It was easily found, being the oldest and largest on the hillside.

Roger had brought a stout stick with him, and now, leaning over the cliff edge, he tried to poke with it in the branches below, while searching for the dolly. But the stick was not long enough, and slipped through his fingers, disappearing suddenly and completely through the evergreens.

"Hallo!" cried Roger. "There must be a hole there of some sort. Bunny 's at the bottom of it, no doubt. Here goes to find her!"

His longer legs made easy work of the steep descent which had so puzzled his little sister. Presently he stood, waist-deep, in tangled hemlock boughs, below the old spruce. He parted the bushes in advance and moved cautiously forward step by step. He felt a cavity just before him, but the thicket was so dense that he could see nothing.

Feeling for his pocket-knife, which luckily was a stout one, he stood still, cutting, slashing, and breaking off the tough boughs, and throwing them on one side. It was hard work, but after ten minutes a space was cleared which let in a ray of light, and, with a hot, red face and surprised eyes, Roger Gale stooped over the edge of a rocky cavity on the sides of which something glittered and shone. He swung himself over the edge and dropped into the hole, which was but a few feet deep. His foot struck on something hard as he landed. He stooped to pick it up, and his hand encountered a soft substance. He lifted both objects out together.

The soft substance was a doll's woolen frock. There, indeed, was the lost Bunny, looking no whit the worse for her adventures, and the hard thing on which her wooden head had lain was a pick-ax — an old iron pick, red with rust. Three letters were rudely cut on the handle — R. P. G. They were Roger's own initials,

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ROGER FINDS THE OLD PICK-AX.

Roger Perkins Gale. It had been his father's name also, and that of the great-uncle after whom they both were named.

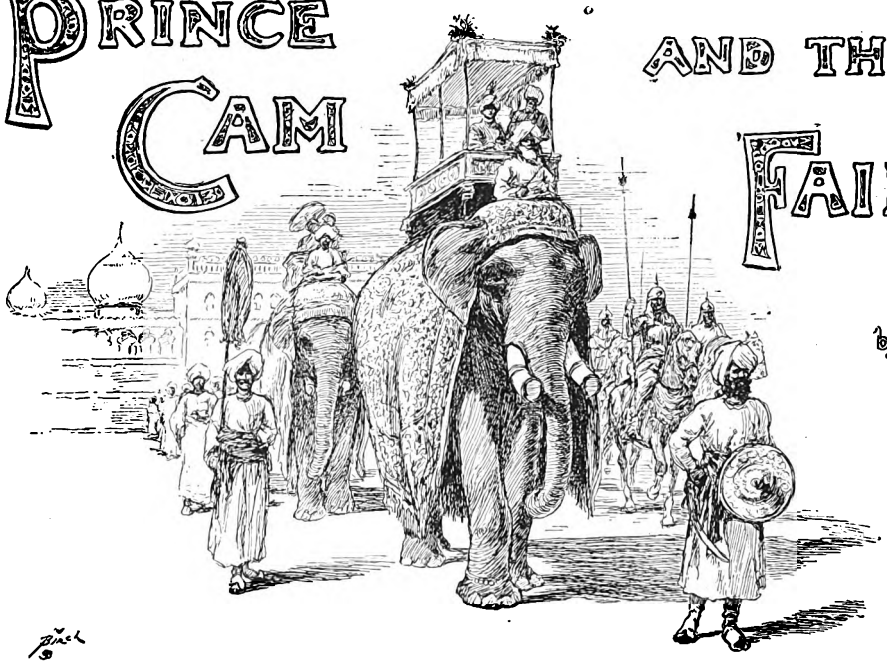
With an excited cry, Roger stooped again and lifted out of the hole a lump of quartz mingled with ore. Suddenly he realized where he was and what he had found. This was the long lost silver-mine whose finding and whose disappearing had for so many years been a tradition in the township. Here it was that old Roger Gale had found his "speciment," knocked off probably with that very pick, and, covering up all traces of his discovery, had gone sturdily off to his farm-work, to meet his death next day on the hay-rigging, with the secret locked within his breast. For sixty years the evergreen thicket had grown and toughened and guarded the hidden cavity beneath its roots; and it might easily have done so for sixty years longer if Bunny, little wooden Bunny, with her lack-luster eyes and expressionless features, had not led the way into its tangles.

Hester got well. When Roger placed the doll in her arms, she seemed to come to herself, fondled and kissed her, and presently dropped into a satisfied sleep, from which she awoke conscious and relieved. The "mine" did not prove exactly a mine,—it was not deep or wide enough for that,—but the ore in it was rich in quality, and the news of its finding made a great stir in the neighborhood. Mrs. Gale was offered a price for her hillside which made her what she considered a rich woman, and she was wise enough to close with the offer at once, and neither stand out for higher terms nor risk the chance of mining on her own account. She and her family left the quiet little farm-house soon after that, and went to live in Worcester. Roger had all the schooling he desired, and made ready for Harvard and the law-school, where he worked hard, and laid the foundations of what has since proved a brilliant career. You may be sure that Bunny went to Worcester also, treated and regarded as one of the most valued members of the family. Hester took great care of her, and so did Hester's little girl later on; and even Mrs. Gale spoke respectfully of her always, and treated her with honor. For was it not Bunny who broke the long spell of evil fate, and brought good luck back to the Gale family?



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# Prince Cam and the Fairies



by Sydney Reid

In a beautiful valley in India lived little Prince Cam, who was beloved by all his people. He was an orphan, only twelve years of age, yet he ruled the valley and mountains as far as the eye could reach, and owned a thousand horses and five hundred elephants. Oranges, figs, dates, apples, pears, and other fine fruits grew in groves about his palace. He had more servants than he could count in a day, and seven rooms of the palace were filled with gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, opals, topazes, and other beautiful gems, the very largest in the world.

But Prince Cam's Grand Vizir, Boorum Boola, had a bad heart, and envied the Prince.

Now the Grand Vizir's son, Suley, was just the Prince's age, and so like him that, when dressed alike, no one could tell them apart.

One day Suley said to his father, "Why can I not be prince? I am as tall as Cam." "We will see," said the Grand Vizir. He called two black slaves, and told them to seize Prince Cam when he slept, carry him to the forest, and leave him there clothed in rags.

The slaves did so, and the Grand Vizir put Suley in the Prince's bed. In the morning he made a great lamentation, declaring that Suley had been carried off in the night. The people were not sorry, for Suley was cruel and proud.

When Suley sat on the throne and the people brought their petitions, they found a great change. Prince Cam had always said "Yes," and smiled. Suley said "No," and frowned, and there was great sorrow and fear; for all said:

"The good little Prince has gone mad."

For a long time Prince Cam wandered about in the forest, becoming very hungry and tired. He met many people and told who he was, but they laughed and said:

"Little boy, you have been dreaming! Princes never dress in rags."

His misfortunes made him sad, but his heart was as kind as ever, and he was always gentle to every living creature.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, the poor young Prince came to a field of flowers. He stooped to pluck a large white lily, but as he grasped the stem, he saw a number of tiny men and women dancing on the waxen floor of the lily bell. They were clothed in robes of rainbow and sunshine, and their king sat on a throne of pure gold, and wore a dia-



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mond dewdrop for a crown. A banquet-table was spread in front of the throne, and the dancers drank goblets of honey and dew.

Prince Cam drew back, but the king said:

"Why do you not take the flower?"

"I was unwilling to disturb you," said the Prince.

"What of that?" asked the king; "we are too small to fight one so big and strong as you."

"All the more reason why I should not harm you," said Prince Cam. "I would be glad to do you a service if I could; but I am poor and friendless now, though I was once rich and happy."

Now, the fairies knew all about Prince Cam.

"Tell me your story," said the fairy king. So Prince Cam told how he had been seized in the night, carried to the woods, and left there clothed in rags.

"If you will take advice from a little person like me," said the fairy king, "go back to your kingdom, and ask the Grand Vizir to restore you to your throne. If he refuses, come and tell me. This road leads straight to your palace gate."

Prince Cam walked all night, and arrived before his palace gate in the morning. When he entered the court, Suley was sitting on the throne, surrounded by a band of wicked youths whom he had chosen to be his courtiers.

These made great sport of the dusty little beggar-boy.

"What is your petition?" they inquired; "—that the king should make you a great lord?"

"No. I have come to ask him to give me my kingdom back, for I am Prince Cam," was the reply.

All the courtiers laughed so loudly that the palace shook.

"What does the boy say?" asked the Grand Vizir.

"He says he is Prince Cam, and he wants his kingdom," said the courtiers.

The Grand Vizir and Suley laughed too.

"Come here, little boy," said the Vizir.

When Prince Cam approached him, the Vizir, who knew him well, said:

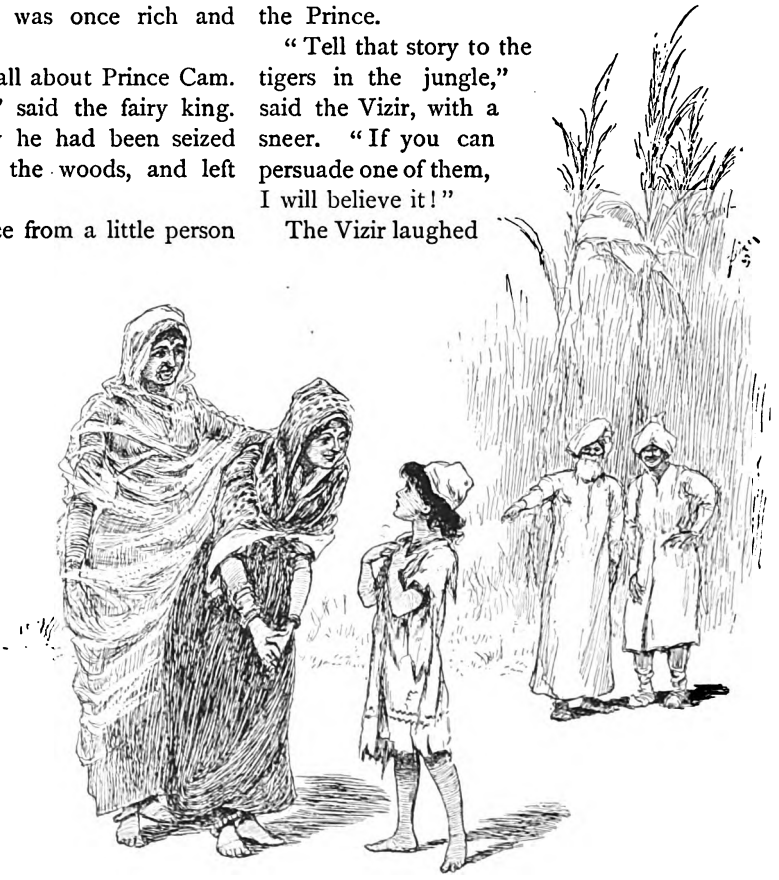
"Do you not see the Prince sitting on his throne?"

"I am Prince Cam, and he who sits on the throne is your son Suley," said the Prince.

"Tell that story to the tigers in the jungle," said the Vizir, with a sneer. "If you can persuade one of them, I will believe it!"

The Vizir laughed again, but Suley frowned, and said to the slaves who had carried Cam away, "Turn the little beggar out; but first be sure that you warm his feet with a cane-fire so that he may walk well."

So Prince Cam was turned out and beaten on the feet with a cane, and he went back to the fairy sadder than he had come. But the



"'PRINCES NEVER DRESS IN RAGS!' THEY SAID."

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fairy bade him be of good cheer. "Let us go and see what the tigers will say," said the fairy.

At this, one of the attendants led up a cricket, richly harnessed. The king sprang upon his back, and off went Prince Cam and the fairy, the king leading the way.

They traveled into the forest, and stopped at last under a great tree which had a hollow trunk. "Put your hand in the hollow, and see what you find," said the king.

Prince Cam pulled out an iron pot full of pitch and bird-lime.

"Sprinkle it all about on the leaves," said the king; and Prince Cam did so.

Then the king began to growl like a tiger who wanted to fight. Instantly a great tiger came running to see who had dared invade his dominions. When he beheld Prince Cam, he roared and lashed his sides.

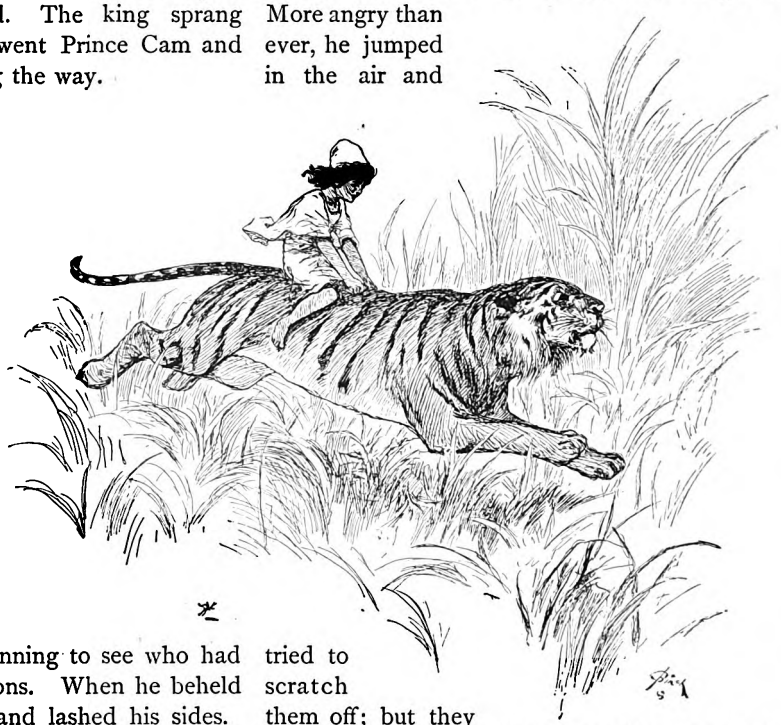
"M-m-m, r-r-r-r-r!" said the fairy king, sitting on the cricket's back. The tiger thought it was Prince Cam who challenged him.



"THE FAIRY KING SPRANG ON THE CRICKET'S BACK."

"M-m-m, r-r-r-r-r!" said the king, again.

The tiger lost all patience, and sprang at Prince Cam. The leaves stuck to his paws. More angry than ever, he jumped in the air and tried to scratch them off; but they stuck fast, and he gathered more of them all the time.



"PRINCE CAM GALLOPED TO THE PALACE, THE KING HOPPING ALONG BESIDE HIM ON THE CRICKET."

"Oh, what a coward!" said the fairy king. "Why don't you come on?"

That made the tiger furious. He rolled on the ground and gathered more leaves till he was nothing but a big, round ball. At length his eyes were covered, he could not see, and lay still.

"Promise me on your honor that you will obey all my instructions, and I will release you," said the king.

When the tiger had given the necessary pledge, Prince Cam brought some water, and soon made him as sleek and clean as ever.

"You must acknowledge this youth as Prince," said the little king. "Now take him on your back."

Prince Cam mounted the tiger's back, and galloped swiftly to the palace, the king hopping along beside him on the cricket.

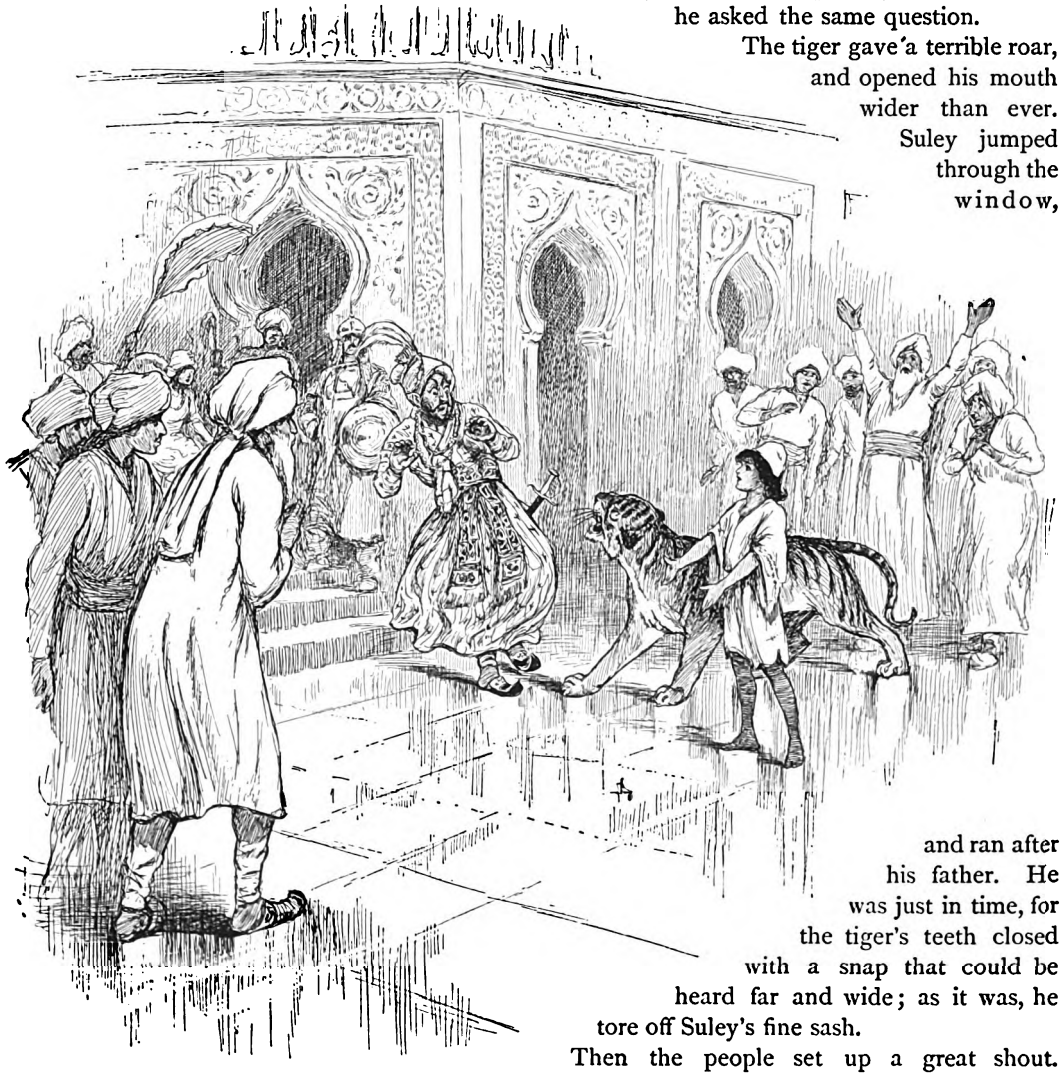
As they went down the road, the people all

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ran after them, as if they had never seen a beggar-boy on a tiger before.

Prince Cam rode into the court and dismounted before the throne of the wicked Suley.

"I come to hold you to your promise," he said to the Grand Vizir.



"'I COME TO HOLD YOU TO YOUR PROMISE,' SAID PRINCE CAM."

Then turning to the tiger, Prince Cam said: "Do you acknowledge me as the lawful ruler?"

The tiger bowed three times and touched his forehead to the ground.

"That is a trick," said Boorum Boola; "I can do that"; and he approached the tiger.

"Do you acknowledge me as the lawful ruler?" he asked.

The tiger rose on his hind legs and opened his mouth to swallow the Grand Vizir. But the Vizir jumped through the window and ran away in a great fright.

Suley trembled, but putting on a bold face, he asked the same question.

The tiger gave a terrible roar, and opened his mouth wider than ever. Suley jumped through the window, and ran after his father. He was just in time, for the tiger's teeth closed with a snap that could be heard far and wide; as it was, he tore off Suley's fine sash.

Then the people set up a great shout. "Good Prince Cam has come again!" they said. So they seized the wicked and lazy young courtiers, gave them a good beating, and packed them off to find the old Vizir and Suley, and ran to release Prince Cam's faithful servants and advisers.

Then they dressed the good Prince in the finest robes, and set him on his throne.

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"Reign forever!" they said; "for you are worthy."

And peace and plenty came again to the kingdom of good Prince Cam.

"So far, so good!" said the fairy king. "Now you want a wife. Would you not like to wed my daughter?"

"Is she not too small?" asked the Prince.

"You shall see," answered the king. He stamped his foot thrice, and the princess appeared.

Never had Prince Cam seen any one so beautiful. Her dress was of the finest rose-leaves looped up with dewdrops, her long hair shone like pure gold, and a crown of violets was on her head. But she was smaller than her father.

Prince Cam fell in love with her immediately, and began to weep. "Alas, that nature has made us so unlike!" he said. "Without you I can never be happy."

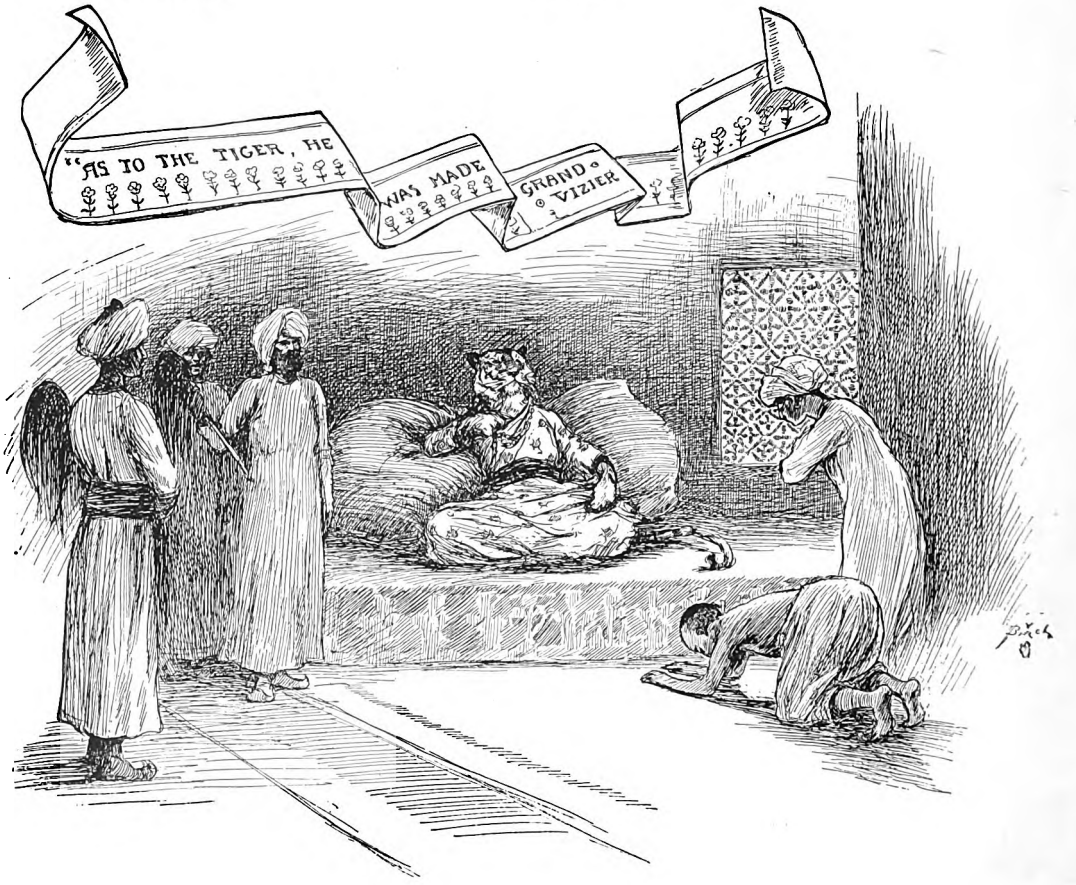
The king laughed and stamped his foot. Instantly he grew to be a tall man, and the princess herself was almost as large as Prince Cam, and more beautiful than ever.

"Fairies can be any size they like," the king said. "I appeared small and weak that I might discover whether your heart was really good."

The fairy princess had long loved Prince Cam in secret, and blushed with pleasure when she learned why she had been summoned. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence, all the people rejoiced, and the fairies came and danced in honor of the good Prince.

Boorum Boola and his son and all their worthless followers were never heard of again. As to the tiger, he was made Grand Vizir, and performed the duties of that post with great credit and dignity.

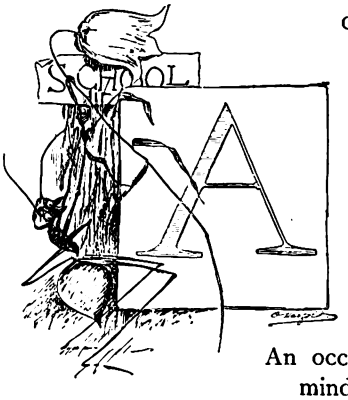
And Prince Cam and his beautiful bride lived many years, and never knew sickness or sorrow.




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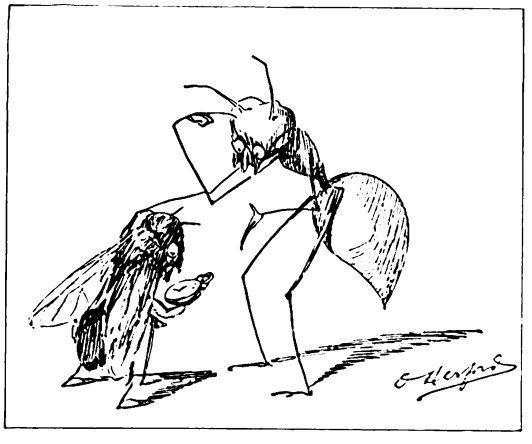



By Oliver Herford.




GIFTED ANT, who could no more
Than keep starvation from her door,
Once cast about that she might find
An occupation to her mind.

An ant with active hands and feet
Can, as a rule, make both ends meet.
Unhappily, this was not quite
The case with her of whom I write.



"Since I am gifted," she 'd explain,
"I ought to exercise my brain.
The only thing for me, it 's clear,
Is a professional career!"

But no profession could she find,
Until one day there crossed her mind
The proverb bidding sluggards gaze
Upon the ant to learn her ways.

"The very thing!" she cried. "Hurray!
I 'll advertise without delay.
Things are come to a pretty pass,
If I can 't teach a sluggard class!"



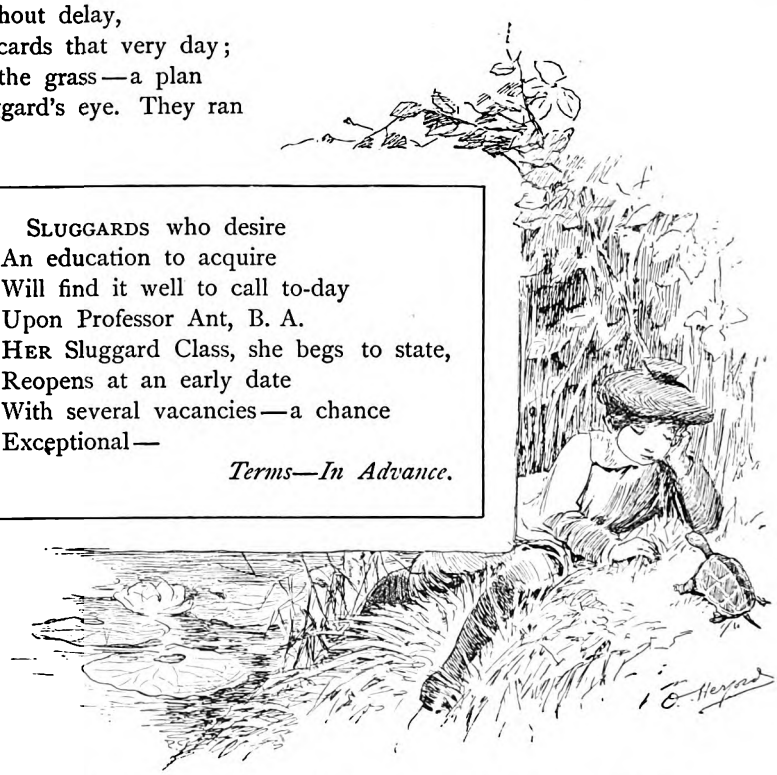



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She set to work without delay,
And wrote some cards that very day;
And hung them in the grass—a plan
To catch the sluggard's eye. They ran
As follows:

SLUGGARDS who desire
An education to acquire
Will find it well to call to-day
Upon Professor Ant, B. A.
HER Sluggard Class, she begs to state,
Reopens at an early date
With several vacancies—a chance
Exceptional—

*Terms—In Advance.*



She placed at every turn that led
To her abode, a sign which read,
"Go to the Ant," and hung beside
Her picture, highly magnified.

Said she, "At least that cannot fail
To bring a Turtle, Sloth, or Snail,
A Dormouse, or a Boy, to learn
Their livelihood (and mine) to earn!

"I 'll teach them, first of all, to see
The joyousness of industry;
And they, to grasp my meaning more,
Shall gather in my winter store;




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"I 'll teach them it is wise to lay
Up riches for a rainy day
(And while they put away the pelf,
I 'll play the 'rainy day' myself).

"The Beauty of Abstemiousness
I 'll next endeavor to impress
Upon their minds at meals (N. B.
That is—if they should board with me).

"Then Architecture they shall try
(My present house is far from dry),—
In short, all Honest Toil I 'll teach
(And they shall practise what I preach)."

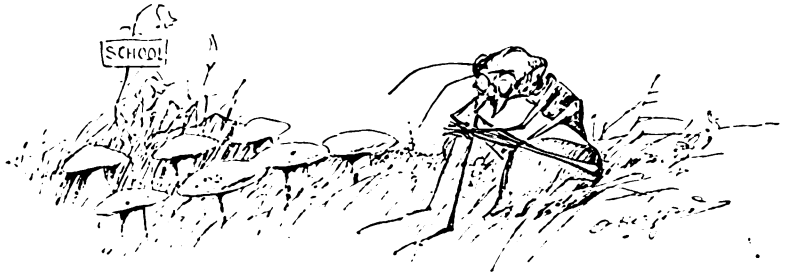




* * *

Alas, for castles in the air!—
There 's no delusion anywhere
Quite so delusive as, I fear,
Is a professional career.

So thought the ant last time we met.
She only has *one* sluggard yet,
Who scantly fills her larder shelf—
It is, I grieve to say, *herself!*




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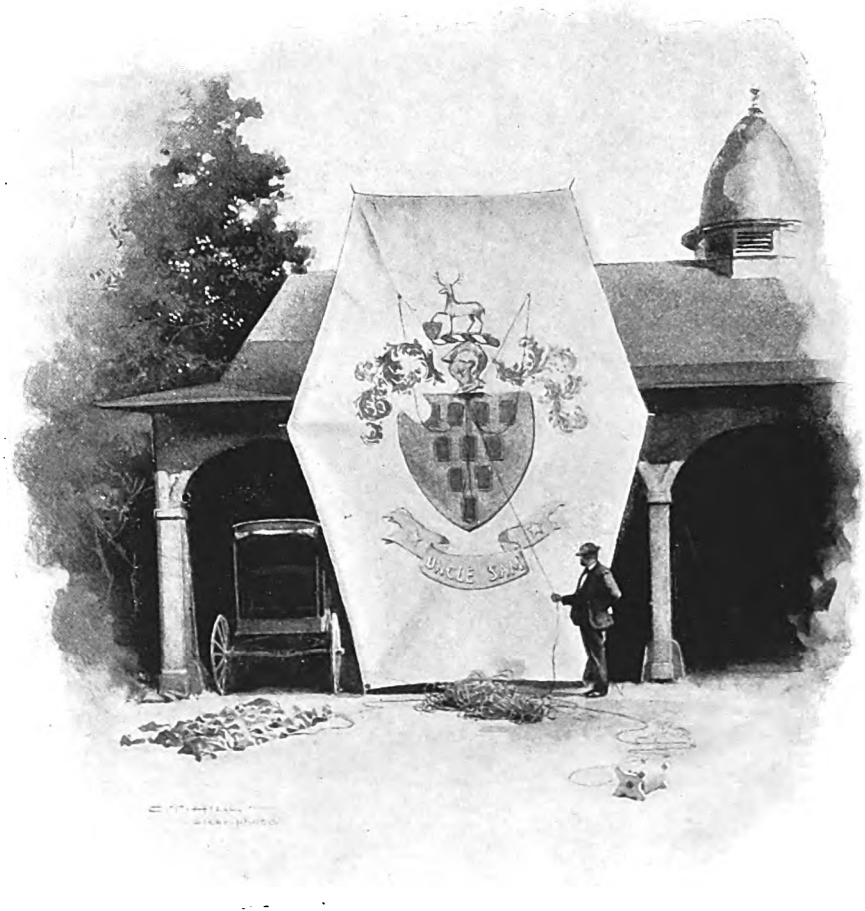
records of all kites; and after two jolly weeks of planning and building, their cherished hopes were realized.

The frame shown in the picture was made of six ash sticks, split back about four feet from the center and bolted to a hub six inches thick, and eight inches in diameter. The sticks were about two and a half by two inches, tapering to one inch by three quarters. The whole frame weighed thirty-four pounds, was twenty-two feet high, sixteen feet wide and about seventy feet in circumference. With its wire and coarse twine to keep the cover from bagging and to strengthen it, it looked like an immense spider-web. When not in use it was strapped under the eaves of a large barn, as no barn door was big enough to admit the huge frame.

The cover was made of unbleached cotton cloth, strengthened in the six corners with canvas; and it took forty yards of material. A quarter-inch manila rope was bound into the edge, and the corners were provided with small snaps which fastened into rings on the ends of the sticks, as shown in the diagram on page 467.

The cover alone, when completed, weighed thirteen pounds.

Coarse burlap from cotton bales made the tail, which was one hundred feet long and weighed eleven pounds. The burlap was cut in strips twelve inches wide, sewn together end to end, then knotted with streamers four feet apart.




"THE UNCLE SAM" READY FOR FLYING.

The third picture shows the swiveled reel,



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one half inches in diameter, to which the flying-cord was attached. The flying-cord and flying-rigging were of one-quarter inch manila rope, stout enough to bear a strain of five hundred pounds.

On Monday morning, August 31, we found a strong, steady wind blowing, and, amid much excitement, the cover was laid face downward in one of the largest of Dudley pastures, the frame put upon it and snapped into place. The excitement increased as the six men who handled it took their places to launch the great airship; for had there not been plenty of scoffers, who doubted the ability of the wind to raise a fifty-eight pound kite?

"The Uncle Sam" was lifted from its face by two men at the top walking down by its edge and seizing the two lower corners; a third man about fifteen feet from the face of the kite held the flying-line. Three other men were at the reel.

When the word was given, "The Uncle Sam" rose steadily of its own accord, and after hovering on the wind for a few seconds, as if in doubt, finally took the line as it was paid out and rose to a height of one thousand feet, followed by cheers from the enthusiastic spectators, old and young.

It remained in the air for about two hours. The fourth illustration gives some idea of its pulling power, as the four men were just able to hold it. A large pair of ice-scales were attached to the line, and it was estimated that the pulling capacity varied from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and fifty pounds.

Another reason for the carrying out of Uncle Sam's ideas for a huge kite was given by an account in the "Boston Journal" of a monster kite, eleven feet high, that had been raised at Salem, Massachusetts. Dudley Hill never had witches, but it has a kite not surpassed as yet by Salem. We all knew our Uncle Sams could beat the world — and they did.

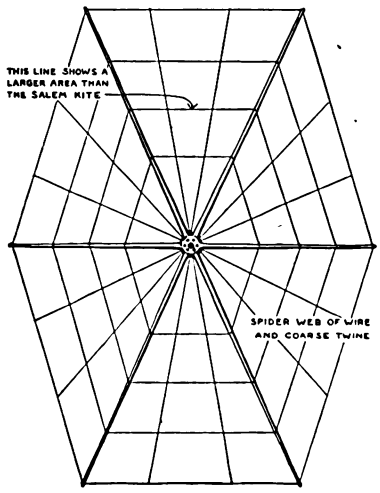
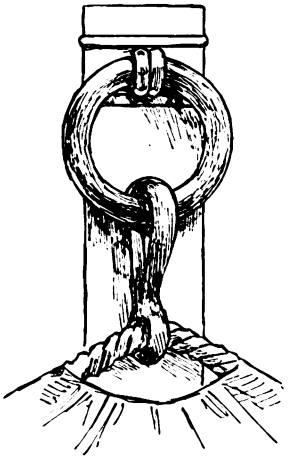


DIAGRAM OF FRAME.


SPRING-CLIP FASTENING COVER TO FRAME.

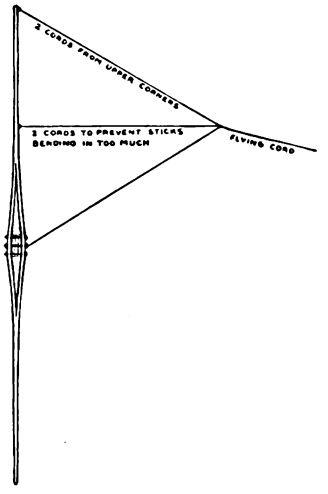


DIAGRAM OF FLYING-RIGGING.

## THE HIRED MAN'S WAY.

OUR hired man is the kindest man
That ever I did see;
He 's always glad to stop his work
And come and talk to me.

*John Kendrick Bangs.*

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# A WALRUS-HUNT IN ARCTIC SEAS.

By a Member of the Peary Relief Expedition.

We had left McCormick Bay, Lieutenant Peary's winter-quarters, intending to explore the Humboldt Glacier, which is the largest "ice-river" in Greenland. In our voyage we had passed Point Foulke, Refuge Harbor, Life-boat Cove, and various localities reminding us of arctic explorers — of Kane, Hayes, Hall, Budington, and others, whom we were eager to emulate.

But we were to be disappointed. For, when we arrived in Kane Basin, at the northern extremity of Smith's Sound, we found an impassable barrier — a solid, compact sea of ice, extending entirely across to the American side, with the exception of a narrow passage, or "lead," northward. Our brave captain would not enter this passage, and his severe experience when in command of the "Proteus," the vessel sent to the relief of Greely, justified his refusal. On that occasion, having unwillingly entered such a lead in obedience to orders, he had not journeyed many miles along that seemingly open route, when the ice-mass closed in, and crushed the vessel.

We had arrived there near midnight — though, of course, it was broad daylight, darkness having here only a short reign of barely four months. Most of the members of our party were on deck, lost in admiration of our surroundings — the vast, rough, undulating sheet of ice, decked with fantastic mounds and hillocks that presented a weird and picturesque appearance. The surroundings were full of historical interest and arctic reminiscences. From the American coast, that glistened white, bare, and bleak in the sunlight, Cape Sabine projected conspicuously, and recalled to us the tragic sequel to Greely's expedition. It was here that seventeen of that noble band were found dead of starvation, and the rest in the last stages of exhaustion, after enduring hardships and suffering that cannot be fully told. To the eastward, on the shore of Greenland, was Rensselaer Harbor, Dr. Kane's winter-quarters from 1853 to 1855.

While reflecting on these tragic annals of arctic navigation, we were roused by a sound as of a dog barking. It seemed to proceed from a point directly opposite us. There were various and contradictory conjectures as to what it might be. One officer suggested that it was the cry of a wolf, another that it sounded like that of a fox; but the majority insisted that it resembled the yelping of a dog in distress, and suggested that the animal might be one of Lieutenant Peary's Eskimo dogs.

Our commander gave orders to steam closer inshore, to find out what caused the noise. We had proceeded only a short distance, when similar sounds greeted us from all sides, and then the source of the cries was discovered. On the numerous ice-floes, only a few hundred yards distant, many black bodies were seen. They were walrus, dozing or basking in the sun, while many others were disporting in the water.

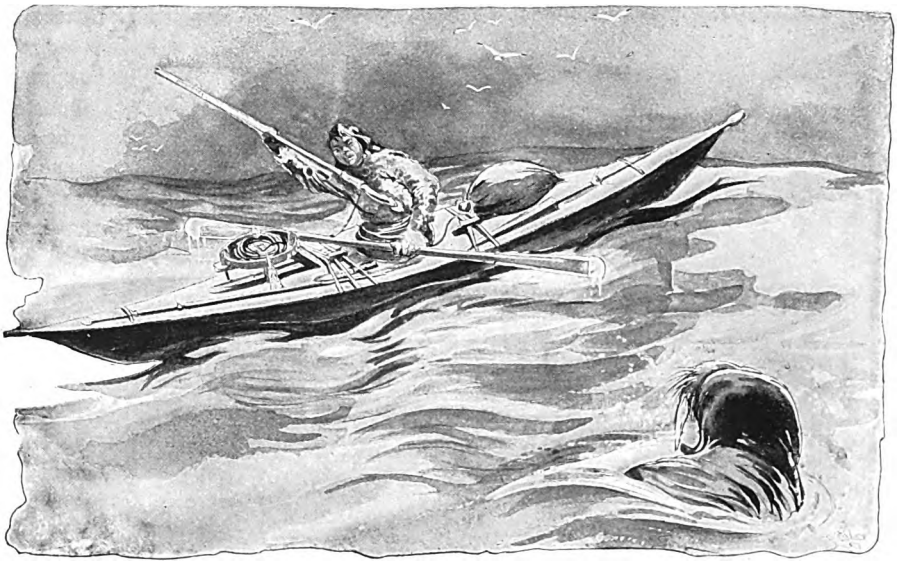
The men ran below for their guns, but shooting this big game was vain and profitless work; for even if we succeeded in killing a walrus, he would sink. So the ice-anchor was thrown out and made fast to the ice-pack, and then the long-boat was lowered in order to approach closer, so as not only to kill, but also to secure the game.

The usual method of hunting walrus is similar to that adopted to capture the whale — the use of harpoon-line and spear. The Eskimos in their "kayaks," or sealskin canoes, which they handle with remarkable skill, cautiously approach an ice-floe where walrus lie; and, when close enough, dexterously throw the spear, or shaft, with harpoon-point attached. The point pierces the animal, and, in fright, he dives below the surface, but is prevented from remaining there



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by the float or bladder attached by a line to the harpoon-point. This float is quickly thrown into the water as soon as the animal is speared, for otherwise the boat would either be capsized, or carried along at a very rapid pace, and then would be certain to strike against one of the many ice-floes and be dashed to pieces. The walrus dives several times, but soon becomes exhausted; and as soon as he comes to the surface, with strength well nigh spent, he is killed by a lance-thrust. The natives of North Greenland are in the habit of placing the harpoon-line around the neck, and occasionally this line becomes caught and cannot be thrown off in time, and then the Eskimo may be dragged under and drowned. Strangely enough, though they live on the coast, they do not learn to swim.



AN ESKIMO IN HIS "KAYAK," HUNTING WALRUS.

Early in the season the ice-pack is unbroken, except for small openings made by the walrus; and these often freeze over. When the walrus is found on a large ice-raft, or away from the water's edge, he can be easily overcome, as his immense weight makes him awkward and slow when out of the water.

With this short explanation of the habits of this arctic animal, the reader will understand our adventure.

Having lowered the boat, five members of our party, with the Eskimo named "Daniel," our phlegmatic interpreter, as harpooner, rowed for the ice-pack, on which we had sighted the barking herd. We intended to surprise them, but in our haste and enthusiasm made some noise when scarce within range. The walrus raised their massive heads, gazed at us inquiringly, and then, noticing that something was amiss, began to dive from the floe. Three rifles rang out, and then all the walrus tumbled off the ice; but some were wounded.

A few energetic strokes of the oars brought us near the powerful swimmers. One big fellow, with his eyes gleaming ferociously, made for our boat as we approached. He came right under the bow, where stood Daniel, with the keen harpoon poised ready for the stroke. It seemed an excellent opportunity — we almost held our breath in our anxiety and eagerness to capture our first walrus. Daniel hesitated, and the opportunity was lost. The walrus escaped; and in our angry disappointment we heaped undeserved blame on our innocent Eskimo, who stood abashed and confused, understanding our gestures if not our words. Afterward we learned that he was not in fault, as the animal was too near for an effective thrust. Skilled hunters never throw the spear perpendicularly, but always obliquely.

Again we moved onward, having seen three more walrus near by; but we had rowed only a short distance when some one shouted, "There he is, right astern!" We backed water. As soon as we were near enough, Daniel let fly the harpoon. This time he was successful.

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The walrus was made fast to the stern, and then we rowed for the ship, delighted with our success. Our exultation was brief, for, as we were towing this immense burden, weighing, as we found afterward, nearly 1400 pounds, one of the party shouted excitedly, "Look ahead, boys! We are in for it!"



"HE REARED HIS UNGAINLY HEAD IN ORDER TO HOOK HIS TUSKS OVER THE GUNWALE OF THE BOAT."

Advancing upon us in stern battle-array with regular, unbroken column, came a herd of between thirty and forty walrus. It was a grand sight. On they came with swift and vigorous strokes, their great, dark-brown forms in strong contrast with the ice-covered sea, their huge, hard-visaged heads erect, their long, sharp ivory tusks glistening ferociously in the sunlight. Their bloodshot eyes were fixed upon us with vengeful intent.

We, however, were as eager as they for the fray. Aglow with excitement and exhilaration, we met their fierce onslaught with a volley from our rifles that even those determined beasts could not withstand. But they withdrew only for a moment; then, bellowing loudly with rage, they made a second desperate effort to reach our boat. One huge monster who led the ranks dived, and it appeared as if he would come just below the stern. Up he came, alongside, and reared his ungainly head in order to hook his tusks over the gunwale of the boat. That we had to prevent; for had he succeeded in getting them over the side, his immense weight, even unaided by any effort on his part, would have capsized our boat as if it were but a racing-shell. Our artist fired into the tough hide only a few feet away. I grasped the nearest weapon,—an ice-ax,—but the blow from it made no more impression than if it had been a light wand, except that it enraged him still more.

Again he raised his tusks, and renewed his attempt; but then our brave commander planted a good-sized rifle-ball in the nape of the neck—a vital point. We had had a narrow escape; for, once upset, even had we avoided the jaws of those angry brutes, swimming in that icy water to one of the distant icebergs would have been extremely perilous. In the mean time the herd of walrus, bewildered and frightened, many having been killed or wounded, turned and retreated in hasty disorder.

Then, towing our two walrus, a weight of over three thousand pounds, we rowed for our ship, the "Kite."

It was very slow and arduous work. But we felt secure, thinking we were done with our impetuous arctic enemies. They were of a different mind; certainly they were not done with us. For as we pulled, with aching arms and weary backs, a loud shout from one of the men warned us that our fancied security was to be disturbed. Right ahead appeared a pack

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of some fifty walrus; and scarce had we time to collect ourselves and prepare for battle, when another group was seen off the starboard bow — then still another off the port bow! We were completely surrounded, and in the distance many more dark bodies were made out, evidently swimming toward us.

The sea was alive with them. The wounded had retreated only to summon aid — to collect their scattered forces. More enraged than ever, they had returned to wreak dire vengeance on the presumptuous foreign intruders. This time it seemed as if our hunt was to have a disastrous ending.

Undaunted by our fire, on they came, some to within fifteen or twenty feet. We tried to make every shot tell. Some grasped the oars to row for the ship, and one brandished the heavy ship's-ax, to prevent them from thrusting their tusks over the side of the boat. Now the fight had reached the height of excitement. Herds of maddened walrus were on all sides, and the sharp, rapid reports of the rifles were followed by the peculiar, discordant howling and bellowing of the infuriated beasts. We still clung to our unwieldy spoils, which made it impossible to attain any headway. At first we hurriedly debated whether we should not try to reach a low iceberg; but now that our passage was blocked on all sides, the only choice left us was to fight it out then and there.

At last, beaten and dismayed, our pursuers yielded, turned, and fled.

We rejoiced to see the Kite steaming up to meet us, as now we were encountering the fresh ice that was already forming. It made rowing, with that enormous weight attached, exceedingly difficult. When we came to the ice-floe alongside the steamer, we found we had another herculean task before us to haul these bulky bodies up on the cake of ice.

Finally, with the assistance of the crew, we "landed" the great bodies successfully, took some snap-shot photographs, and then proceeded to skin them — which was not an easy or agreeable conclusion to our arduous but fascinating walrus-hunt.

As the walrus lay upon the ice, their immense bulk and massive forms could be better appreciated. Lieutenant Schwatka described the walrus as "huge seals, with upper canine-teeth prolonged into tusks." These tusks are usually from one to two feet in length, and I have seen some that were two and a half and even three feet long. When full-grown, the tusk



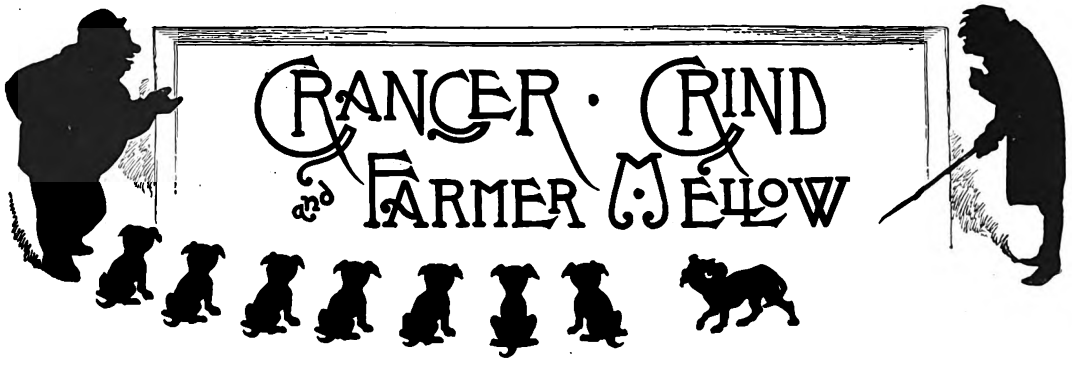
SURROUNDED BY AVENGING WALRUS.

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weighs about five pounds. Their length does not seem to be dependent upon either the age or size of the animal, as often a young, small walrus will have long tusks. The average weight of the animal is about a ton, and ours weighed between 1200 and 1500 pounds. One was ten, the other thirteen feet long. They attain, however, a length of from fifteen to eighteen feet, and half as much around the fore flippers. The flippers are some two feet long, and capable, when extended, of covering a considerable area, and of forcing the animal rapidly through the water. Walrus also use these flippers to protect wounded comrades or carry their offspring. The inside of these paws is covered by a horny skin that serves to protect their palms in scrambling around over the rough ice. The walrus-flippers, when properly cooked, are considered a great delicacy by the Eskimos. The flavor of the flipper is very similar to that of the coarser clams. The meat did not seem as delicate as that of the seal or narwhal. The flesh of the walrus is protected by a thick blanket of fat — the blubber, which enables it to resist the icy water of the Arctic seas. This fat yields nearly a barrel of oil. The hide and tusks also are valuable. The hide is used by the Eskimos to make soles for their boots, or *kamiks*, and it is also cut into strips for their harpoon-lines. It is from one to one and a half inches thick.

The formidable tusks are used as weapons of offense and defense, and also, it is stated, to gather their food, the clams.

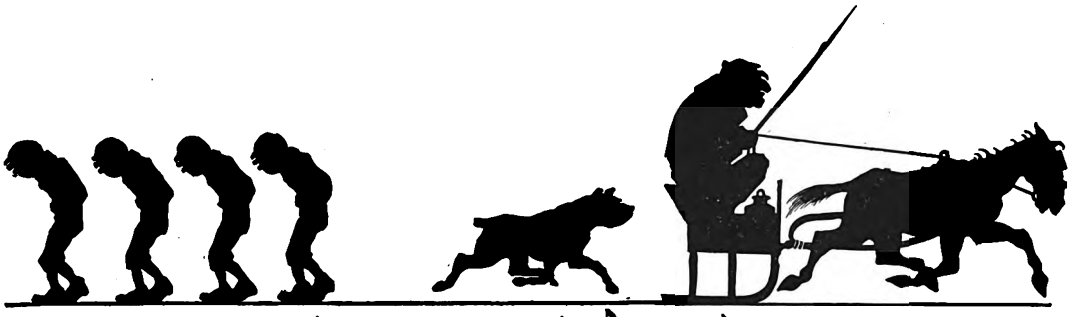
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Far-mer Mellow is a jolly good fel-low; which can-not be de-nied! Hang

on, or hitch; he don't care which, for his sleigh is broad and wide; And

Far-mer Mellow is a jol-ly good fel-low; which can-not be de-nied!





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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ALL hail to you in the bright springtime, my smilers and weepers! No more skating or snowballing or coasting at present, in this part of the world, but any amount of good fun. Nature is wide awake now, and she expects you to take particular notice of things around you in these out-of-door days. Soon you will know too much to go in when it rains, and perhaps your school-books will grow rather heavy. But what of that? Sling them over to the other shoulder, and march on, still keeping your eyes open and your heart full of sunshine. Even school walls, viewed from within, are sweet as May hedgerows when one —

Ahem! Now and then your Jack is puzzled what to say next. But here come some friends to the rescue,— bright little fellows sent to this pulpit by Miss Carrie Barber Chandler. Let us see what they have to say:

### CROCUSES.

I AM a little crocus, don't you see!
And all these fellows that come with me,
Why, they are crocuses too, I say.
We come to tell you that sometime,— to-day
Or to-morrow, we can't say just when,—
My Lady Spring will be with you again.

We are brave little messengers; that I know.
What other fellows would dare to show
Their faces in such a wintry air?
They 're afraid of the cold, but *we* don't care;
For we wish to be first to bear to you
A message which may or may not be true.

But we 're prudent; we wear our coats of fur,
For, to tell the truth, though we 're fond of her,
We can't always trust My Lady's word.
Just the other day I heard a bluebird
Declare that he 'd sung, "The Spring is here!"
A thousand times, before she 'd appear.

My Lady whispered to us in our sleep,
And waked us out of our slumber deep.
How we *did* hurry! We thought, "We 're late,
And our message will be quite out of date!"
So we dressed in haste, and here are we;
But what of My Lady,— where is she?

P. S.—

Some of the fellows are awfully cold,
And say that they think they are "rather sold."
See that small crocus, he 's almost dead,
And he 's drawn his fur coat over his head!

YOUR friend, the Rev. J. A. Davis, has sent some pleasant bits of observation to this pulpit, which I shall be glad to throw out to you now and then, very much as you throw crumbs to the sparrows. Here are the first of them:

### A LIVE PAPER-WEIGHT.

A PARSONAGE cat whose favorite seat is on the study table has found a new use for himself. He watches his master's pen, and occasionally, when the writer is tired, takes the holder in his mouth. But his real usefulness is to act as a paper-weight. When a sheet is finished and laid aside, the cat walks gravely to it and takes his seat on the paper. As soon as another is laid aside, he leaves the first and sits down on the second. Sometimes, to try him, his master lays down, on different parts of the table, sheets in rapid succession. But "Powhatan"— the cat — remains seated, shrewdly supposing that to be fun, not business. When work begins anew, the cat seats himself on the last paper laid down, and waits for another. Thus he shows that he watches his master's work, and perhaps thinks it his duty to keep the paper from blowing away.

I CALL that a clever cat, and one well worth owning.

Next we have an account of a hen who not only knows her own mind, but, as the dear Little Schoolma'am would say, evidently has the courage of her convictions. Her motto appears to be:

### "NO LIGHT CHICKS NEED APPLY."

DEAR FRIEND JACK: Last summer, at Dunellen, N. J., a white hen hatched a brood of chicks, some as white as herself, and others as black as young crows. When placed in a coop with her brood, she hovered carefully over the dark ones, but pecked the white chicks and drove them away. Nor would she allow them near the coop. The little outcasts might have perished had not another and more motherly hen adopted them as her own. This the white hen seemed to resent; for she adopted the dark chicks of the brood into which her own white ones had gone. Not content with that, she coaxed, one after another, nearly every dark-feathered little one in that yard to her own shelter, and cared for all with patient tenderness. Soon she had her coop so full of dark chicks that many were forced to sleep outside her sheltering wings. Until she left her brood, that hen showed a mother's care for all dark chickens, and the hatred of a foe to those of white feathers. Yours truly, J. A. D.

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### A MISSPELLED TAIL.

A LITTLE buoy said, "Mother, deer,
May I go out too play?
The son is bright, the heir is clear,
Owe, mother, don't say neigh!"

"Go fourth, my sun," the mother said.
The ant said, "Take ewer slay,
Your gneiss knew sled, awl painted read,
Butt dew knot lose your weigh."

"Ah, know," he cried, and sought the street
With hart sew full of glee—
The whether changed—and snow and sleet,
And reign, fell steadily.

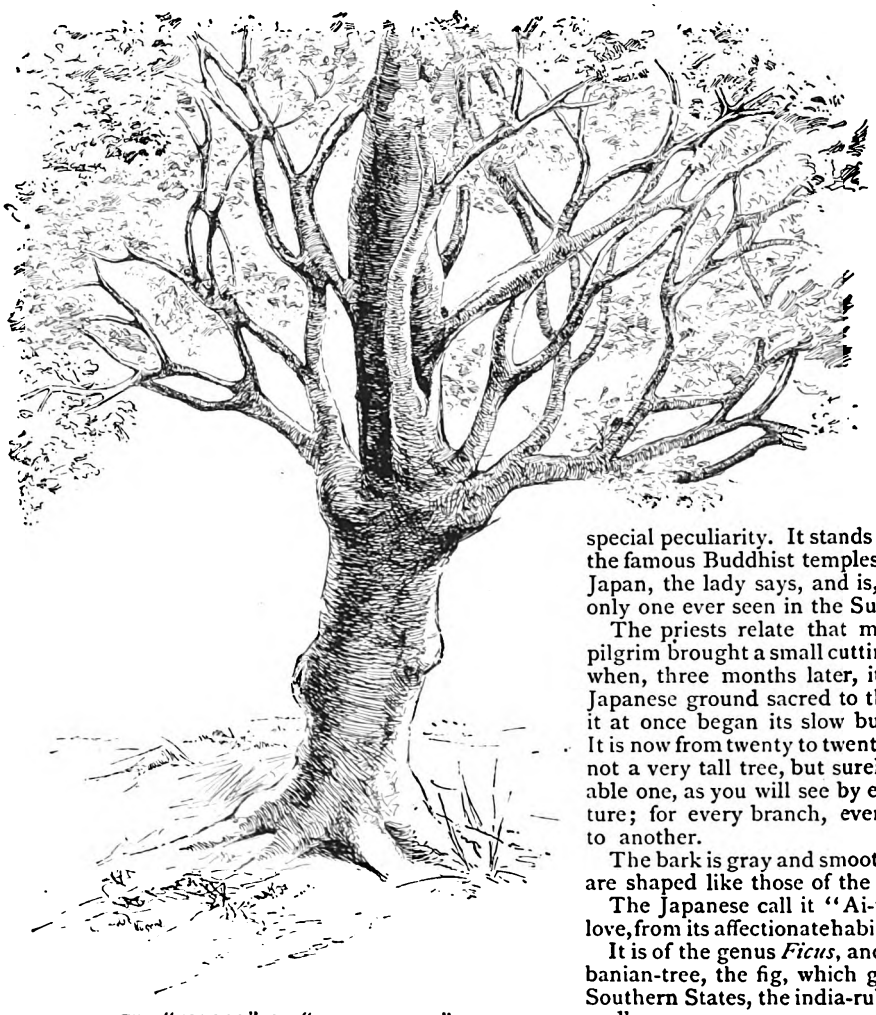
Threw snowdrifts grate, threw watery pool,
He flue with mite and mane—
Said he, "Though I wood walk by rule,
I am not rite, 't is plane.

"I 'd like to meat sum kindly sole,
For hear gnu dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole—
Two sloe has been my gate.

"A peace of bred, a nice hot stake,
I 'd chews if I were home,
This crewel fête my hart will brake,
Eye love knot thus to roam.

"I 'm week and pail, I 've mist my rode,"
But here a carte came past,
He and his sled were safely toad
Back two his home at last.

SUCH is the funny and, at the same time, pathetic story cleverly told in wrong spelling by Mrs. E. T. Corbett. And the dear Little Schoolma'am hopes each and all of you, my beloved, who can read and write, will copy out the verses neatly, and with the proper spelling. This done, perhaps you may enjoy showing the original, and your correct version, to your own Little Schoolma'ams and tutors.



THE "AI-NO-KI," OR "TREE OF LOVE."

### THE TREE OF LOVE.

A CORRESPONDENT, Mrs. Mary McNeil Scott, requests me to tell you of a very curious tree, a picture of which she has drawn for you from life. This tree, it seems, never forgets to show its own special peculiarity. It stands in the grounds of the famous Buddhist temples of Shiba, Tokio, Japan, the lady says, and is, she believes, the only one ever seen in the Sunrise Kingdom.

The priests relate that many years ago a pilgrim brought a small cutting from India, and when, three months later, it was planted in Japanese ground sacred to the great Buddha, it at once began its slow but steady growth. It is now from twenty to twenty-five feet high—not a very tall tree, but surely a very remarkable one, as you will see by examining the picture; for every branch, every twig, is joined to another.

The bark is gray and smooth, and the leaves, are shaped like those of the water-maple.

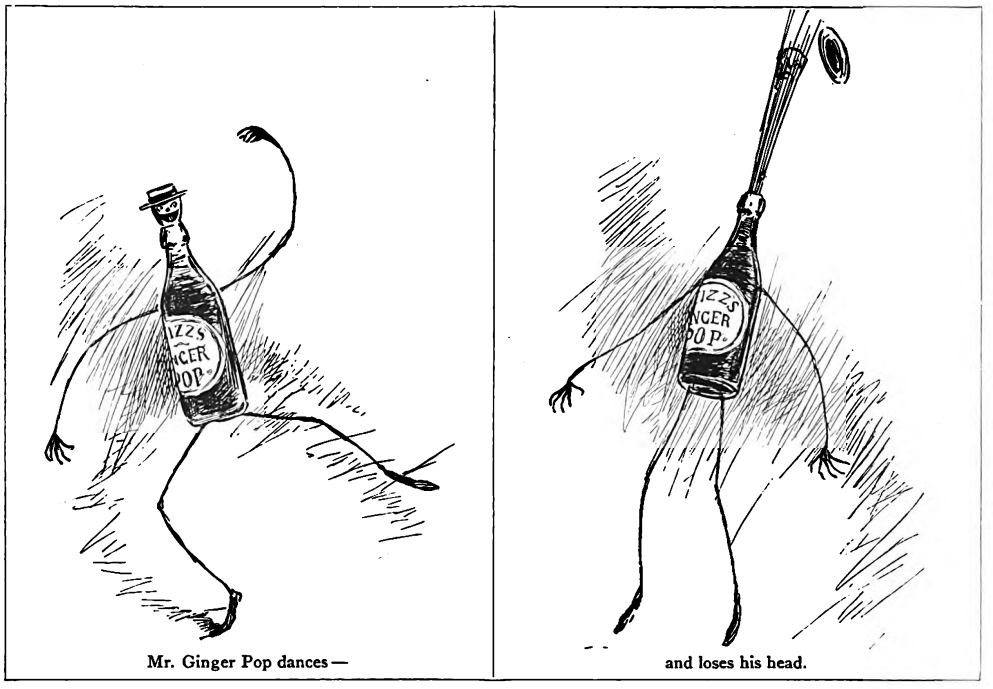
The Japanese call it "Ai-no-ki," or tree of love, from its affectionate habit of joining hands.

It is of the genus *Ficus*, and is related to the banian-tree, the fig, which grows in all of the Southern States, the india-rubber tree, and the mulberry.

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# INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

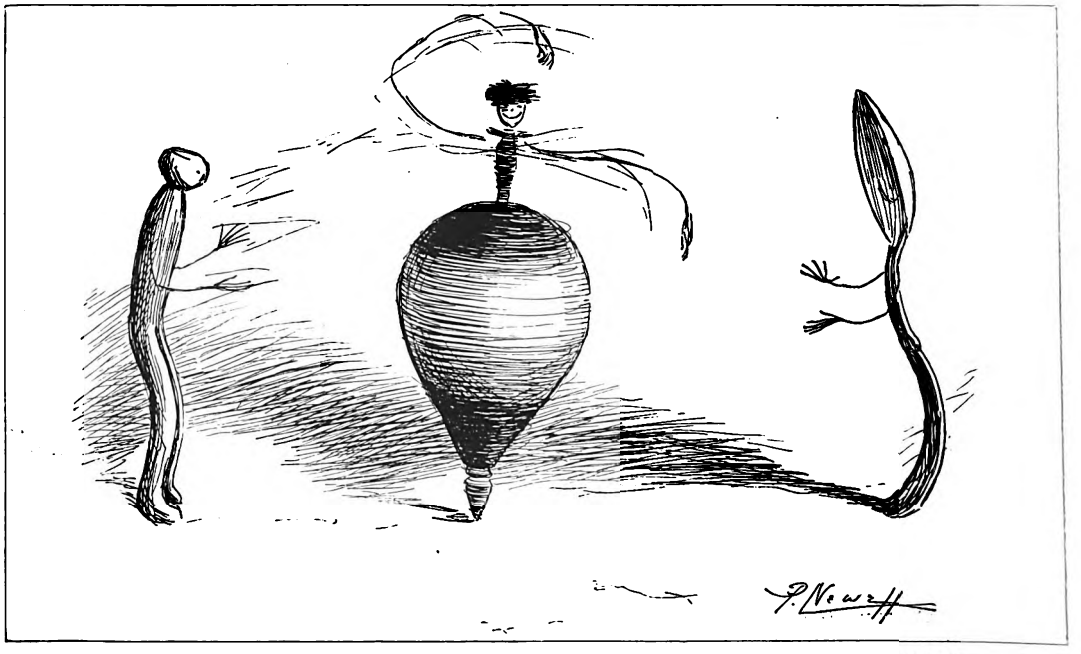
By P. Newell.



Mr. Ginger Pop dances—

and loses his head.

CANNOT STAND SHAKING UP.



WHAT A GRACEFUL DANCER MISS TOP IS, TO BE SURE! BUT SHE OVERDOES IT, FOR SHE INVARIABLY DANCES UNTIL SHE FALLS DOWN.



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# THE LETTER-BOX.

SAN QUENTIN, MARIN CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In all your letters I have never seen one from a State's Prison. You must not think me an inmate of the prison. Papa is Warden. We have a beautiful home on a hill overlooking the lovely bay of San Francisco. The front of our house is terraced down almost to the water's edge. Even in winter the terraces are covered with lovely flowers.

We have a fine view of Mt. Tamalpais and Mt. Diablo. We go to San Francisco very often. It takes only an hour. There are about 1250 prisoners here now.

I am enjoying Mrs. Wiggin's California story very much. From your loving reader,

S. F. H——.

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NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for some time. I wrote the little poem which I send about my dolly expressly for your Letter-box. I hope you will like it well enough to print it, for I did it all myself.

Yours very truly, VERA WARNER V——.

MY DOLLY.

I HAD a little dolly,
  Her eyes were brown and true;
Her name was Lady Molly,
  And she was from Peru.

But, alas, my poor little dolly!
  I left her out in the snow,
And there my dear Lady Molly
  Lost all her color; so

I had to send for the surgeon,
  Who gave her a tonic of paint,
And, though she looks like an Injun,
  She still is my dear little saint.

V. W. V.

---

NAPLES, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This morning was clear and bright, and the water was smooth, so we made up our minds to go to Capri. I did not know we were going till about half an hour before we started. Right after breakfast, Papa said that he was going out walking. When he came back he told us that he had tickets for Capri, and had brought a guide with him called Pietro. That was the first I heard about going. It was then about half-past eight, and the boat for Capri left at nine.

So we got our overcoats, and I got Phœnix (he is a sailor Brownie) and started down-stairs. We met Pietro in the hall, and he relieved us of our overcoats. The steamer dock was about five minutes' walk from the hotel.

When we got to the dock, we found we would have to go out to the steamer in a small boat, so we all climbed into one. There was only one rower in the boat, but he made it go very fast. It took about five minutes to get out to the steamer. We had to climb up the steamer's side from our little boat, which I thought was a great deal of fun. When we got on board, we saw something funny. There were two boys in the water with trunks on, and they were always calling out, "Money, Monsieur, money!" And when people threw coppers to them, they would dive and catch them before they touched bottom. In about an hour after starting, we passed Vesuvius. In three hours after we had left Naples, we stopped in front of the blue grotto at Capri. Here little boats came out to meet us, and Papa, Pietro, and myself got into the first boat, and Mama and Aunt Emily got into the next. The entrance to the grotto looks pitch black, as if you were going to the center of the earth. The opening is about three feet high, and you have to lie flat in the bottom of the boat to get in. We waited till a good chance to rush in, and got in between two waves. Inside, the water was a brilliant blue, and the roof a very rich dark blue. After we had gone to the extreme end of the grotto, the water looked prettier than ever. There were twelve boats in the grotto, so it was very crowded. Our boatman then took us to the other side of the grotto, and stirred up the water with his oar, which made it look brighter than ever. We stayed in the grotto fifteen minutes, and then it was time to go to the steamer. We had a little trouble getting out, but nothing of any account happened. When we got out, Papa took a photograph of Mama and Aunt Emily in their boat. After all the people from the grotto got on board, the steamer started for the town of Capri. Here we got off and had a ride. On the way back, we stopped at a wayside inn for lunch. After that we took the steamer back to Naples.

Yours sincerely,

THORNTON O——.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in the most beautiful part of the city, in the region of the lakes. I have always lived here, and my mama before me. My grandpa bought this land from the government, and it is now in the heart of the city. My grandpa and grandma were the first white couple married at St. Anthony Falls, which is now Minneapolis, and my mama was the third white child born at the Falls. My grandpa built the first frame house out of the first lumber sawed by the first mill built at the Falls, and in this house my mama was born. Grandpa also opened the first store; so, you see, I am from a truly pioneer family. Your little subscriber,

CORAH C——.

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SHOLAPOOR, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS would like to know about our visit to Bejapoor (Papa, Aunty Mary, my sister Nella, and myself). We spent two days there. It used to be an old Mohammedan city, and they must have spent millions of rupees over it—one dollar is equal to three rupees. The first evening we went to the citadel. It contains many buildings that used to belong to the Emperor. It has a moat all around it. The prettiest building in the citadel is the English church—formerly a tomb. In the middle there is a small dome, beautifully colored in different colors. There is a very high watch-tower. We went up 188 steps, and there were some more, but so broken down we could not go up. Then we went to the Ali Rauzza. If it had been finished it would have covered more space than any other building in Bejapoor. It has from forty to fifty arches. Before it could be finished it was conquered by the Mahrattas.

Then we went to the Asar Mahal. It is one of the plainest buildings, but the most sacred. In one of the



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rooms are supposed to be two hairs of Mohammed's beard. They are kept in a box, and the box in a room. The room is opened but once a year, and the box is never to be opened. Some years ago burglars got into the room and disarranged the contents, but the people hope that the burglars were too holy to steal the relics.

From here we went to the Makka Musjid—a mosque for women. It is a plain but pretty building. The carvings are all of stone.

The next morning we went to Ibrahim Rauzza. This is the prettiest building in Bejapoor. The mosque and tomb are facing each other. Nearly every tomb has connected with it a mosque. The mosque in all cases is smaller than the tomb. Each emperor built himself a tomb that he could be buried in, and each one wished his tomb finer than the one before him; so whoever built Ibrahim Rauzza must have thought it would be difficult for his son to surpass it. His son, when he became emperor, knew he could not surpass his father's work in quality, so he tried in quantity. He built the Gol Gumbaz, the largest dome in the world. In it is the finest whispering gallery. The slightest whisper can be heard from side to side, which is 128 feet, and a loud clap can be heard over ten times distinctly. Some of the cornices around the top were broken off by lightning, so the natives have hung a piece of a meteor from one of the cornices so the lightning will not strike it. This dome can be seen from a distance of forty miles.

During our visit there we saw the longest and heaviest cannon, and the largest cast-iron cannon in the world, I think. The longest cannon is called the "Haidar Burj." The heaviest is called the "Landa Kasab," and the largest cast-iron cannon, "Maliki Maidan," or "King of the Plain." The muzzle of this gun in diameter is four and one half feet. Your interested reader,

EDITH G——.

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ON page 329 of the March ST. NICHOLAS, the list of articles shown as memorials of Franklin includes the "Composing stone." It should read, "Imposing stone"—a stone or iron slab upon which pages, when set up in type or cast into plates, are so arranged that they will appear in regular order after the printed sheet is folded.

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GREAT MALVERN, ENGLAND.

DEAR OLD ST. NICK: Malvern is a very pretty place. I have a donkey every day, when it is not too cold. His name is "Jumbo." I am going to tell you about a little adventure we once had. We (Mama, Papa, and Miss Mason, my governess, and I) were going to a wayside station called Glandovey. We had missed our train from the place we were leaving, and we could not go on till 7 P. M., and we did not reach Glandovey till about nine (happily it was summer), and then we could not find the house, which was a farm, perched upon a hill, without a great deal of bother. But in searching for it we found several glow-worms. They were so pretty.

When at last we found the house, all the people were in bed, and we had considerable trouble to get them up, but at last we did, and got comfortably settled for the night; so there was the end of that, in dreamland. Good-by. From your loving little reader,

NELLIE H——.

BENSON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICK: I am a girl fourteen years old. We live in a small Vermont village in a small house which stands in the shade of a very large elm-tree that is twelve feet in circumference. We have three horses, one of which I call mine; his name is "Jerry." He is five years old. One of the other horses is a western pony; we call him "Pedro." They have all been running in the lot to-day. I have a kitten; she is gray and white. I go to school, take music-lessons, and study elocution. You were a Christmas present to me from one of my sisters this year, but we have had you before. A cousin took you, and when he had read you he sent you to us, but now I have you to myself.

I remain your reader, FANNY L——.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in Miss Wilkins's pastels in the *Harper's* and the *Century*, so I thought I would write one for the Letter-box. Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH TAPPAN W——.
(Twelve years old.)

THE BALL-PLAYERS.

(*A Pastel in Prose.*)

They play ball.

The pitcher from his box throws the ball, the catcher catches it and the umpire calls "One strike."

They play ball.

The catcher returns the ball. Again the pitcher throws it, the man swings his bat, and hits it away off down the field. He runs and reaches first. The crowd cheer. He does not hear them, but only sees a young girl smiling on him.

They play ball.

The pitcher pitches the ball. The man now at the bat hits it, and reaches third, while the man who is running makes a run. He has won the game. The crowd cheer, but he only sees the young girl smiling on him.

They play ball. E. T. W——.

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WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Fred H. M., Jenny C., Bessie and Annie B., Gordon B., Richard H. P., H. Fen S., Edith T., Agnes C., Disney C. W., Cecil R. L., Zada S., Dottie L., Etta L., Effingham C. M. A., Mabel W., Will P. B., R. H. Edgar, Jeff B. W., Gertrude W., Alex. McD. C., Genevieve S., Hilda M., Mary E. C., Bessie K. F., Grace M. B., Belle H., Angela and Alice, Laura C., Dorothea P., Agnes S., W. F. A., Blanche M., G. H. V., Eugene C. H., Chester D. S., E. P. M., Esther D., Dorothy A. G., Emma E. T., Theresa B., Anna L., M. C. L., Edith J., Helen A. W., Elise M. H., Elizabeth B., Everett M. H., Katharine S. and Nan J. C., Marguerite, Margie G. R., Daisy M., Willie S., Florence and Marie, Mollie W., Marjorie C., Mamie S., E. R. Carter, "The Two L's," Lefavor H. B., Hal., Grace H., Daisy S., Edith M. A., Mary R. M., Bettie M. and Florence B., Carrie R., Evy T. McG., Lottie F., Paul R. G., Henrietta C., Robert B., Clarence W. B., Anne L., Winifred C., Bennie and Pat, Philip H. B., Eveline M., S. and C., Hilda W., Margaret G. T., Helen W. B., Marie H. E., Isandula, Chaka C. and "Cetewayo," Margaret S. W.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Manatee. 2. Azalea. 3. Named. 4. Ales. 5. Ted. 6. Ea (earn). 7. E. II. 1. Peccary. 2. Elaine. 3. Canon. 4. Cion. 5. Ann. 6. Re. 7. Y.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Mount (William Sidney Mount). Cross-words. 1. caMel. 2. glObe. 3. moUse. 4. caNes. 5. laTch.—— ANAGRAM. Thomas Carlyle.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Paste. 2. Abhor. 3. Shine. 4. Tonic. 5. Erect. II. 1. Hands. 2. Afoot. 3. Noble. 4. Dolce. 5. Steed. III. 1. Tress. 2. Rapil. 3. Epode. 4. Sidle. 5. Sleep. IV. 1. Dumps. 2. Union. 3. Mitre. 4. Porte. 5. Sneer. V. 1. Phase. 2. Haven. 3. Avert. 4. Serge. 5. Enter.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Primals, Macaulay; finals, Tennyson. Cross-words: 1. Mount. 2. Atone. 3. Clean. 4. Adorn. 5. Unity. 6. Lotus. 7. Andro. 8. Yearn. II. Primals, Browning; finals, Kingsley. Cross-words: 1. Break. 2. Radii. 3. Oken. 4. Wrong. 5. Notes. 6. Ideal. 7. Nerve. 8. Giddy.

OCTAGON. 1. Neb. 2. Cameo. 3. Nacarat. 4. Emanate. 5. Berated. 6. Oaten. 7. Ted.

PI.

Do you know where the crocus blows?
Under the snows;
Wide-eyed and winsome and daintily fair
As waxen exotic close-tended and rare;
Every child knows
Where the first crocus blows.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS. March, larch, parch, patch, hatch, catch, watch, latch, match, march.

ZIGZAG. Lycidas. Cross-words: 1. Lace. 2. hYmn. 3. taCt. 4. cadI. 5. coDe. 6. jAko. 7. Shag.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Naval. 2. Adage. 3. Vague. 4. Agues. 5. Leese. II. 1. Dread. 2. Raver. 3. Evite. 4. Ætna. 5. Dread.

BOX PUZZLE. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Lead. 2. Edge. 3. Ague. 4. Deer. SIDE SQUARE: 1. Deer. 2. Emma. 3. Emit. 4. Rate. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Rate. 2. Aged. 3. Tend. 4. Eddy. From 4 to 7, rate.

A PENTAGON. 1. S. 2. Sod. 3. Selah. 4. Soliped. 5. Dapple. 6. Helve. 7. Deem.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from "The McG's" — Maude E. Palmer — Paul Reese — G. B. Dyer — Josephine Sherwood — Three of "The Wise Five" — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — Mama and Jamie — "Deerfoot" — "The Tivoli Gang" — "Maine and Minnesota" — "Uncle Mung" — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — Helen C. McCleary — Ida Carleton Thallon — "Chiddingstone" — Harriet Scott — "Chloe, '93" — "A Family Affair" — L. O. E. — E. M. G. — "Infantry" — Blanche and Fred — Mabel and Papa — Chester B. Sumner — Stephen O. Hawkins — Jessie Chapman — Ida and Alice — Amelia O. Craig — Jo and I — Rosalie Bloomingdale — "Leather-stocking" — Dora F. Hereford.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Sophia Boucher, 1 — George S. Seymour, 6 — Arthur Barnard, 3 — Harold Smith, 1 — Lawrence Pumpelly, 1 — Everett M. Hawley, 9 — George W. Outerbridge, 1 — Ruth Walker, 1 — Papa and Effie, 1 — Edith J., 3 — Ruth B. Austin, 2 — Ruth and Leila, 2 — Eurydice Leland, 1 — James Strasburg, 1 — Howard A. Plummer, 1 — Melville Hunnewell, 7 — Lizzie A. Schilling, 3 — Harold C. Durrell, 1 — J. L. Peabody, 1 — J. L. M., 2 — Frederica D. Bullene, 1 — "Toots and Coga," 1 — Nellie Louise J., 2 — L. H. K., 3 — Margaret H. N. and A. H. N., 6 — Mary M., 1 — Ammon High and friend, 1 — Ruth Robinson, 3 — Sallie E. Bradford, 1 — Rulinda M. Hough, 1 — Lillie W., 2 — Sadie, Jamsie, and Mama, 4 — Erlmah L. Paulett, 1 — "Three Wise Ones," 2 — Jessie Fanshawe, 1 — Mary M. Bohannan, 2 — May G., 3 — John Whitney, 1 — Lillian Adonis, 3 — Julian L. Peabody, 1 — H. G. Dunham, 1 — "Kim and Bubbles," 4 — Mary Lewis, 1 — Grace P. Lawrence, 2 — Winifred V. W., 4 — Rose Ottolengin, 9 — Floy L. Noteman, 1 — Marion Cruff, 2 — Mary Peter, 1 — Mary L. N., 3 — Zole Agrati, 2 — Edwin Rutherfurd, 1 — Bobbie Wallis, 1 — Geoffrey Parsons, 6 — Ethel M. Cook, 1 — E. L. S., 1 — Gwendolen Reid, 5 — Laura Stedman, 2 — G. T. Shirley, 1 — Bertie and Lelia Ford, 2 — Minnie and Lizzie, 1 — Carita Archibald, 7 — Louise and Florence, 1 — Dorothy Johnson, 1 — Belle and Katherine, 1 — "A. Pendennis, Esq.," 3 — Margie F., 1 — Jessie I. Blake and Mama, 4 — "Elaine the fair," 1 — Aunt Kate and Ethel, 6 — Marion and May, 1 — Irving, 1 — Bessie F. Keeler, 7 — G. B. N. H., 9 — Laura M. Zinser, 8 — Elinor Barras, 5 — Nellie Hazledine, 1 — Mama and Charlie, 4 — "May and '79," 7 — May G. Martin, 2 — Jessie and Aunt L., 6 — Booth, 1 — Maud and Dudley Banks, 9 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Robert S. Walker, 1 — Elizabeth, 5 — "Three Blind Mice," 5 — L. M. K., 4 — Howard Eager, 9 — Leonard K. Sparrow, Jr., 3.

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### WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A FISH. 2. Escapes privately. 3. A marsh. 4. Impervious to the rays of light. 5. Consequence. 6. Property applicable to the discharge of debts.

II. 1. A cavity. 2. Belonging to races or nations. 3. A pursuer. 4. To secure. 5. A range of mountains. 6. To cry out.

"XELIS."

### TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | . | . | . | . | 8 | . | . | . | . | 15 |
| 2 | . | . | . | . | 9 | . | . | . | . | 16 |
| 3 | . | . | . | . | 10 | . | . | . | . | 17 |
| 4 | . | . | . | . | 11 | . | . | . | . | 18 |
| 5 | . | . | . | . | 12 | . | . | . | | 19 |
| 6 | . | . | . | . | 13 | . | . | . | . | 20 |
| 7 | . | . | . | . | 14 | . | . | . | . | 21 |

From 1 to 8, to starve; from 2 to 9, a large grazing-farm; from 3 to 10, to have in great plenty; from 4 to 11, observing; from 5 to 12, to fondle; from 6 to 13, an inhabitant of Greenland; from 7 to 14, a fine fish.

From 8 to 15, to associate familiarly; from 9 to 16, a variety of brass made to resemble gold; from 10 to 17, a weapon; from 11 to 18, a measure of capacity; from 12 to 19, to greet; from 13 to 20, motive; from 14 to 21, floating in water.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 21, name a popular story-writer.

F. W. F.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters, and am a quotation from Lord Chesterfield.

My 35-14-49 is part of a wheel. My 27-2-54-47-39-23 is the pharynx. My 11-20-9-29 is part of the head. My 18-6-4 is to observe. My 44-16-32-22 is the flower-de-luce. My 31-56-5-36 is a swarm of bees. My 40-53-3-57 is to cause to grow rapidly in value. My 1-28-17 is for what cause. My 19-42-7-46 is to injure. My 52-37-34-24-26 is a contest. My 13-48-10-38-30 is to raise. My 45-43-15-41-33-51 is powerful. My 55-25-21-12-50-8 is a large island.

B. G.

### WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A tone of the diatonic scale. 3. A sea eagle. 4. A breach. 5. Certain aquatic birds. 6. Behind. 7. Precious stones. 8. Dress. 9. Pouring forth. 10. Faltering.

"XELIS."



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### QUOTATION PUZZLE.

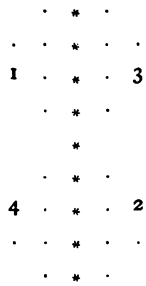
ALL of the following quotations may be found in Shakspere's works. When the missing words have been rightly supplied and placed side by side they will form a quotation by La Rochefoucauld.

1. "And wonder we to see thy honest son * * * will of thy arrival be full joyous."
2. "The evil that men do * * * * * after them."
3. "Nor no * * * * * * * book prologue, faintly spoke after the prompter."
4. "If thou remember'st not the slightest * * * * *
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved."
5. "My master * * of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality."
6. "I am shepherd to another man
And do * * * shear the fleeces that I graze."
7. "And * *, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe."
8. "Fools may not speak wisely what * * * * men do foolishly."
9. "* * I do live by food, I met a fool."
10. "* * dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered."
11. "Shylock, the world * * * * * *, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act." L. W.

### PI.

Ho, garlstyne lfal het prail sayd!
Het wrobn sbud rended ni thire glith,
Dan spedris pins yb ady dan thing;
Het lowwil flits a lelyow haez
Fo grinsping slavee ot teme eht nus,
Hewil wond theri twihe-tones scoures nur
Het twifs, gadl skorob, dan sinhunes swavee
A tholc fo gener rof swiploc veales
Thoghur lal het slifed fo larip sady.

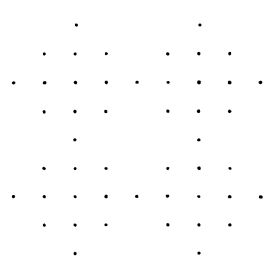
### NOVEL HOUR-GLASS.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Timid. 2. Vapor 3. Wastes by friction. 4. A beverage. 5. In prognostication. 6. A useful article. 7. To make a proposal of. 8. Veracity. 9. Antique.

Central letters, salutary; from 1 to 2, a beverage; from 3 to 4, a contest in boxing. H. W. E.

### HOLLOW ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.



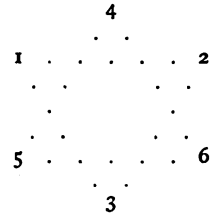
I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shreds. 2. To place. 3. A governor. 4. A number. 5. In shreds.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shreds. 2. A cover. 3. Acted irrationally. 4. A vegetable. 5. In shreds.

III. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shreds. 2. To force in. 3. Became furious. 4. Encountered. 5. In shreds.

IV. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shreds. 2. Period. 3. Apparel. 4. A beast of burden. 5. In shreds. MATTIE WHITE.

### HOLLOW STAR.



FROM 1 to 2, a poster; from 1 to 3, a winged horse; from 2 to 3, obscures; from 4 to 5, an alloy of mercury with another metal; from 4 to 6, a kind of puzzle; from 5 to 6, to call by a wrong name. M. A. S.

### ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell what Dr. Johnson called Dean Bathurst.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The ship which carried Jason and his companions to Colchis. 2. Venerable. 3. A masculine name. 4. Likewise. 5. The lower part of the wall of an apartment when adorned with moldings, or otherwise specially decorated. 6. A nautical term used in hailing. 7. Related by blood. 8. An English town, famous for its college. 9. The end of a prayer. 10. The harness of horses or cattle. TOMMY R.

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